

The Australian

May 8, 1968

# Women's Weekly

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## MOST OF US ARE MAINLY MOTHERS

—whimsical, wise advice  
from a mother of six boys

## WINTER-FLOWERING SHRUBS . . . ten pages

for your gardening book

## Recipes to tempt a HUNGRY HUSBAND

## \$15,000 FASHION CONTEST WINNERS

. . . pages 4, 5

WYNTER-  
CORLASS  
WEDDING  
. . . page 2



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MAY 8, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 49

# OUR COVER

English pop star Mark Wynter and his bride, formerly Janece Corless, leave Holy Trinity Church of England, Kew, Melbourne, after their wedding. Janece is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corless, of North Kew. Picture by Les Gorrie.

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# Here's a new career

# SHE'S THE BIG WIG IN THE WIGGERY

By WINFRED BISSET

WHEN Mrs. Virginia Lidstone, former wig-designer in chief to Vidal Sassoon, arrived in Australia two years ago, wigs were still a novelty, and she began to wonder if she would ever get a job.

That difficulty has now been overcome and she is in charge of the "wiggery" at a Perth department store.

But she found Australia much slower to accept the fashion than her native London, where wigs sold at up to £stg.120 six years ago.

"Today wigs are big business anywhere in the world," she said.

Mrs. Lidstone had a meteoric rise in the wig world, and it all happened rather by accident.

Now 24, she began training as a hairdresser in 1960 with the London College of Fashion.

Hers was a two-year course, which also included make-up and wigmaking. The wigmaking course was short and not very comprehensive, but she decided to

apply for a job with the BBC to do film make-up and theatrical hairdressing.

The BBC told her that they could not take her until she turned 21, so Mrs. Lidstone started with a firm named "Wig Creations" in London to gain experience in theatrical hairdressing.

"This was in 1962," she said, "and the idea of wigs for private use was hardly heard of. Our private customers were mainly orthodox Jewish women who had their hair shaved when they married and needed a wig."

"The theatrical hairdressing was great fun and we had to go along to such shows as 'My Fair Lady' (which had been running for years) and tidy up wigs which needed it once or twice a week. Or we would be sent out to the country to re-dress wigs in repertory shows."

## Complex process

"Later, while I was working for Vidal, Hayley Mills had to have her hair cut short for a film, and she wanted her normal hairstyle when she was off the set. So we made her a wig."

She also had to fit a hairpiece for Britt Ekland (Mrs. Peter Sellers) when she was in hospital having her first baby.

Another duty was to go to Mme Tussaud's to arrange a wig for the wax model of Cilla Black, and she also supervised the making of all hairpieces worn by Julie Christie in the film "Darling."

"Christine Keeler wanted me to go to her flat to fit her for a blonde wig, as she needed a disguise to go down the street," said Virginia, "but my superiors would not let me go."

Wigmaking is a complex and delicate process.

A book is used, rather along the lines of the ones used for mending stockings or for making wool rugs.

Two or three strands of hair are pulled through the foundation, which is of vegetable-treated netting, and the hook is twisted to knot them tightly.



VIRGINIA LIDSTONE at work on one of her wigs. She is not wearing a wig herself.

The hairs must all be knotted at the root end. If the root end is mixed with the point end of the hair, then they tangle.

"Matching hair is a fine process, too," Virginia said.

"One head of hair has many colors, and these have to be analysed with the naked eye, then charted, and corresponding hair colors are mixed together to form the color."

"If some colors are not available, the hair is dyed with vegetable dye, as used for dyeing clothes."

"If the wearer has grey in her, or his, hair, then separate strands of grey or white hair must be added, or knotted through the wig afterwards."

"A first-class wigmaker in London could cover a wig foundation with hair in 15 to 20 hours (depending on its thickness), but most of them took three to four days."

"Some wigs were made on the premises by permanent staff who were paid so much weekly. Naturally, they worked far more slowly. Other wigs were made by 'outworkers,' or people who are paid so much per wig. They work much faster."

The normal time quoted for making a customer's wig was one month. If her need was urgent a firm could hurry it through in three or four days.

"It was about 1963 that

the idea of wigs for personal use suddenly snowballed in London," Virginia said.

"Asian hair was used for theatrical hairdressing because it was far cheaper and coarser. It could take the bleaching, which made it softer to handle."

"For private wigs we used European hair, as it is much finer and comes in many colors."

"Today, however, there are so many wonderful modern methods for softening Asian hair that it is used all over the world for private wigs. Also as it is far stronger it will stand up to the tearing (besides halving the cost), whereas European hair is inclined to split."

## Bond Street

"Vidal Sassoon was busy then with his regular fashion parades in Paris and began to find the pace was too hard, cutting and setting the models' hair for the parades. So he hit upon the idea of having wigs made for them, all ready-cut and styled in his latest creations."

"He asked me to join his Bond Street Salon and supervise the fitting and making of wigs and hairpieces, which were becoming more popular than wigs."

"I started with a staff of one, and finished up with seven in the workshop."

Vidal Sassoon then turned

his eyes toward New York and planned to open a salon there. He approached his young assistant to go overseas and open up a wig department for him. But she was 21 and engaged to be married.

"I had to decide," she said, "whether it was to be marriage or a career."

"I chose marriage."

Two years ago Virginia and her husband migrated to Australia, where she found the wearing of private wigs was a novelty for the few and considered rather daring. She has since seen the fashion snowballing as it did earlier in London.

"And it is here to stay," she has decided.

She gives some advice on wig care.

How to clean your wig:  
(1) Do not use shampoo or water.

(2) First brush well with wire or bristle brush to remove hairspray, etc.

(3) Pour cleaning fluid into china or glass bowl.

(4) Dip wig in five or six times. Do not rub.

(5) Turn wig inside out and with piece of cloth remove any make-up that may be evident.

(6) Turn wig back the right way and remove any excess fluid with a towel.

(7) Air wig for approximately two hours to remove all traces of odor.





## FATHER AND SON

PRINCE ANDREW helps his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the polo sticks at a recent Windsor match. The rosy-cheeked eight-year-old has inherited his father's energy, determination, and liking for sports. He got his own pony, Willy, two years ago. The Duke will fit polo into his busy schedule during his approaching three-week visit to Australia and New Zealand, which will be mainly for one of his pet projects, the Commonwealth Study Conference. He will visit Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Mt. Isa, and Canberra, besides staying privately in N.S.W. at Moree with Mr. Leslie Hill and at Quirindi with Mr. Sinclair Hill. He arrives in Sydney on May 12.



THESE  
WERE  
THE  
PANEL



JOHN McCALLUM  
—actor-producer



BRIAN HENDERSON  
—TV personality



HARRY SEIDLER  
—architect



DIMITRI KARAGEORGE  
—restaurateur



REG GASNIER  
—footballer



LAURENCE LE GUAY  
—photographer



BILLY ECKSTINE  
—entertainer



ERIC CRAIG  
—chain-store executive



ARTHUR BROWNING  
—bookmaker



BILL NORTHAM  
—Olympic yachtsman



BRIAN E. CHASELING  
—bank executive

# THE PLEASE-A-MAN

Here are the results of  
our \$15,000 contest

*"I CHOSE my No. 1 fashion because of its daintiness and femininity, which, I believe, appeal to a man. The total, no-hat-needed, planned look and the simple, chic, and cosy style suits all women."*

Just two sentences—but they won the **\$10,000 FIRST PRIZE** in our \$15,000 P.A.M. (Please A Man) Fashion Contest for 20-year-old schoolteacher Miss Barbara West, of 1 Rushworth Avenue, Brooklyn Park, South Australia.

**SECOND PRIZE** of \$2000 was awarded to Mrs. S. John Briffa, of 263 Blackshaws Road, North Altona, Victoria, and the **\$1000 THIRD PRIZE** to Miss Janet Ross, of Nikenbah, Queensland.

The 20 CONSOLATION PRIZES of \$100 each went to:

- Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 4 Arnold Street, Preston, Vic.
- Mrs. Don Vincent, 66 Mathoura Road, Toorak, Vic.
- Mrs. Carol Lennon, 6 Salisbury Road, Guildford, N.S.W.
- Mrs. Sandra Elva Wilson, 2 Shearman Crescent, Mentone, Vic.
- Mrs. C. Trowbridge, Flat 14, 71 Allison Road, Elsternwick, Vic.
- Mrs. N. E. Vonhoff, 2A Clifford Street, Toowoomba, Qld.
- Mrs. Dorothy Fisher, 100 Deakin Street, Essendon, Vic.
- Mrs. R. D. Barnes, 22 Valmar Street, Mt. Gravatt, Qld.
- Miss Sandra Fiske, 10 Simpson's Road, Box Hill, Vic.
- Mrs. M. Gillman, 144 Sanger Street, Corowa, N.S.W.
- Mrs. T. M. Parker, 220 Opossum Road, Norwood, Launceston, Tas.
- Mrs. R. Zikesch, P.O. Box 396, Albury, N.S.W.
- Miss Merryn Ellerington, Station Road, Foster, Vic.
- Mr. T. A. Shirley, "Glenleigh," Rural Delivery, Numurkah, Vic.
- Mrs. J. Anderson, 11 Wighmann Road, Attadale, W.A.
- Miss Shirley Urcn, 60 Wyatt Road, Bayswater, W.A.
- Miss Patricia McNamara, PB 6 — Grasmere, via Warrnambool, Vic.

- Mrs. Ursula Hancock, 24 Canopus Avenue, Hope Valley, S.A.
- Mrs. M. Ross, 19 Daphne Street, Pascoe Vale, Vic.
- Miss Keryn Hartin, 34 Ronald Street, Dandenong, Vic.

## HOW IT ALL BEGAN

The \$15,000 Please A Man Fashion Contest was announced in our issue dated January 17.

Contest entrants were asked to collect ten fashion pictures IN COLOR from ten successive issues of the paper and to test their fashion skill by placing the pictures in the order they thought the various styles would most appeal to a man.

They listed their preferences from one to ten on a special entry coupon, gave (in 30 words or less) the reasons for their No. 1 choice, attached the ten COLOR pictures to the coupon, and posted the entries to us—in tens of thousands!

After the contest closed on April 3 we chose a panel of men (pictured at left). Each of these men voted on the order in which he thought the ten pictures should be placed.

Their votes were computed to produce the prize-winning order (pictured below, from one to ten)—and the No. 1 choice really does Please Men, because five of our panellists put it at the top of the list.

The contest conditions provided that, if no entry matched the prize-winning order, the prize would go to the entry with the most correct placings beginning with No. 1.

In the event of a tie, the best reason for the No. 1 choice would be the deciding factor. Entries eliminated from a tie for first prize were to be awarded the lesser prizes in order of merit—and that is exactly what happened.

## THE PRIZEWINNERS

No entry showed all ten fashions in the prize-winning order.

The three major winners listed the first six correctly.

Miss Barbara West won \$10,000 because the reason she gave for her No. 1 choice was considered the best. Mrs. John Briffa's put her into second place, and Miss Janet Ross was awarded the third prize.

• Another contestant, from Melbourne, also correctly listed the first six fashions in order. But she included nine COLOR pictures and one black-and-white picture in her entry—which was against one of the contest conditions. The entry was disqualified.

The 20 consolation-prize winners each listed the first five fashions in order. (And it is, incidentally, extraordinary that there were exactly 20 of these one-to-five lists among the thousands of entries.)

## AND THIS WAS THE PANEL'S



1



2



3



4



# FASHION VERDICT

**BARBARA WEST**, winner of the first prize, is a 20-year-old South Australian schoolteacher with decided ideas about the clothes men like to see women wear.

"I believe men like women in feminine styles," says Barbara, who is essentially feminine herself, with a sweet expression, blue eyes, and softly waving golden hair.

"I like simple clothes with no frills or ruffles. The only thing I have with a fancy trimming is a rather luxurious white quilted

dressing-gown with an organza overlay. The gown has a hood edged with ruffles of organza.

"No, don't ask me why the hood is on a dressing-gown. I haven't found the answer yet."

When interviewed she was wearing a simply cut after-five dress of aqua lace which her mother made for her.

Although Barbara can sew, her mother makes most of her dresses because Barbara's work as a teacher of infant schoolchildren takes her daily to the city of Elizabeth, 17 miles from Adelaide. She is also studying history at the Adelaide Teachers' College.

Barbara lives with her parents and 16-year-old high-school brother in the suburb of Brooklyn Park. She is engaged to be married to Ronald Jenkins, of Lockleys, who is a high-school teacher at Woomera. The wedding will be on August 31, and Barbara, her matron-of-honor, and her flowergirl will wear dresses made by Barbara's mother.

Besides sewing, Barbara likes to knit, cook, play her chord organ, and go sailing with her father and brother in their Heron-class dinghy.

She says that for the time being she will put her \$10,000 in the bank.



BARBARA WEST

**MRS. S. JOHN BRIFFA** (second prize) had no difficulty in deciding on her No. 1 fashion choice.

"My husband and I agreed on it straight away. We both loved it, it was so beautiful," she said.

Mrs. Briffa, 23, speaks with a slight, attractive accent, a legacy from her birthplace, Hungary. She said her husband worked with her on the contest at their home in the Melbourne suburb of North Altona.

"He is interested in fashions and takes a lot of interest in what I wear," she said.

When writing the reason for her first choice, Mrs. Briffa told him what she wanted to say and he suggested the words she should use.

But the final choice was always

hers. "Whatever she says goes for me," said Mr. Briffa.

Mrs. Briffa learned sewing only in the ordinary school curriculum, but she makes most of her own clothes.

"It is a pleasure," she said. "I find it handy to be able to have what I want."

She says it is not so important to be in fashion as to wear what suits her. "Then I can wear what I like for a couple of years. I like something unusual."

Mrs. Briffa used to work as a ledgerkeeper and bookkeeper. Her husband is a group planner with a manufacturing company.

They have been married four years, and it was music that brought them together.

Mr. Briffa had a Latin American band (he plays the drums) and engaged his wife-to-be as a singer.

"She had a good voice and I was attracted to her looks and manners," he said. "But as soon as she walked into the room I also said to myself, 'I'm going to marry that girl.'" And about 12 months later they were married.

They kept up the band for the next couple of years as a hobby, and Mrs. Briffa took part in talent quests on television.

Both have an international background. Mrs. Briffa left Hungary in 1956 at the time of the uprising ("just before the borders closed") and spent 12 months in Austria before coming to Australia with her family.

Mr. Briffa was born in Malta, grew up in Canada, and came to Australia ten years ago.

He and his wife are now naturalised Australians.



SUSAN BRIFFA

**JANET ROSS** (third prize), a skilled home dressmaker who designs her own clothes, gave a squeal of delight when she heard that she was a contest finalist.

"I only sent an entry in for a bit of fun," she said. "It took about five minutes to complete."

Miss Ross lives with her twin sister, Miss Sybil Ross, and her mother,

Mrs. A. E. Ross, on a sugarcane and pineapple farm at Nikenbah, 185 miles from Brisbane.

A softly spoken, blue-eyed brunette, she likes pastel shades for her own wardrobe and wears feminine but not "over-fussy" clothes.

"I believe men prefer conservative fashions to way-out trends," she said.

"But, above all else, I think they like women's clothes to be feminine."

Keeping this in mind, she chose a glamorous white wool cape with

a face-framing eskimo hood of white fur as the garment which she considered would most appeal to men.

"Fur is so flattering anywhere near the face," she said.

Asked if most of her time was spent out of doors, Miss Ross said, "I have very little to do with farming procedures. I leave all the hard work to the men."

"Actually, I lead a very quiet life. I enjoy a fast game of tennis or relaxing with a good book."

## ORDER OF PREFERENCE





If you thought  
table lighters were  
too expensive...  
look again

\$9.95

Ronson Varaflame Gas Table and Desk Lighters in new designs and classic forms. Ronson Varaflame Gas Table and Desk Lighters burn clean butane gas and light for years—yes, years—on just one filling. Every one is a Varaflame—up tall for pipes, down low for cigarettes, in between for cigars, at a finger tip touch. Light first time, everytime.

**RONSON**



Cubic — \$13.95. Tricorn — \$10.95. Satellite — \$11.50. La Ronde — \$13.50. Picollo — \$9.95.



Bell — \$26.95. Empire — \$29.95. Tulip — \$23.95. Weight — \$27.50.



Wedgwood — \$16.50. Empress (genuine Green Onyx) — \$25.95. Adelphi — \$19.95. Queen Anne — \$19.95.





# When the school road was a bush track



SCOTS COLLEGE BOY, 1905 (top) and 1968.

● The Scots College, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., will celebrate its 75th anniversary this year when it will hold a number of events during May 3-10.

Founded on January 28, 1893, at Brighton-Le-Sands — then known as Robinsons Beach — it was officially

opened by the Governor, the Earl of Jersey, when it started with 35 pupils.

Today there are 1180 boys, day and boarders, and a waiting list of several years.

The school's three founders were the Rev. Dr. William Marcus Dill Mackie, Dr. Archibald Gilchrist, and Rev. Arthur Ashworth Aspinall, the first principal.

The school was set up in a shaky period of depression. Despite this it flourished, and after two years moved to its present site in Bellevue Hill.

In the early 1900s, Scots was rated the most expensive school in Sydney.

Fees ranged from three guineas (\$6.30) a term for day-boys under the age of 12 to 17 guineas (\$35.70) for

boarders over 12. One Old Boy, remembering the early 1900s, said the Bellevue Hill-Rose Bay district was sparsely populated then. Boys used to walk to school along a bush track.

Old trams bounced and groaned round the nearby foreshore.

Cranbrook was still Government House, where a white-helmeted policeman greeted the boys every morning on their way to lessons.

Kambala, the girls' school, higher up the hill, would not let their delicate girls walk, but provided a four-wheeled cab up Victoria Road. Scots boys called it the Cats' Ambulance.

Kambala later moved to its present site at Rose Bay and in 1921 the Scots College Council bought the house and turned it into a preparatory school for the college.

Scots has had only five headmasters. The first three served exactly 20 years each.

The present headmaster is Mr. Guthrie Wilson.

Among well-known old boys are Kenny Catchpole, one of Australia's greatest Rugby Union star players; Forbes Carlile, a leading New South Wales swimming coach; Dr. George Bell, OBE, a foundation Fellow of the Council of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons and present chairman of the Scots College Council; Byram Mansell, well-known artist; and Mr. David Drummond, MHR.

The school's motto: Utinam Digni Sumus Nostris Patribus—O that we may be worthy of our fathers.

## VIPs OF THE DOLL WORLD

THE international VIPs of the doll world have arrived in Sydney, and if the trunks and red-carpet treatment was missing, the detailed attention to their packing certainly wasn't.

Eleven crates, 370 boxes (one for each doll), and at least 740 sheets of tissue-paper made a comfortable sea voyage for the precious cargo.

They were collected from all over the world by Torch Bearers for Legacy in Western Australia, and were shipped here for the Sydney branch's "Dolls of the World" exhibition.

The exhibition, which took a year to complete, received great help from world Rotary Clubs and the Australian Trade Commissioners.

One of the main attractions will be a steeped church — the setting for a collection of miniature dolls in authentic bridal gowns from 134 countries.

American dolls depict aspects of American life, such as cheer leaders, a skidder, college students, and a 31-inch cowgirl called "Sweetheart of the Rodeo." There are large dolls and small dolls, dolls with

wooden faces, air-hostess dolls, a two-headed doll, and a voodoo doll, a Franciscan missionary doll, a Sir Francis Drake doll, and period queen dolls.

They came from Arabia, Finland, Sweden, Greece, Austria, Holland, France, Turkey, Russia, Scotland,

Burma, Jamaica, Iceland, and Spain—to name just some of the countries represented.

The exhibition will open at Grace Bros., Roselands, on May 10, for the duration of the school holidays until May 20. It will then go to Grace Bros. stores at Bondi Junction (May 27 to June

8), Parramatta (June 17 to June 29), Top Ryde (July 8 to July 27), and Chatswood (August 19 to August 31), and will later tour country areas.

Admission charge of 20 cents for adults and 10 cents for children will aid Torch Bearers for Legacy.



● Kerrie Stevens, who works at Legacy House, Sydney, with some of the 370 dolls.

## NEXT WEEK



● Our special FOR BABY section includes 12 new designs to knit and crochet — with sweaters, jackets, pilchers, bonnet and booties, and a beautiful shawl, too.



● Recipes in our 16-page lift-out use canned foods and short-cuts for delicious and EASY WINTER MEALS.



● HOW SAFE ARE CHILDREN IN YOUR CAR? A special article gives safety advice and news of a car seat developed to protect children.



● A color story introduces you to a self-possessed suburban duck, and . . .



● In "Waiting for Wombats" you'll read about an N.S.W. property with gates for friendly wombats built in its rabbit-proof fences.



● Our garden expert talks about cacti and succulents in garden-book pages.



● In color, you'll meet Jacques Esterel, the "funny man" of French couture, who visits Australia in June.

NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK





Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

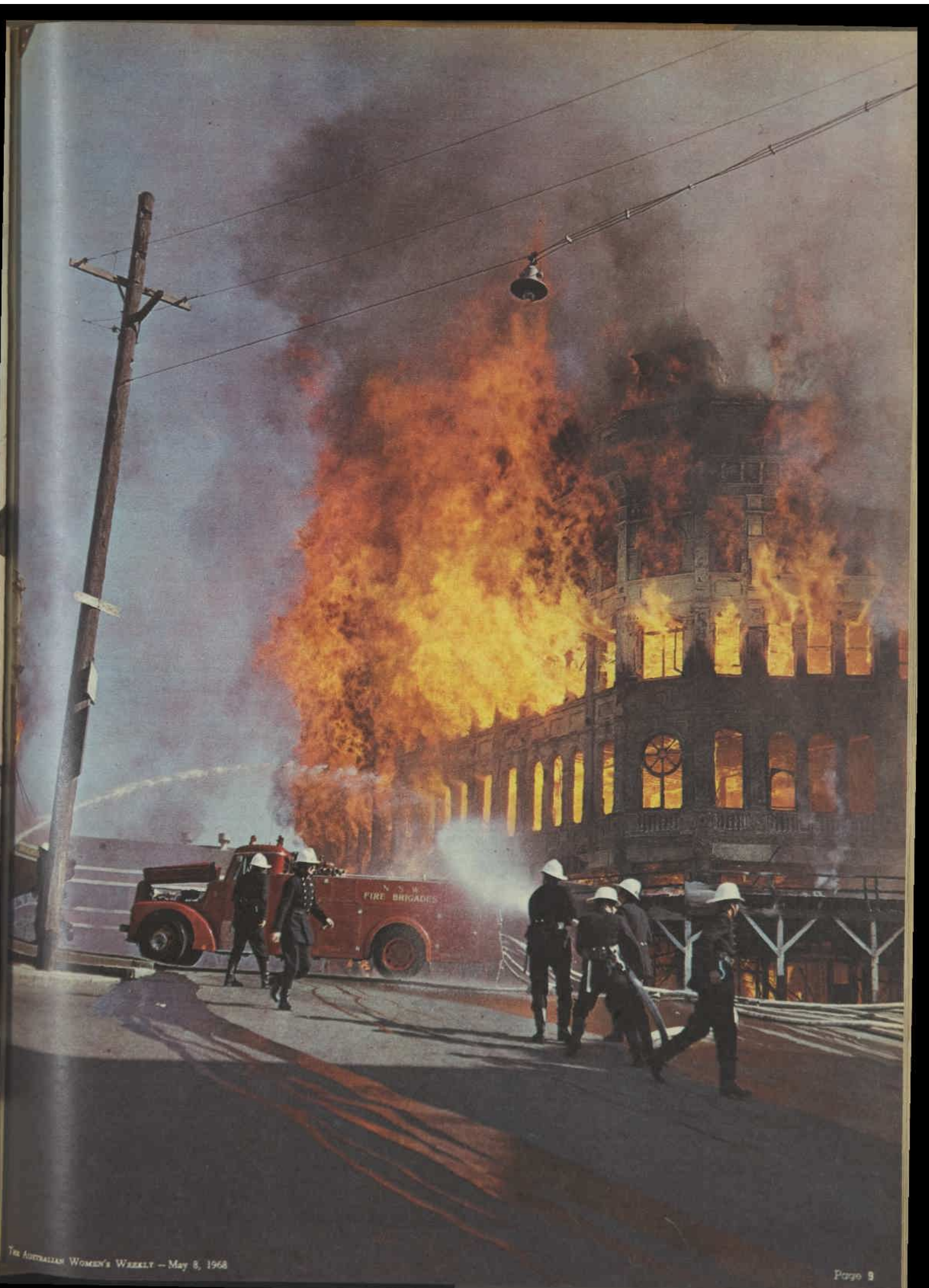
## A TOWER OF FLAME

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Sunshine of early afternoon spotlights firemen (above) as they sprint from the collapsing wall of Buckingham's building in Oxford Street. This picture was taken about an hour after the one opposite, which also shows the angry glow of fire sparked off in the Brighton Hotel across Riley Street. The Buckingham's fire, biggest of several that dotted Sydney and suburbs on Anzac Day, drew crowds of awestruck city holidaymakers. The flames and the sun glinting on the columns of smoke were seen at Sutherland, 20 miles away. The building was under demolition and contained gas cylinders. As these exploded, the sound boomed across the city. On the spot, the noise shattered the heat-expanded shop windows nearby, showering glass over Press photographers. Heat seared adjacent buildings and the fire trucks, and turned the hose-water to steam. "It was so intense," said staff photographer Ron Berg, "that as I held up my light meter, it seized. I had to put it away and guess the exposure reading."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1945







Some of our  
best ideas have  
holes in them.

Holes let air through to hurry up the  
healing. Next time a hurt happens,  
cover it quick with a BAND-AID Strip.  
(It's a dirty world.)

**BAND-AID**  
strips BRAND



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones after their marriage at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Carol Dillon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Dillon, of "Millewa," Moree. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Les Jones, of "Oodnadatta," Moree, where the newweds will live.



AT RIGHT: Mr. Robert Quinn and his bride, the former Miss Noelene Mulholland, after their marriage at St. Edmund's Church, Pagewood. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Mulholland, who live at Kingsford.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

ADMIRING the impressive gold signet ring worn by visiting Englishman John Hayter proves to be the perfect "icebreaker" for new Sydney acquaintances. They will discover a Hereford bull as his family's crest and learn he is a fifth generation of Hereford breeders. Although he has left the family estate, "Lanham Herd," in Hampshire, to live in London, John is still very interested in cattle, and travels the world insuring them with a famous London firm.

SO many friends of Isidor and Nina Leibovitch will be in London in July that they've already booked a table for 24 at Claridges, and will be joined by many Sydney friends, including Andrew and Bettine Herzfeld, Dina and Henry Vogel, and Bill and Dorrit Franken.

SETTLING into their delightful new unit at Parsley Bay are young newweds Graeme and Lyn Rogers, who recently returned from a four-week honeymoon in Hawaii. They loved the islands and had a wonderful few days in Honolulu, where they ran into Sydney friends Chris and Pam Little. The four had a day's surfing and then dinner together before the Littles left for London and Graeme and Lyn (who was formerly Lyn Smallwood) continued their holiday.

THE bridegroom's parents' home at Appian Way, Burwood, will be the setting for a reception following the marriage of Robyn Liddell and John Cooper at Trinity Grammar School Chapel on June 15. Robyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Thompson, of Castlecrag.



BRIDAL WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. David Walker at the reception at The Queen's Club which followed their marriage at Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Watsons Bay. The bride was Miss Jane Dunlop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Dunlop, of "Cliffdale," Curra-bubula. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Walker, of "Brigalow Park," North Star.

A MOST unexpected — but very welcome — surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes this week when their elder daughter, Gaye, arrived home "unannounced" from her 16-month trip overseas. After exciting travels through the Middle East as cook for an overland expedition from London to India, and shorter tours around most of Europe, Gaye decided it was time to head for home and hopped on the plane almost immediately — with no time to let anyone know. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Hughes round up a group of her old friends (and get over the shock) there'll be a grand "welcome-home" party.

GREAT excitement in the Leo Healy household when their daughter, Barbara, arrives home after three years' nursing at Stanford University Hospital in California. Mr. and Mrs. Healy spent four months with Barbara in Palo Alto (living in a next-door apartment), and returned at the end of the year. After her three months in Australia she plans to return to Texas to enter the American Army.

SEEM to be so many Sydney people planning to follow the sun to Europe around June and July that meetings are being planned all over the globe. The Joseph Brenders, of Rose Bay, have invited Norman and Maria Skolnik and their three daughters for a week's swimming and sunning with their family at Lake Como, in Italy.

DATE for your diary . . . May 11, when the Garrison Church Fete will be held in the grounds of Government House, with stalls, afternoon teas, and music played by the Eastern Command Band. It will be officially opened by Lady Cutler, and proceeds will aid the Trinity Garrison Church Restoration Fund.

AND a second one on May 15, when Mr. Harry Seidler will give an interesting talk on French tapestry at the cocktail party which the Social Committee de l'Alliance Francaise will give at the home of the French Commercial Counsellor, Mr. Roger Levy, and Mrs. Levy.

QUITE mad, but rather fun, was the "after-dinner tennis" enjoyed by a few guests at the Cedric Symonds' elegant dinner party. Looking very debonair in their dinner suits, Mr. Adolfo Gallotti challenged the newly appointed Italian Consul-General, Dr. Guido Natali, to a game. They didn't score, as it was Dr. Natali's first swing at the sport! But his debut on the grass courts, brilliantly lit by the garden floodlights, gave everyone a chance to admire Dr. Natali's super patent-leather evening shoes. Now very popular in Rome, they were Regency-style pumps with a large grosgrain buckle on the front.

BOTH the George Walters and the Tom Harrigan managed to keep it a surprise from friends when Anne Walters announced her engagement to Paul Harrigan at her 21st birthday party at "Kei-Ron," Waverley.

AMONG the colorful well-wishers throwing bon-voyage streamers to the New Endeavour as she sailed off on her annual sojourn to the Barrier Reef was young American visitor Jaye Goodman, looking just super in long, vivid sun pyjamas.

Johnson & Johnson





**AT CHRISTENING:** Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Laverty (at right), of "Sutton Place," Laggan, outside the Garrison Church, Millers Point, after the christening of their daughter Victoria Susan Anna, with godfather, Dr. David R. B. Smith, and godmothers, Mrs. Adrian Garrett (second from left), and Mrs. Gidley McCullagh.



**GUARD-OF-HONOR:** Lieutenant Robert Letts and his bride, formerly Miss Kerry Melbourne, leaving St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay, after their wedding. Mrs. Letts is the only child of Mrs. L. Melbourne, of Rose Bay, and of the late Mr. W. E. Melbourne. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Letts, of Gordon.



**DINNER DANCE:** Mrs. Bert Mendelsohn (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. James McKeon, at the First Fleet Night organised by the Eternal Childhood Foundation at the Argyle Tavern. Mrs. McKeon is president of the Foundation.



**AT RIGHT:** Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wayman leaving Christ Church, St. Ives, following their marriage. The bride was Miss Marilyn Brideson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brideson, of Pymble. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wayman, of Buff Point.



**CHAPEL WEDDING:** Mr. and Mrs. Michael Officer after their wedding at Abbotsleigh Chapel, Wahroonga, with their attendants (from left), Miss Diana Vernon, Miss Elizabeth Lindeman, and Miss Dinita Wood. The bride was Miss Miriam Pinkerton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Pinkerton, of "Yarracoin," Seona. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. J. F. Read, of Temworth, and of the late Mr. W. E. Officer.

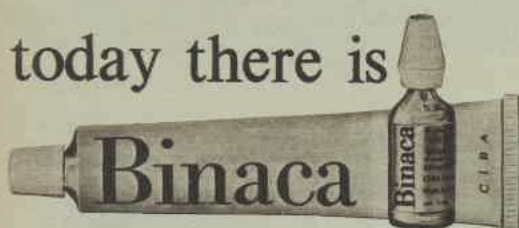


**IN VESTRY:** Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Portelli after their marriage at St. Theresa's Church, Dover Heights. The bride was Miss Angela Santamaria, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Santamaria, of Dover Heights.





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smile . . .



A beauty treatment for more perfect smiles? Of course, new Binaca toothcream from Switzerland, the only cream cosmetic specially formulated for personal oral beauty. Like your cold cream acts for your complexion, Binaca toothcream gently and softly penetrates deep between your teeth, right into the folds of your gums, lips, tongue, cleansing and beautifying as never before. Binaca toothcream is the new cosmetic conditioner for new oral beauty. It means new beauty for your smile, new sparkle for your teeth, new fragrance for your breath. Start your make-up with Binaca (you use it instead of toothpaste), it's as important as your powder-base. Try some . . . 75c, only at chemists.

185

BINACA RANGE OF COSMETICS IS MADE BY CIBA OF SWITZERLAND

DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS

## SECRETARY TYPISTS

required for  
certain diplomatic missions overseas

Salary whilst overseas: \$2,372 per annum, plus living allowances.

Salary in Australia: Within the range \$2,139 to \$2,256 per annum, depending upon qualifications and experience.

Qualifications: Female British subjects with secretarial experience and shorthand of at least 80 and preferably 100 w.p.m., and typing of 40 w.p.m. A knowledge of French or other modern language could be an advantage but is not essential.

Applicants should be medically fit for overseas service and be under 40 years of age (50 years 8 months for ex-service women). It is not normal to post overseas, girls under the age of 21 years. Conditions of service: Successful applicants will be permanently appointed to the Commonwealth Public Service.

Up to about six months' service in Canberra prior to posting overseas.

Successful applicants must be prepared to accept whatever postings are decided by the Department for a minimum period of two years. First postings are usually to South-East Asian and African countries.

★ Applications to: THE SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS, CANBERRA, by May 17, 1968.

EVERY DAY  
IS  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
DAY

## NEW FOR ASTHMA

New Improved American Formula MENDIACO works fast to relieve attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Rhine wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDIACO at chemists.



● Mrs. Beverly Stewart at work on the roof of the house she is building for her family—husband, David, and their daughter, Tammy.



● Adjusting a louvre. Mrs. Stewart was a partner in her father's building business at Yeppoon, Qld., until her marriage three years ago.

# Building her own home

In the trade since a teenager, it is only one of 200 buildings, including flats and a motel, in which she has had a hand.

ANY woman who can use a sewing-machine can build a house—this is the opinion of Mrs. Beverly Stewart, of Pialba, Qld., who found mastering the art of sewing far harder than that of building.

Mrs. Stewart is now building her own home at Pialba, but this is only one of more

than 200 buildings—houses, flats, a motel, service stations—she has had a hand in.

For a woman who originally wanted to be a nurse, this is an achievement.

But Beverly came into the building business as a teenager and found it more than kept her occupied.

Her father is a master builder at Yeppoon, near Rockhampton. When Beverly was a mere 11-year-old, he would take her along to give him a helping hand when she had finished school for the day.

Little by little she mastered the trade, beginning with nailing floorboards to handling power tools, and eventually drawing plans, laying foundations, roofing, all the other complexities involved.

By the time she was 17, she was working full-time alongside her father.

Other builders in Rockhampton objected, not because she was a woman but on trade grounds that she hadn't served an apprenticeship.

"But at 17 I was terribly shy," said Beverly, who is now 27. "I didn't want to work with a lot of boys."

Her father overcame the hurdle by making her a partner—and the partnership lasted until Beverly married three years ago.

She found nothing unusual about being a woman builder—and neither did the sub-

contractors who worked with her.

"I suppose they did make one concession," she said. "If they hit their thumbs very hard with a hammer, they just went white and didn't say anything."

"They only gave vent to their feelings if it was a very small hit—and I did the same."

"We all got on with our jobs and at tea-breaks talked mostly about the work."

"I enjoyed the open-air life. Though we worked

By ANGELA  
WHITTINGHAM

long hours, I never found it hard.

"The only difficulties, from a woman's point of view, are, I suppose, the climbing and the heavy lifting."

"I was never bothered by heights—and I don't have a muscle worth boasting about."

Being a woman in a man's world did rub off on Beverly, her husband, David, jokingly claims.

"We met because we were both interested in water-skiing," he said.

"Usually the man runs out of petrol when he takes a girl out, but we were out in Bev's father's boat one time and she said we had run out of petrol."

"We were stuck at sea for about four hours until she

'discovered' four gallons stored away. That's when we got to know each other."

Beverly says she misses her trade—only a little.

"But I gave it up for something better when I married," she said.

She has been keeping her hand in, building her own home, which became a necessity when the house the Stewarts were renting was sold and they had to find somewhere else within two months.

By that time, the first stage of the house was complete and the family moved in. That was nearly a year ago.

Recently Beverly decided it was time for stage two—a large lounge with carpet attached, which will be temporarily partitioned to make three rooms.

The entire floor is concrete—all mixed and carried by Beverly—the framework is timber, the walls fibro with an iron roof.

The third and final stage will begin when Beverly finds time from helping her husband run the Pialba theatre, caring for her young daughter, Tammy, and house-keeping.

"I had never done any housework before my marriage," she said. "I couldn't cook or sew and I had to start learning from scratch."

But, asks David, which husband wouldn't swap a little indignation in the early stages for a new house?



"You don't know my bridge club!"



# "It's the most wonderful thing"

—SAYS MRS. ALAN BARRETT, SYDNEY, OF HER NEW BABY'S BIRTH AFTER SHE HERSELF HAD A KIDNEY TRANSPLANT.

**T**HIS is the most wonderful thing that could have happened to me. I have the family I want and I feel so healthy and so tremendously alive."

Ruth Barrett leaned back and looked around at her children, Gregory, 10, Robyn, 8, Leanne, 5, and the then two-and-a-half-week-old Mark, and added:

"My husband said I must have had a generator transplanted into me instead of a kidney. I have more energy than the whole family put together."

Mrs. Alan Barrett, who made headline news when she became the first woman in Australia — and one of the few in the world — to have a baby after undergoing a kidney transplant, today shows no trace of the years of ill health she suffered before the operation.

Bright, happy, obviously adored by her children, she has already started on a campaign to bring her weight down from 13 stone to 12.

"I've always been around that weight," she said. "Except when my kidneys stopped functioning altogether and I was a weak, helpless eight stone."

"It was 1964, and we lived in Wagga, where Alan was a shearer. I started going downhill without really realising it. Then, when nephritis was diagnosed and I had a couple of trips to hospital, I really became weak."

## "Just stayed"

"I could do nothing. The two eldest children were sent to relatives and I had help in for myself and Leanne. If I fell over on the floor and there was no one there to help me up I just stayed."

"Leanne, who was only three, would have to go to the refrigerator to get herself something to eat. I couldn't even open the door."

During Christmas, 1965, Mrs. Barrett lapsed into a coma and was sent to Prince Henry Hospital, Little Bay, N.S.W., where she was given peritoneal dialysis treatment, an alternative to treatment by an artificial kidney machine.

"Alan was told I had only a few months to live, but I was determined to go on."

"For six months I lay in the hospital waiting for a

kidney suitable to be used in the transplant hospital. Toward the end I admit I did get very depressed, so the hospital let me go home two or three days a week."

"It was while I was at home that the call came through for me. A man had died of cerebral haemorrhage and his kidney group was compatible with mine."

"No, I had no fear of the operation. I had nothing to lose, everything to gain."

"Even if I had lived only six months after it they would have been six healthy months."

When, 11 months after the operation, Mrs. Barrett found that she was pregnant she

him — and me — looking so well. I felt it was a sort of tribute to the wonderful work they do."

Although the operation itself, considered an experiment, cost nothing, Mrs. Barrett's illness was expensive as it meant a change of life for the family.

"We had to leave Wagga to live in Sydney to be near the hospital, as I have to visit there regularly for check-ups, and that meant Alan had to find different work."

"But even that turned out well. He has his own bread-run now, which means we see him every day instead of only at weekends."

"No, all in all, we have been a very lucky family. I have what I have always wanted — two lovely boys and two lovely girls, good health, and a good husband. No woman could ask for anything more."

By GLORIA NEWTON

rang the doctor who had looked after her at Prince Henry Hospital.

"I thought he would terminate the pregnancy," she said. "But no. After taking a week to think about it he said, 'Go ahead.'"

"Apparently there were a couple of other women in the world who had done the same thing, and they had come through quite all right."

"But he did warn me there was the possibility that I would lose the baby."

"But I never had a better pregnancy. Not one sick day and, somehow, not a worry in the world about having the baby."

"Mark was delivered by caesarean because an RH factor showed up in his blood and the doctors thought it would be safer than risking perhaps a long labor and the danger of infection."

"He had to have two blood changes, but he is a placid, contented, lovely little baby who hasn't given me a minute's trouble."

"My doctor from the Prince Henry was there for the birth, and really, the other doctors laughed and said he behaved more like an expectant father than my husband did."

"But I can understand his interest and excitement. The birth was not only interesting to him but to the whole kidney unit at the hospital."

"They all sent me a most beautiful gift of red roses and, when I went over there the other day to see them, taking Mark, they practically grabbed him from my arms, they were so happy to see



MRS. ALAN BARRETT, above, holds her new son, Mark, then two and a half weeks old. Her other children, from left, are Leanne, 5, Robyn, 8, and Gregory, 10. BELOW: Gregory gently lowers Mark into his bassinet as Leanne watches. Mrs. Barrett is the first woman in Australia to have a baby after a kidney transplant. Pictures by Ron Berg







THERE WAS A TABLE SET OUT UNDER A TREE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, AND THE MARCH HARE AND THE HATTER WERE HAVING TEA AT IT. A DORMOUSE WAS SITTING BETWEEN THEM, FAST ASLEEP, AND THE OTHER TWO WERE USING IT AS A CUSHION, RESTING THEIR ELBOWS ON IT, AND TALKING OVER ITS HEAD. "VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE DORMOUSE," THOUGHT ALICE. "ONLY, AS IT'S ASLEEP, I SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T MIND." THE TABLE WAS A LARGE ONE, BUT THE THREE WERE ALL CROWDED TOGETHER AT ONE CORNER OF IT. "NO ROOM! NO ROOM!" THEY CRIED OUT WHEN THEY SAW ALICE COMING. "THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM!" SAID ALICE INDIGNANTLY, AND SHE SAT DOWN IN A LARGE ARM-CHAIR AT ONE END OF THE TABLE.

# Give your child this eye test tonight.

(Philips Lamps point out that 20% of all school children have faulty eyesight)

## How well does your child see?

If your child is of school age, can he read the words above at a distance of 16" without effort?

Of course, this isn't a conclusive test.

Only a professional eye examination can show you how well your child is seeing.

## Good light is vital to good vision.

The more your children use their eyes, the more reason for good light.

Poor light can cause discomfort and eye strain.

By using the right lamps that give the correct amount of light where you need it, you avoid harsh contrasts and glare.

Good lighting is not expensive.

Even if you burn a 100-watt Philips lamp for 48 hours continuously it would cost less than 10 cents.\*

## Many types of lamps.

Philips manufacture more than 50,000 different lamp types.

There is a Philips Lamp for every purpose.

Clear, Pearl, or for a softer, more even light,—Argenta.



For better sight  
**PHILIPS**  
for better light



\*Average domestic rate.

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# DEBBIE REYNOLDS

## -goldmine of talent

### Television

● In a TV world awash with variety shows, "The Debbie Reynolds Show" (see color pictures overleaf) is a pleasant surprise—it is not only good entertainment, it is different.

**DEBBIE REYNOLDS** achieves this by dealing with variety differently—she has a variety of top-line stars who demonstrate their versatility in a series of comedy sketches with her.

I expected a great deal of singing and saccharine sweetness in the "Tammy" manner, but I found Debbie a goldmine of talent and fun that I am sure viewers will like when TCN9 presents the hour-long show at 7.30 p.m. on May 7.

As an actress, Debbie has never before made an impression on me. She has come and gone in my show-biz life, mostly remembered for her matrimonial troubles.

All women have a special sympathy for her, the good, little wife of Eddie Fisher, whose happy family life was raised by Elizabeth Taylor.

Ever since this upheaval ten years ago, I have thought of her with an underlying vein of sympathy sustained even through the irritation of an advertising season that assured me till I was at screaming point that "Happier was Debbie Reynolds as The Flying Nun."

None of my impressions prepared me for TV's 1968 version of Debbie in her first spectacular—a good-looking woman who sings well (she does a very sharp, and a

little shrewish, take-off of Barbra Streisand), dances beautifully, and is a polished comedienne.

The five stars who support Debbie are Jim ("Gomer Pyle") Nabors, Bob Hope, Bobby Darin, Frank Gorshin, and Donald O'Connor.

I love the sketch Debbie does with Nabors and Hope when, as Miss Tijuana and her Hot Tamales, she entertains the troops.

As Miss Tijuana, Debbie was only one of a constant

—By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

stream of patriotic stars grimly determined to do their bit for the brave boys.

Miss Tijuana got a poor reception because her audience had been doing audience duty straight for 18 hours, "Gomer" Nabors explained.

Nabors was the captain in charge, wearing a dinner jacket underneath his Army greatcoat because he hadn't had time to change since he had been the "volunteer" Fred Astaire for Ginger Rogers in her show.

With Bobby Darin, Debbie does a sketch that has whiskers a mile long, but she managed to give it life—the on-stage loving husband-and-wife team who fight in the dressing-room.

Debbie was full of surprises. She is close on 38, the same age as her old rival Liz Taylor Fisher Burton, but she looks amazingly young.

With the make-up men's help, she gets away with all kinds of clothes, from period evening dresses with feathers and lace to outrageous teenage clothes for the Bobby Darin sketches—and looks good in all of them.

One of her dresses in this segment is made of thousands of tiny mirrors. Sonny and Cher get the credit for the dressing.

Debbie sings throughout the show. With Darin, her songs include "Jackson," "Baby, Don't Leave Me," and "Always."

But the high spot of the show is minus singing—a mini-movie called "Great Hotel," based on that old, old super-colossal epic



● Debbie Reynolds as Greta Garbo with Frank Gorshin as Lionel Barrymore in a mini-movie, "Great Hotel," in "The Debbie Reynolds Show," timed for TCN9, 7.30 p.m., May 7.

"Grand Hotel," starring Greta Garbo.

Debbie really reveals her talent in this sketch. She plays Judy Holliday (playing gin rummy with Brod Crawford in "Born Yesterday"), Bette Davis, Mae West, Greta Garbo, and in the send-up to end all send-ups—Barry Fitzgerald as the old parish priest of "Going My Way."

I have rarely enjoyed any special as much as I did "The Debbie Reynolds Show." I saw it at the bleak hour of 9 o'clock one Monday morning, and that is really testing any TV show. At 7.30 p.m., after a good dinner, it should be really something.

**FOOTNOTE:** Debbie has no matrimonial troubles (public ones) these days. She married millionaire shoe-maker Harry Karl, 18 years older, two years after the break-up with Eddie Fisher. Eight years later they are living happily ever after.

Liz, of course, has finished with Eddie, and since her marriage to Burton was entertained at dinner by Debbie and her new husband, when both couples found themselves passengers on the Queen Elizabeth en route to England.

"I actually had fun," Debbie said, talking about it later.

### TV-Events to come

ALL the well-loved regulars of "The Dick Van Dyke Show," Mary Tyler Moore, Jerry Paris, Rose Marie, Morey Amsterdam, and Carl Reiner will be reunited later

this year when Dick makes his third TV special for the year... Agent 99 (Don Smart) and Agent 86 (Barbara Feldon) will get married in the opening episodes of the new series of "Get Smart," but the producer has announced on their behalf that they will NOT have a baby... "Peyton Place" has its first Negro family. Percy Rodriguez has been signed to be the doctor-father of a Negro family. Still to be hired for the cast are a Negro wife, son, and daughter.

I've heard something I never believed possible—cranky Frankie Sinatra doing singing TV-commercials for a hotel. I wondered if he was suddenly short of dollars, but I find there is more to it—he owns a great slice of the hotel.

### But never "The Saint"

**DAVID HEMMINGS**, British star of "Blow-Up," has been inundated with TV offers since his role as the photographer in Antonioni's way-out movie.

He is particularly interested in one that casts him as a rather elegant mod detective. "Like Simon Templar," he said, "but with some of the feeling that Antonioni got in 'Blow-Up.'"

I've got news for Mr. Hemmings. I will lay a shade of odds that no one will ever take Roger Moore's place as Simon Templar in "The Saint" even if, as Moore threatens, he gives up his role.



**Our world travellers  
on northern tour**

TOUR MEMBERS near Northampton, in the English Midlands. To the locals the unseasonal snowstorm was a great nuisance; to the Australians it was a source of great fun.

## HOLIDAY FUN IN THE SNOW

THE English countryside was one vast expanse of snow as more than 100 Australians and New Zealanders set out on a six-day sightseeing tour of Northern England and Scotland.

This was a day of high adventure and fun—one ready-made for the snowball fight that occurred in the picturesque garden of a village post office a few miles out from the midlands town of Northampton.

Villagers watched goggle-eyed as members of our Australian Women's Weekly 1968 World Discovery Tour piled out of buses to do battle ankle-deep in snow.

For most of the participants in the scrimmage, this was their first experience of snow—and they revelled in it.

Mr. Michael Billiche, of Toronto, N.S.W., summed up the feelings of tour members when he remarked as the snowflakes drifted down, "The weatherman has been kind to us every day since we left Sydney on February 4."

This was true; the weather was ready-made for every occasion and mood.

### Spring sunshine

Even the London newspapers had waxed lyrical about the almost unprecedented warm spring sunshine in London from the moment we had arrived at Tilbury.

In temperatures which reminded us of the gentlest spring days at home, conditions were ideal for visits to Windsor, Buckingham Palace (for the Changing of the Guard), the Tower, and shopping.

Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon, the Isle of Wight, Cornwall and Devon, and the holiday places of the British Isles looked their fairest amid spring blossom for our first days.

But snow was falling lightly out of a grey sky as we boarded our buses in London for Scotland.

There was reason for some dismay at weather reports of "Weather from the Arctic and blizzard conditions in Scotland and Northern England."

But on this occasion the blizzard positively "made" our northern trip.

### Central heating

After the snowfall that got the blood circulating, there was a burst of brilliant warm sunshine that made the snow sparkle diamond clear on every field, hedgerow, and farmhouse roof.

But as the bus—with internal heating full on—pulled into Buxton, Derbyshire, grey masses of lowering cloud closed in like night.

Charles Dickens would have revelled in describing this scene of weary travellers exchanging the bitter blast for the warm comfort of an English inn aglitter with welcoming lights and central heating.

But the Palace Hotel, Buxton, is no country inn. It is a huge hotel, built as a resort a century ago according to the grandest concepts of Victorian architecture.

In Edwardian days royalty dined here after hunting.

Next morning the weather had cleared to bright sunshine and pale blue sky.

Sunshine and showers—that was the story of our progress to Edinburgh and the Trossachs.

When the sun shone—and this was often—the scene became a widescreen picture in technicolor.

We saw Lakes Windemere and Ullswater, Edinburgh, and the Trossachs in the full beauty of the northern spring.

—Burnett Netterfield

### Tommy Hanlon's

### Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "When I was going through one of the usual stages we all go through, worrying about growing old and being washed up in show business, I thought, well, a comedian doesn't really know his craft until he's over 40. Look at Charlie Chaplin, still going strong in his seventies; Jackie Gleason is 53, Red Skelton is over 60, Jack Benny is 72, and Bob Hope is in his sixties. So don't worry. The only people who grow old are the people who worry about growing old."

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** Eighty is a wonderful age—especially if you're 90.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS





Debbie with Jim ("Gomer Pyle") Nabors. "The Debbie Reynolds Show" may be seen in Sydney TCN9 and Adelaide NWS9, May 7, 7.30 p.m.; Brisbane QTQ9, May 8, 7.30 p.m.; Melbourne GTV9, May 9, 7.30 p.m.

## DEBBIE IN FUN SHOW

### Television

"THE Debbie Reynolds Show" hits a new high in TV spectaculars — a different approach that is polished, entertaining, and highly amusing. Debbie, with five male stars, Jim Nabors, Bob Hope, Bobby Darin, Frank Gorshin, and Donald O'Connor, presents herself as a new TV star in a diverting hour.

—Nan Musgrove

DEBBIE, left, looks fetching as Mae West in a send-up of the old movie "Grand Hotel." Debbie, right, as Judy Holliday in a famous scene from "Born Yesterday."





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 **The class of '68**

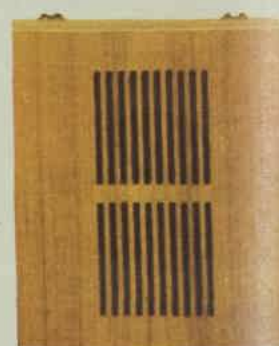
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

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# The class of '68



**LEISURE MATE** 7 Transistor  
battery/mains mounted portable

**POPMASTER** 6 transistor  
Complete with carry case.  
(Illustrated centre)

**TRENDSETTER**  
7 Transistor  
Complete with  
carry case

**COSMOPOLITAN** the most powerful  
8 you can buy. With carry case

**AUTOMATE** Portable/car radio.  
8 transistor push button.

**Philips will introduce  
22 new TV sets, in 1968.  
Their styling is superb.  
This is one of them.**

Philips 1968 deluxe Wideboy is everything a 'class' TV set should be. Powerful, durable, precise and of unsurpassed quality.

So are the other twenty-one models in the new Philips range, and this is the important thing to keep in mind when it comes to choosing your 1968 TV set—that you don't have to pay more for a Philips model, although every set has the same magnificently engineered chassis.

That no matter what style or size—from room portables to consoles—you get the same emphasis on design and craftsmanship to enrich your home as a fine piece of furniture should.

Yet, prices start so low.



(Available soon)

# PHILIPS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

## A Philips 7 transistor transistor outperforms an imported 9.

An 8 outperforms a 10. It is because every Philips portable is designed for Australian conditions. Because Philips larger, high Q "Ferroceptor" rods give you greater sensitivity. Because Bandpass circuits give you increased selectivity. Because you get the world's most advanced type of transistors—silicon.

This is why dollar for dollar, transistor for transistor Philips is your best portable buy.



Shopping around for a new TV set? A gram, tape recorder, player or a portable? You know of course the things you are looking for. More advanced styling for one. Better performance for sure. And superior features to give you both. Get Philips and you get them all. Plus class. So why not show off a little? Or a lot.



The lids become twin speakers and the whole thing is the best compact Stereo player there is. Philips Discoteak G.F. 570.

Let's start from the top. Smart press button lid separates to provide two acoustically-matched speakers. Neat.

And you won't be surprised to find everything else is a sheer delight. Dynamically balanced 4-speed player, diamond stylus, 3-dimensional stereophonic sound, full 10 transistor Mini-Module power, featherlight pick-up arm with ceramic cartridge for perfect tracking.

Fits anywhere. And so compactly. Makes a handsome built-in shelf or table player or party-going portable.

But that's not all. There are three other magnificent models in Philips Discoteak range. The players that are the class of '68.

#### "Exec 44" The sophisticates music box

Closed, it's a sleek black attache case.

Open it and it's a superbly engineered, 4-speed record changer with true stereophonic sound, and acoustically matched speakers that lift out.

In fact, the entire ingeniously designed unit lifts out!

And would you believe it can be converted into the world's most portable radiogram? (There's provision to plug in a Philips Popmaster radio as an optional extra). You can plug in a tape recorder too! Exec. 44. Real class.

In a class of its own!  
Only stereogram with  
cassette recorder.  
Philips "Beethoven"  
with NovaSonic sound.

The introduction of the Philips Compact Cassette system adds a complete new dimension to home entertainment. Your hands never touch the tape. Just click in a cassette. Press one button for the pure brilliance of NovaSonic sound.

You can play pre-recorded Musicassettes or record on blank tapes that play up to 90 minutes without change.

Philips 1968 Beethoven has a solid state power chassis, automatic 4-speed changer and microphone for singalong and recording. Powerful radio for long range reception. Superbly crafted cabinet in Teak, Maple, Walnut or Rosewood.

And above all, the incredible realism of Philips NovaSonic sound.



#### It started a revolution!

Since Philips introduced their unique Compact Cassette system to the world, its success has been sensational.

The ingenious little cassette means you never tangle with tape again. Just snap it into your Philips Cassette Recorder, push a button and it's playing. Plug in a mike—it's recording. Record your own music or use pre-recorded Musicassettes with the playing time of an LP.

Choose from six great Philips models. Illustrated is EL3302 the famous battery-operated model that started the revolution. See a demonstration.

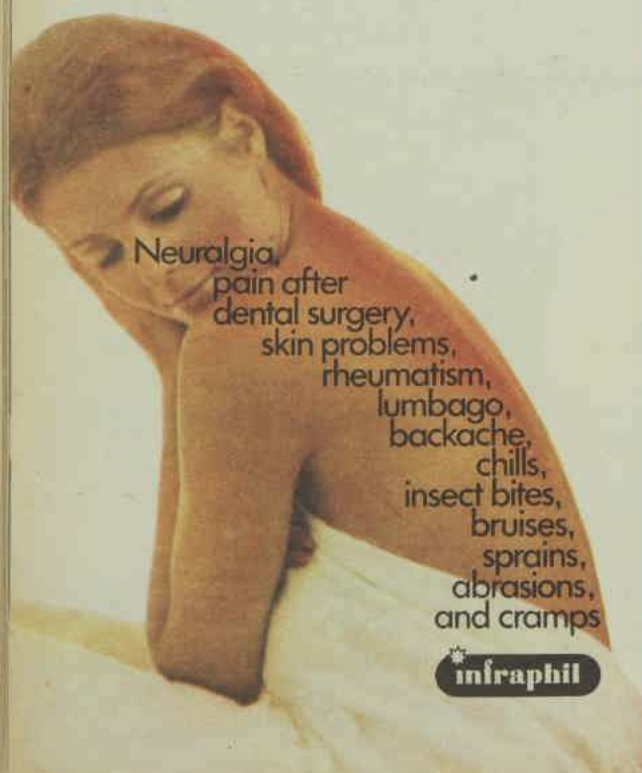




# The class of '68



Philips Infraphil deep heat lamp soothes them away . . .



Neuralgia,  
pain after  
dental surgery,  
skin problems,  
rheumatism,  
lumbago,  
backache,  
chills,  
insect bites,  
bruises,  
sprains,  
abrasions,  
and cramps

**infraphil**

New Infraphil—safest, most effective therapeutic infra-red treatment. Concentrated power of concentric ring lens penetrates right down below skin level into muscle and nerve tissues—brings deep therapy to the seat of the trouble.

**IMPORTANT:** Be sure it's a genuine Infraphil lamp, not an ordinary infra-red lamp designed for simple non-therapeutic heating.



## Philishave cordless shaves you anywhere anytime.

Fast rotary action, no cord. Gives you 4 weeks shaving from four heavy penlight cells. Neat carry case.

## Twin head rotary action—Philishave 2000S.

This famous Philips model brings you all the advantages of smooth, contour shaving. Pop-up trimmer. Handsome presentation case.

Only Philishave with the famous rotary action floating heads follows the contours of your face. All hairs are cut down to the one, clean, close level without the slightest irritation. The fastest shaver on wheels—40% faster. Pop-up trimmer. 18 rotary blades.

If you're like most people and have a curved face, there's only one way to shave. Philishave 3. In handsome carry case.

# PHILIPS

The trouble with blades, or even most electric shavers is that they're straight, and designed for shaving flat faces like your photograph.

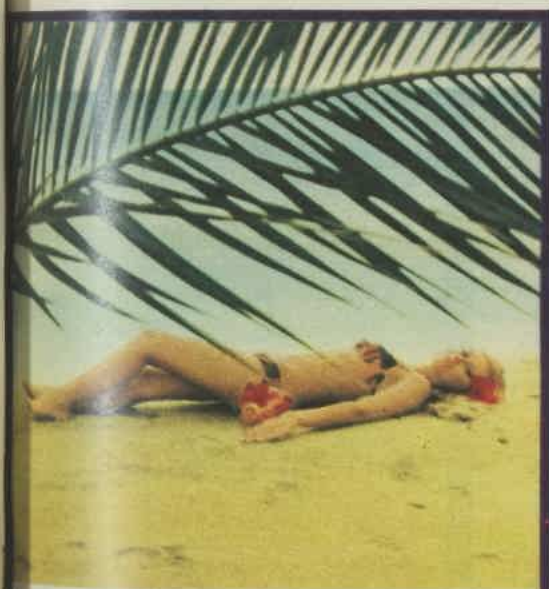
But, if you're like most people and have a curved face, you need the exclusive floating heads of the new **PHILISHAVE 3 Deluxe**



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



What have you got coming to you when you buy a 1968 Philips appliance? You can sum it up in a word. Excellence. You get it in the remarkable efficiency of Philishave—in the extra warmth and quality of Philips electric blankets—in the better performance of Philips sun-tan and health lamps.



**All-over Tahiti winter tan: \$2,500**

**All-over home tan: \$25.20**

For a perfect all-over tan, you can bask in the Tahitian sun for around \$2,500. With an Ultraphil sun lamp you can start tanning tonight, for \$25.20, because your Ultraphil sun lamp works exactly like the sun. Helps build resistance to colds and infection too. See your local Chemist or electrical retailer about a compact, lightweight Ultraphil suntan lamp.



Ultraphil sun lamp.



We've even put extra warmth where you need it most—around icy cold feet.

**What are the things you most want in an electric blanket? Don't answer. We've got all the answers for you.**

You name it. Philips has it. More warmth, more downright luxury—more features than any other blanket.

Only Philips gives you that wonderful innovation of a special warm feet zone at the foot of the bed to banish icy cold feet forever. And trust Philips to give you more heating elements than other blankets for glorious consistent warmth throughout the night.

Plenty of variety too! Three types, ten models and a size for every bed. All Philips electric blankets are guaranteed. Approved by all Electricity Authorities, they're washable and will last for years.

Philips blankets look as good as they feel! Soft, luxurious Onkaparinga lambswool is mothproof, pre-shrunk and beautifully bound with matching satin trim.

A change in temperature can't upset the comfort of a Philips blanket—automatic control adjusts the warmth as the room temperature changes.



**PHILIPS**  
(the class of '68)

39.9202

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# Paris plays THE

● Get with the belt craze, because it's with us right now. The ups and downs of belt placing are just as much discussed as the rise and fall of the hemline. Paris is playing the belt game hard. A belt can be scaled to any width; it also can be highly decorated or made in multi-colors.

St. Laurent revives his famous chain belt and Marc Bohan at Dior shows an exotic Moroccan-inspired belt jingling with jewels and festooned with chains. Belts can't be ignored and it's time for women to look to their waistlines. The waist is the newest beauty and fashion spot — and must be slim.

— BETTY KEEP



● Ted Lapidus' suit, above, is made in navy-and-white-striped wool. The long jacket has a double-breasted fastening and a white leather belt worn high. A white gangster-type hat and white blouse complete a new Paris look.

● Nina Ricci's Mexican-inspired coat, right, is made in purple wool and worn with a wide multi-colored webbing belt fastened with three small buckles. The flared-from-the-waist silhouette is news.



● Lanvin's maxi-coat, above, is made in pale creamy beige velour and has a lavish fox-fur trim in the same beige. The coat is belted high in red leather, and the buckled shoes are in the same red.



# BELT GAME

● Dior's coat, right, is made in multi-striped wool. The wide belt in black leather is worn at normal waist level. The coat has deep sleeves and a wide inverted pleat at front.

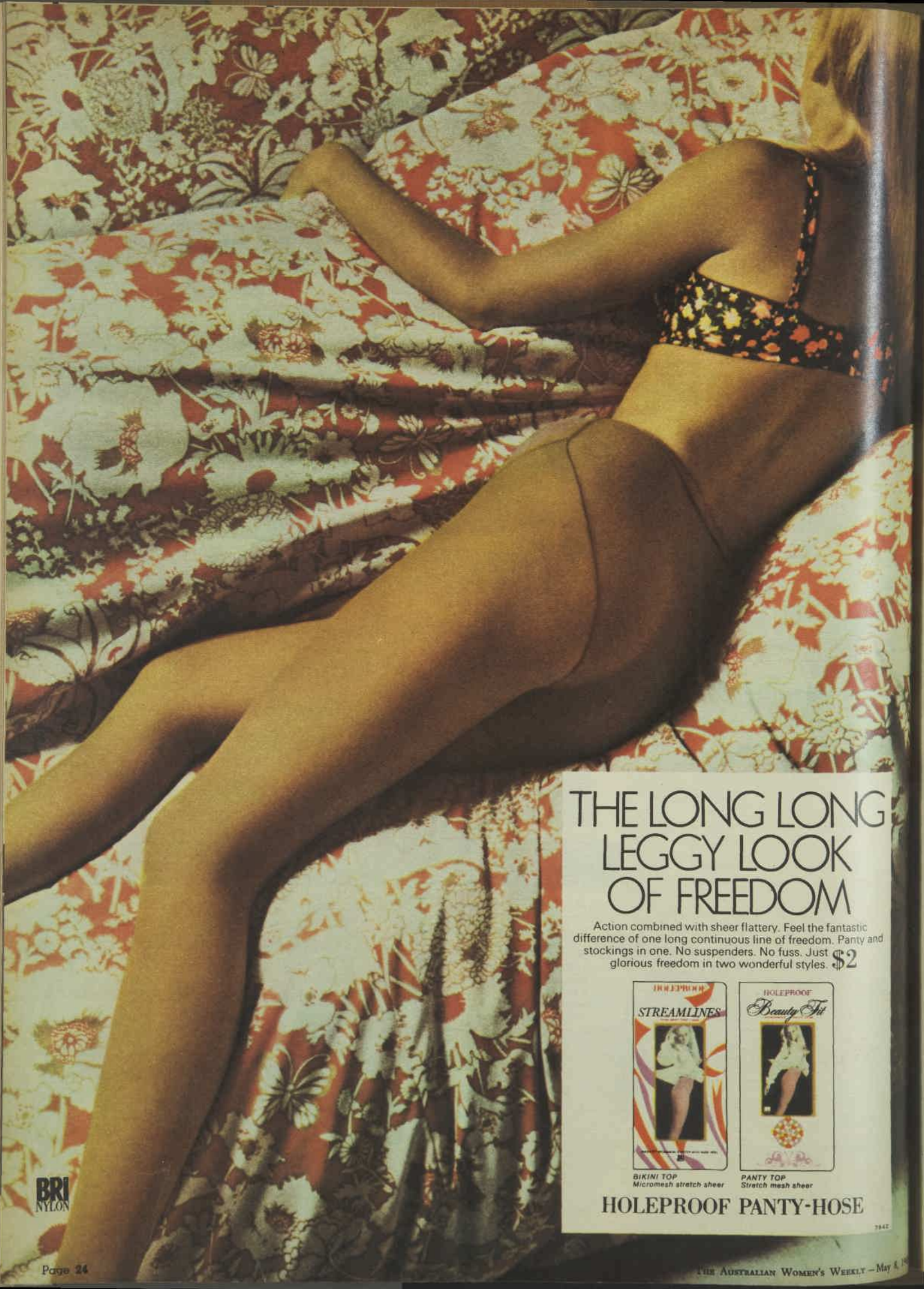


● Dior's cream wool dress, left, has a wide Moroccan-inspired belt matched to a gold braid trim. The belt has an intricate arrangement of gold chains and jingling ornaments.

● Castillo's two belted dresses, right, feature red, white, and blue. Navy coat has a red-and-white belt. Far right, navy dress worn with a red belt.







## THE LONG LONG LEGGY LOOK OF FREEDOM

Action combined with sheer flattery. Feel the fantastic difference of one long continuous line of freedom. Panty and stockings in one. No suspenders. No fuss. Just glorious freedom in two wonderful styles. \$2



BIKINI TOP  
Micromesh stretch sheer



PANTY TOP  
Stretch mesh sheer

**HOLEPROOF PANTY-HOSE**

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**BRI**  
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**THE LOVERS** in Juliet's bedroom the morning after their secret wedding. Under threat of banishment from the city of Verona, Romeo must leave his bride soon after dawn, and Juliet has a presentiment that they will never meet again.

## THE STAR-CROSS'D LOVERS

**A**LTHOUGH censor trouble had been expected with "Romeo and Juliet" in Britain because of the bedroom scene, the film passed easily with only an Adult certificate. Moreover, it was chosen for the recent Royal Command Performance before the Queen, Prince Philip, Charles, and Anne.

This is the second year in succession that a Shakespeare-Zeffirelli film has made the Royal Command Performance. Last year's was "The Taming of the Shrew." And although critics have faulted the Italian director's production of "Romeo and Juliet," they all praised its visual beauty.

The love scenes between Romeo and Juliet are doubly poignant because of their youth and innocence. Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey were aged 16 and 15, unknown Londoners, when they made the film.

It is, perhaps, their youth which lends such enchantment to the so-called "nude" scene, when the lovers are shown on the morning after their wedding. There is even a moment so full of childlike fun that looks as if it might turn into a pillow fight.

Only Romeo is seen nude, and his boyish figure, standing at the window of Juliet's bedroom listening to the lark's song, is like a Michelangelo statue.

Talking of shooting this scene, Olivia Hussey said, "I was nervous to begin with, of course. But as soon as we were ready to shoot, Franco cleared all but the essential technicians off the set."

"Those who were left were wonderful. The old gentlemen took off their hats, just as if they were in church."

— **BETTY BEST**, of our London staff



**BEHIND THE SCENES.** Italian film director Franco Zeffirelli defends his casting of the play by pointing out that Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet were teenagers.



# RAGE

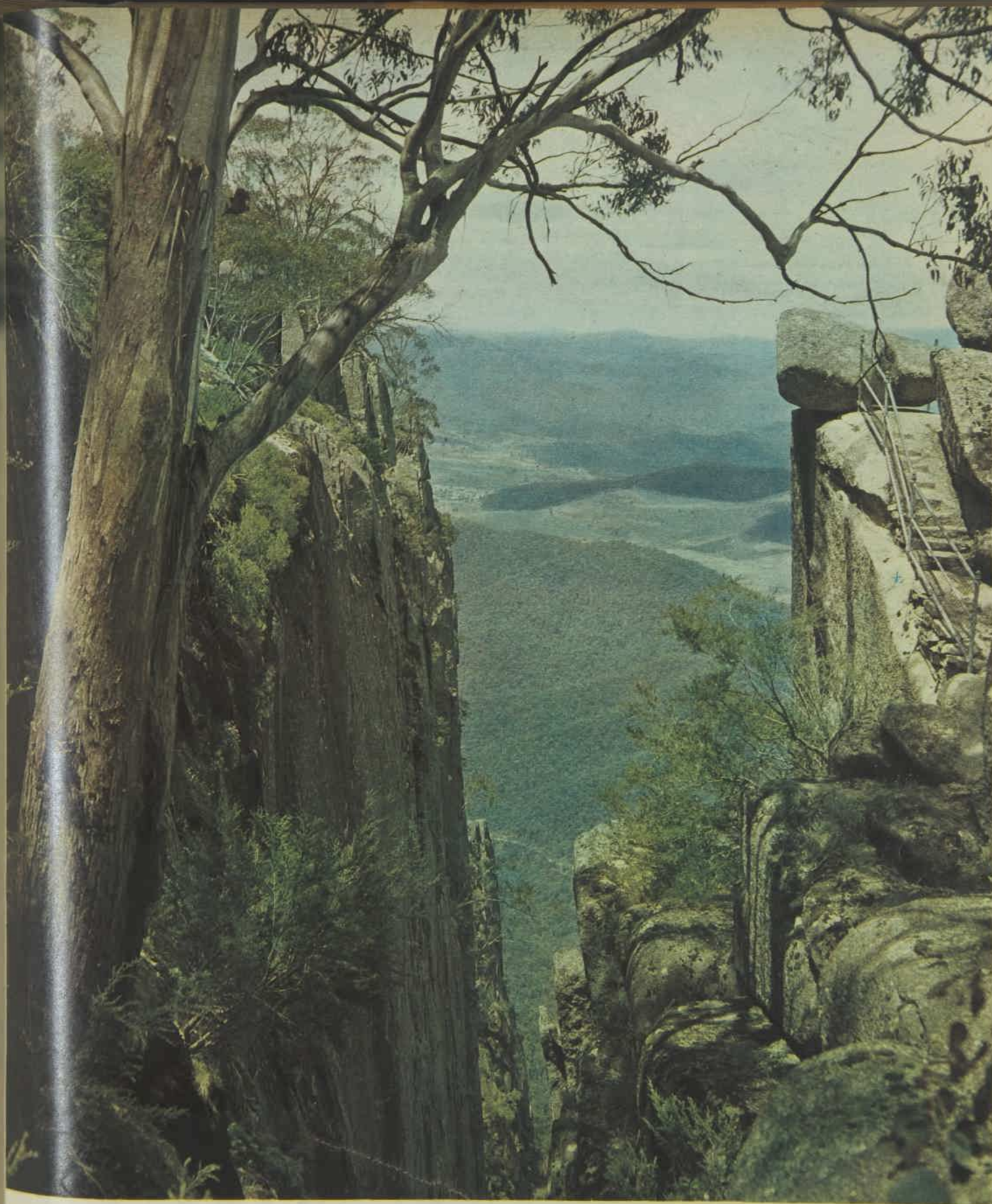
Listen to the new Metallic Rage.  
Sound effects by Helena Rubinstein.



By the sound of things the new metallic look is here. Listen. You can hear it. Feel it. Wear it. Rage in Bronze, Pink, Orange and Flame for lips and fingertips. And rage in three shimmering eye shadow shades. The new Metallic Rage by Helena Rubinstein. Turn it on.







## View from Mt. Buffalo

LOOKING through a chasm of perpendicular rock and tenacious gum trees on the crest of Mt. Buffalo, in Victoria, a splendid view unfolds across the Ovens Valley: Tree-covered ribs of ridges, patches of cloud shadow, a cluster of white roofs which is the township of Bright, and the endless undulations of the blue ranges beyond. This picture was taken just below the Chalet. In the foreground is Pulpit Rock.

BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA

Picture by Mr. K. Phillips, of Mitcham, S.A.





camel brown and maize check, camel plain



camel brown and maize stripe, maize plain



aqua and camel brown check, aqua plain

# Physician mix'n





aqua and camel brown stripe, camel plain



nil and olive green check, olive plain



apricot and camel check, apricot plain

# match blankets



It's fun to play the mix 'n' match game.  
Take a plain, add a check or a stripe and you have new  
bedroom beauty. The combinations are endless.  
Just ask your Physician retailer.

Collins Bros. Latrobe Terrace Geelong Victoria



# MY ENGLISH GARDEN



● "... I would claim that it is the best lawn in England."



● "Never has anybody picked a flower or stolen even a leaf."

EVER since I left England, way back in the mists and fogs of November, I have been wondering if I should get home in time for the daffodils. But Australia is a difficult place to tear oneself away from, and I am beginning to doubt it.

There may be a few late stragglers lingering under the old pear tree, but the main golden harvest will have withered and gone.

It may seem foolish, in the midst of the floral abundance of this extraordinary continent, to be dreaming of daffodils and snowdrops and primroses and all the modest flowers of our English spring, but I can't help it.

I am an incurably English character, for better or for worse, and my garden is an essentially English garden. Let me tell you a little about it.

We might begin at the lily pond, which is where I myself began nearly ten years ago, when the garden was little more than a wilderness. It is circled with bricks that were made by Daniel Defoe, at about the time he was writing "Robinson Crusoe."

You didn't know that Defoe had a brick factory? Nor did I, till I came to live at Richmond.

But he did indeed have a little factory on the banks of the Thames, and though it has long since crumbled into dust, some of the houses and walls constructed from his bricks are still to be discovered, if you take the trouble.

I took the trouble, and I am glad that I did so, for my water-lilies are old-fashioned varieties, and Defoe gives them just the setting that they need.

The pond started it all. It is bang in the centre, and the garden radiates from it, and around it, in a series of melodic lines, I always wanted to be a musician, and I would like to think that this is a musician's garden.

(A long time ago when Sir Thomas Beecham walked

through another garden that I'd designed he exclaimed, "This is sheer Mozart." And if that sounds like blowing one's own trumpet, I can't help it.) Anyway, there are no straight lines in my garden, any more than there are straight lines in Nature. It flows, like a piece of music. Sometimes *andante*, sometimes *allegro vivace*, but always in harmony.

It is framed in old brick walls, smothered in roses, including, of course, the lovely old roses such as *violette*, which was so greatly loved by Constance Spry.

Beyond the frame lies Ham Common, with Richmond Park in the distance—the most beautiful park in England, laid out in the eighteenth century by the first of the great landscape artists, who bore the singular name of Capability Brown.

## Grey, silver in background

The giant oaks he planted are still standing, giving shelter on hot days—when there are any!—to the deer who are one of the park's great attractions.

My garden is dominated by two giant trees. The first is a copper beech of surpassing beauty, whose branches shadow my bedroom window. On stormy nights the wind plays the most exciting symphonies in its branches—Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, Brahms. (I think it is best at Brahms.)

The other tree, an ancient walnut, is also very beautiful but not, perhaps, so melodious. For in the autumn it is an irresistible attraction to the squirrels, who raid it in the early morning and send the nuts flying on to the roof of the toolshed, waking me up with the sound of violent percussion noises.

Most of the other trees and shrubs I have planted myself. I have over a hundred rhododendrons—the rhododendron is surely the queen of the flowering shrubs—including a number of the rare yellows. There are drifts of azaleas,

backed by gold and silver conifers.

There is a great deal of grey and silver—colors which many gardeners are inclined to neglect—grey cypresses, silver hollies, silver pears and poplars, set among drifts of grey- and silver-leaved plants—artemisia, *Senecio maritima*, and suchlike. When you have painted this shimmering silvery background on your canvas, the other flowers—the peonies, the irises, the delphiniums, even the lilies—seem to shine more brightly.

And then, of course, there is the lawn. If I hadn't already been blowing my trumpet so loudly I would claim that it is the best lawn in England. I'll content myself by observing that I've never seen one better. Other people seem to think so, too, as this little story may prove.

Last summer, we opened the garden to the great British public in aid of my favorite charity, The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals. They came along in droves—nearly two thousand of them—and I was in agony for the lawn.

Standing by the gate was a very pretty girl staring at the lawn. She seemed to be worried about something, so I went up to her and asked if anything was wrong. She turned to me with tears in her eyes. "I couldn't walk on it," she stammered. "Not in these heels. It's far too beautiful." I began to tell her that it was rather late to think about that, but she had already gone.

She motored home—20 miles—and came back in flat heels. I was very touched by that. And even more touched when I returned to find that nearly all the other ladies had taken their shoes off and were wandering around in their stockings!

One hears so much about vandalism in these troubled times that I like to remember things like that. I have opened my garden again and again for charity (though this year I shan't be able to do so) and never has anybody picked a flower or stolen even a leaf. Maybe



● "The lily pond . . . where I began nearly ten years ago, when the garden was little more than a wilderness. It is circled with bricks that were made by Daniel Defoe, at about the time he was writing 'Robinson Crusoe.'"



garden bring out the best in people.

My garden, in its small way, is sort of a floral travel diary. I wander about the world fairly extensively and wherever I go I gather flowers and seeds to keep my memories green and growing. Last year, for instance, there was a fine cluster of yellow lupins gathered from the mountain slopes of Ethiopia.

### Broke a king's silence

At the risk of sounding like a name-dropper, I may mention that the seeds from which these plants were grown once saved me from an awkward situation in that country.

I was having an audience with the Emperor Haile Selassie; we could find nothing to talk about, and we sat there staring at each other in a highly embarrassed silence. Then I remembered these seeds, which I had picked the day before.

I emptied them from my pocket and showed them to the Emperor, who suddenly wofree, exclaiming eagerly, that I must make "a little corner of Ethiopia in my English garden." I think that I must send him this article to prove that I have kept my promise.

Just as I have a little corner of Ethiopia, so I have a little corner of the Holy Land, a handful of the miniature Iris reticulata from the neighborhood of Nazareth; a little corner of Greece, wild white violets from the hills of Poros; and a great many other little corners which would almost certainly have no interest for anybody but myself.

The one thing I never seem able to achieve is a little corner of Australia.

Heaven knows, this is not for lack of trying, and there was a time when, for a couple of years, it looked as though I were going to succeed. An Australian reader from Perth had sent me a packet of mixed eucalyptus seed, which — as an incurable optimist — I sowed in the cold greenhouse.

Most of them never came up, but half a dozen pale green shoots appeared in the

spring, which, after suitable cossetting, planted out in a sheltered corner. To everybody's astonishment they not only survived but flourished, braving the following winter, and putting on so much growth in the next year that people used to come and see them from far and wide, pinching the leaves and sniffing them, as though they couldn't believe that they were real.

But alas, the next winter was too much for them and today not even a stump remains.

Shall I go on trying? I expect so. Like every dedicated gardener, I love a good fight, and it would be thrilling to think that one day, in some sheltered corner, I might persuade an Australian bougainvillea to survive, if only for a single summer. (It is also highly improbable!)

But when all is said and done, it is the English flowers that I love the best, the flowers that you might have found in Ophelia's garland, the flowers that the English poets have celebrated. The primroses and the crocuses and the lenten lilies. The heavily laden blossoms of the apple orchards, the wild white cherry of the hedgerows, the perennial shows of the pear trees. All the gay galaxy of the cottage gardens — the Canterbury bells, the flag irises, the madonna lilies. All the wildflowers of the woodlands — the white anemones and the bluebells, that paint the shadows with a Mediterranean blue.

But most of all, perhaps, daffodils that — to quote the oldest tag in literature — "come before the swallow dares and take the winds of March with beauty."

All the same, you know, Shakespeare was a bit of an optimist. With the sort of winters we've been having lately, they sometimes don't come out till April, and they may even linger on till May. We shall see.

— BEVERLEY NICHOLS

● "The rhododendron is surely the queen of the flowering shrubs."





# EVA—THE GABOR AT THE TOP



**EVA GABOR as Lisa in "Green Acres"—the television role that brought her the success which had previously eluded her.**

**T**HE Gabor sisters, Zsa Zsa and Eva, have probably captured more newspaper space than any other movie star sisters—and not through sheer talent either.

They got into print because they wore their hair a little blonder than is absolutely possible, their diamonds a little bigger, their perfume a little

heavier, and spoke more quotable quotes than other contenders for space.

Until the last few years, it was natural to write Zsa Zsa and Eva in that order, for Eva was the sister who didn't quite make it.

Now everything is changed. Today Eva gets the big press. She is the big success on TV, the big star of a successful TV series "Green Acres." (ATN7, 8 p.m., Fridays in Sydney, and on the

Channel 7 network in other capital cities.)

Eva is Lisa, wife of Oliver (played by Eddie Albert), a pair of city slickers who live on a broken-down farm in the country to escape the aggravations of city life.

It is the last place you'd expect to find Eva, who thinks mink and, I believe, cleans her teeth with French champagne.

Eva herself is amazed to find herself picking her way across a barnyard.

"Vot's a cheek Hungarian doing een zee barnyard? Eet's ridiculous, dolling. I'm allergic to man."

But Eva has risen above all her allergies and made a big success of the show.

"Dip down beside I know I hed to do it. So many years ven I couldn't efen get arrested, dolling. You can't vight Vate, no here I am een zee barnyard."

Eva's co-stars adore her, find her a thorough professional, and Eddie Albert himself says she's about as "capricious as a Mack truck."

Eva herself is rather hurt by people being surprised by her success.

"At first I was hurt because peopple vere surprised I was a good actress. After all zee years suddenly I am beink discovered."

Eva goes on from strength to strength, enjoying life, being herself, and not part of the Gabor sisters.

As soon as she realised "Green Acres" was going to be the success it is, Eva bought herself a Regency house in Beverly Hills, filled it with Louis XV furniture.

Her fourth husband, a good-looking stockbroker named Richard Brown, stopped stock-broking, moved to California, and became a vice-president for the company making "Green Acres."

He loves the show, too. Both he and Eva have taken it to their hearts.

Recently they had to make a midnight dash to the pet hospital to greet the arrival of their Yorkshire puppies. They named the two puppies on the spot, Lisa and Oliver.

What else could they be called, dollings?

—NAN MUSGROVE

**12 HOURS FROM NOW  
THIS ONE COLDREX CAPSULE  
WILL STILL BE BRINGING RELIEF!**



## New Advanced Treatment Gives Sustained Relief from COLDS and FLU

Sounds too good to be true! But it is a fact that just one Coldrex Capsule will positively give you 12-hour relief from the distressing symptoms of colds and flu.

Coldrex makes breathing easier; dries up "runny" noses. Makes you feel better—and better—and better.

How can Coldrex do this? The secret is that each capsule contains hundreds of tiny pellets into which are concentrated proven-effective cold-fighting medicaments. When

you swallow a Coldrex Capsule these pellets release medication slowly, continuously, at an even rate over a 12-hour period. Coldrex therefore provides SUSTAINED relief.

Simply take one Coldrex Capsule in the morning... enjoy the day free of unpleasant cold symptoms. Take another Coldrex Capsule at bedtime... sleep through the night without breathing distress.

Ask your chemist for Coldrex Cold Capsules. You'll be so glad you did.



10 Capsules, \$1.10

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**EDDIE ALBERT as Oliver with Eva Gabor as Lisa, "Green Acres" husband-and-wife team who uproot themselves from the city to try life on a farm.**



# Africa, here we come!

● Ten young people from four countries join forces for a happy-go-lucky journey across North Africa in a small car and van

By CHRISTINA GOODWIN

WE carried our sleeping-bags into the centre of the eighteenth fairway on the golf course which lies almost in the shadows of the pyramids at Giza, and we brushed our teeth with water from the green-sprinklers. This was our first night in Egypt.

With eight companions who had met while skiing in Switzerland, and a small car and van, I had arrived from Beirut on the deck of a passenger ship. We were three Australians, a girl from Holland, four Canadians, and a South African—later to be joined by another Canadian.

Now we planned to drive across North Africa. But first we would look around in Egypt, for we had permits for seven days.

The first two days passed quickly in the fascination of the pyramids, a horseback ride on the desert, and Cairo. Then we took a local train to Luxor, on the Nile in Central Egypt.

For the 12-hour trip we were lucky to have a compartment to ourselves, even though we shared six seats between the nine of us. The inquisitive guard checked our tickets every couple of hours throughout the night, and each time the train stopped Arabs pushed their noses against the sooty windows to peer at the white-faced people inside. We took it in turns to stand by the door to stop other passengers from breaking in.

Luxor occupies part of the site of Thebes, the city of ancient Egypt famous for its magnificent ruins of temples and tombs in the Valley of the Kings.

To cross the Nile, we joined Arabs and their animals on a market ferry, wedged between goats and chicken cages. A hundred Arabs bargained to show us the ruins, whether in taxis or on donkeys or strong backs. We chose the donkeys, and it took us a good hour to convince the people that we were not going to pay for ten guides. Arab children sold us "original" Luxor shools for a pencil, an old aspirin box, a cigarette, or anything else we could find in our pockets, as we jogged away from the fertile margin of the river.

Set in the barren rocky hills was the Valley of the Kings, and we first sighted the kings' tombs as holes in the hillside.

Once inside, we sank into the depths of the hills—room after room, bare except for mighty columns and hieroglyphs written over the walls and ceilings, joined by mighty staircases and rutted ramps. The treasures and mummies found when the caves were discovered — mainly those of Tut-ankh-amen — are now in museums throughout the world.

Refreshed after a \$2 orange juice at a tourist restaurant in the centre of the valley, we hiked over the next rocky mountain

to catch our donkeys. The guide had left us in the tombs, to lead the beasts onward—the next few miles were too steep for the donkeys to carry us. The temperature on that hill must have been 125 degrees, and by the time we reached the other side the joys of sightseeing had deserted us.

Back at the Nile, there was nothing else for it but to wet our toes in the muddy but flowing waters. It wasn't long before the temptation for a swim was too strong, but with a hundred Arab eyes upon us it had to be fully clothed.

With our clothes clinging to us, we were herded back on to the ferry, and made our way to the hotel for a shower and a cool drink.

Refreshed and revived, four of us took one of the horse-driven taxis to the Temple of Luxor, built during the reign of Amenhotep III. It must be one of the wonders of the world for its immensity alone.

The temple was added to by succeeding Pharaohs, especially by Rameses II, who had many colossal statues of himself erected on the grounds. Great pylons stand 80ft. tall, and the distance from one side to the other is close to half a mile.

We returned to Cairo in an air-conditioned sleeper, more expensive than we wanted, but worth every penny.

In Cairo we stayed at a hotel, explored the city on foot, and bought supplies for our journey to the west.

**N**OW we were joined by the fifth Canadian.

The Australians in our party were Sandy Mott, an airline employee from Brisbane; Denita Henry, a children's nurse from Tasmania (who looked after film star Raquel Welch's children on location in the Canary Islands and at home in London); and myself.

The Dutch girl was Kathinka Thierens (Tinka-bell). The Canadians were Sonia Tesaraki, a nurse; Dave Harvey and Bob Gagnon, both engineers; Dave Johnson, a director of the Vagabond International Ski Club in Switzerland; and Nolan Kane, a medical student; and the South African was Hylton Cranston-Whittaker (Hillie), a veteran traveller.

We drove down to Alexandria and along the coast. Searching for a camping site, we came upon a European settlement, and as it was forbidden to camp in the open we were allowed to sleep on the veranda of a disused hut.

Our deadline for leaving Egypt loomed close, so we started off at 5.30 next morning. Then our troubles began.

The 1952-model VW ran out of petrol (it had no petrol gauge) and there was nothing but desert on every horizon. We put in the contents of a spare can, which



ABOVE: Feeling the heat in Central Egypt . . . "There was nothing for it but to wet our toes in the Nile. It wasn't long before the temptation for a swim was too strong." In the picture are the South African, Hillie, and three Australians, Denita, Sandy, and writer. RIGHT: The whole party after the tenth casual member had joined them. BELOW: Their desert ride, watched by the Sphinx. The party motored to Tangiers, travelling the length of the Mediterranean, then crossed to Gibraltar.



took us a farther 12 miles, and when that ran dry we . . . stopped.

The van went on ahead to see what it could find, and the rest of us sat on the roadside prepared for a long wait. But luck was with us—half a mile ahead was a petrol pump, the only one within 120 miles.

On again we came to El Alamein and its impressive war memorial cemetery and museum, alone in the wilderness, a moving reminder of the lives lost there. Great archways with the names and ranks of servicemen frame the cemetery grounds, where the rows of simple headstones criss-cross the sands.

On the headstones are inscriptions such as "They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old . . ." And one: "In loving memory of a man who knew how to make a woman happy."

Now it was full speed ahead for the town

of Salum and the gateway to Libya. We passed through the town and, thinking we still had ten miles to go to the border, drove on until an explosion sounded in the van's engine, and it stopped.

The car returned to Salum for help.

We found that that small cluster of buildings was actually the Egyptian border post—we had driven past without realising—so we pushed the sick van back to check out of the country. We were now officially in "no-man's-land": the ten miles ahead would bring us to the Libyan border and Customs.

Our immediate problem was to find a place to eat and, if possible, sleep.

Salum grew as a smugglers' town, and that is still the people's only source of income. Even the water has to be brought from Alexandria, some hundreds of miles

Continued overleaf



# only offers 'insta-view' in handmade furniture television



New 'Esperanto' gives an instant picture and the everlasting charm of a fine furniture piece.

'Insta-view' is new and exclusive to G.E. It gives you an instant picture by maintaining a low level of warmth in your set. Picture and sound are warm and waiting to come on in the time it takes you to turn the dial. There is no sudden surge of power to stress components — your set will have a longer life. The warmth also protects it against moisture — a critical enemy of all things electronic.

'Insta-view' is another example of G.E. research, like the printed circuitry that is guaranteed for life. Or the new daylight-blue, sealed beam picture tube that gives you a crisp picture with better overall contrast.



And as our engineers developed 'Insta-view', G.E. cabinetmakers took time and care to make you a cabinet wholly by hand. The result is something beautiful — a cabinet of solid timbers with joints neatly fitted, veneers exquisitely matched. 'Esperanto' is in the Mediterranean styling that is the fashion trend in furniture. And this fine furniture look is maintained by the exclusive G.E. ceramic glass "black magic" control panel which lights up only when the set is on, remains discreetly black when off. But see the complete G.E. series of fine furniture television, there is a style in the mood of your living room.

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Cosgrove Road, Enfield, N.S.W., 2136.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1961



# Africa, here we come!

way. The only habitable buildings were the Customs sheds, a couple of lean-to houses, and a ramshackle dwelling which we were told was a hospital.

While officials studied our passports, an Egyptian doctor befriended us, offering his hospital beds for our use for the night, as he had no patients at that time.

In Egypt there is one doctor to every 10,000 people, and we were surprised that there should be one here. But the hospital seemed like a small gift from heaven. Did it say hospital? In every sense of the word we know it, it wasn't one.

The doctor performed all his operations without electricity or qualified assistants, using a kerosene lamp and Bedouin helpers. Without fresh water, the shower and basin water was salty, and the toilet a hole in the ground.

"Doc," however, was a pleasant host. A graduate from one of the two Cairo universities, he worked for the Government and had no choice but to spend two years where they sent him. We sat in his bedroom-office talking for hours while he gave us drinks.

With the temperature about 105 degrees at midnight, we were shown the wards—but one look at the state and color of the bare mattresses, by torchlight, quickly convinced us that we would be well advised to sleep on the floor.

With a very sick car outside one door, and wandering nocturnal Bedouin women with rings through their noses and daggers in their belts watching us from the other, it was small wonder we spent a restless night. It was mid-morning before we found a way to travel on. An Army truck towed us to the Libyan border, a desert post on a plateau where strong winds whipped the sand into our faces.

We bought food at the barn-like native shops—hard, dry bread in huge round loaves and a couple of strong salami sticks—and prepared sandwiches for the first meal in almost 24 hours. Before we had time to eat, however, we found a truck driver who said he would carry the van to Tobruk, 100 miles away.

Our next stop was about 40 miles ahead for a cup of coffee, which the Libyan truck driver (who talked ceaselessly) bought us. A fig tree grew behind the coffee house, and our pockets and blouses bulged with the sticky stolen fruit as we travelled on again to find an amazing patch of watermelons growing in the dry sand beside the road.

We stopped again ten miles farther on to eat the things. The truck driver was determined to make it a slow journey and we were obliged to humor him, even though he was not carrying us out of charity.

And so we made Tobruk, which emerged as a trail of lights reflected on the desert. The law forbade trucks to enter the city after 6 p.m., so we camped outside the city limits. Hot, dirty, and tired, at least we could sleep by the cool of the sea, and swim to clear some of the dust away.

**F**IRST thing in the morning we took the van to a mechanic's workshop. After repairing the steering column he burst out the clutch trying to move it, and we had no choice but to leave it in his hands for the next few days.

Tobruk is a British Army station, housing 2000 servicemen and their families. We spent the afternoon at the sergeants' beach and club, which they kindly allowed us to use.

A couple of Libyans whom the boys met during the morning offered us a vacant apartment which they owned, with no apparent rent required on our part except "the pleasure of our company" at a party in the flat that night.

We put our heads together to consider the offer. Although we didn't like the idea of a party, there would be safety in our number and the only hotel in Tobruk was ridiculously expensive. So we accepted.

The flat was spacious and clean, but the night turned into a nightmare. After a meal of spaghetti bolognese, which we cooked in the flat, our two Arab hosts hailed their friends who came laden with boxes of whisky and beer, prepared to make a long night of it.

We were tired, so after dinner and a couple of drinks we slipped off one by one for a hot bath and bed. There were not quite enough beds to go round, so the last had a place on the floor. But we were not yet rid of our hosts.

They had left, but all had keys. One by one they crept back in, slinking round corners and slithering like snakes along the floor. We took it in turns to chase them out. Pyjamas flapping, the boys chased them through the building and into the streets.

Until dawn we sat hidden behind the window-curtains, guarding our car and the entrance to the building, the moon playing fanciful tricks on the courtyard below.

Still unsure how long we would have to stay in Tobruk, Sandy, Denita, and I went shopping for food in the morning, and as I had just washed most of my clothes I slipped on a swimming costume and blouse. I was not suitably dressed for shopping in the Arab markets, so stayed in the car to wait for the others.

Our presence had not escaped the beady eyes of the passing natives. A big burly Arab approached the car and suggested I go with him—an invitation I was quick to refuse. He then told me to accompany him to the police station.



AT A MOSQUE in Cairo—the writer with two of the Canadians, all wearing the obligatory slippers.

Not knowing who he was, I locked the car until my two Australian friends returned, which they soon did when they noticed a crowd gathering. We headed for home, grazing a car or two in our haste on the way. We had not been inside more than five minutes when there was a knock at the door—the same burly Arab plus a sea of police behind.

I had snubbed the Sergeant-General, he being out of uniform, and I was to officially accompany him to the station for resisting arrest and for indecent exposure!

One of the boys came with me, but when we met the chief of police behind his closed doors, he decided to see us all together. When our full number was assembled we were let off lightly with a lecture on the customs of Libya—especially the way we should dress. Our garb should be neck to knee at the very least.

Returning from the police station, we met the owners of the apartment, who told us that we must leave within the hour. Bags



IN A ROMAN RUIN in the desert near the Mediterranean shore.

in hand, we conferred with a grocery-store manager, and found another place to live, a flat with 12 beds, none too clean and without water or electricity when we arrived, but nevertheless a roof over our heads. The lights came on later in the evening just when our supply of candles was running dry. We cooked a meal in the restaurant kitchens below, and carried buckets of water from another section of the building, so all was well.

Next day we said goodbye to Tobruk, leaving the car mechanic \$150 richer, and headed into the Libyan Desert. Hot, sticky, and dirty, we travelled for days, and found little comfort at night.

Our stomachs at times rebelled against the strange foods, and the Arab people constantly crowded around us like bees to a honey-pot. But none of us would have missed one single second of it. Never a day went by without some new adventure, and there was always a medley of camels, dogs, and donkeys to sing us to sleep.

**S**o we came to Benghazi. An old city, much of it in disrepair, this must be the end of the earth, with its heat and filth. A port town, it is in Cyrenaica, the eastern part of Libya, and with Tripoli is one of the country's two capitals.

We had a friend there to look up, an Egyptian girl we had met while skiing in Switzerland, who was on holiday at home with her parents. We found their home on the outskirts of the town—one bright spot in this city, with sumptuous Indian carpets and treasures of the East. The family kindly offered beds to four of the group, and the rest of us returned to town.

Sitting down to a cool drink, we spoke to a couple of British pilots who worked for an oil company in Benghazi. They both had flats in one of the few modern buildings in the city, and room to spare to house us all for the night.

Next day we registered at the Customs-house, checked the cars at a garage, and early afternoon saw us ready to leave. The sun disappeared behind the clouds and a peculiar red haze began sweeping toward us—we were about to witness our first sand-storm.

The wind howled and the trees bent double against the force of the storm. Visibility was reduced to an arm's length, and, even sitting inside the protection of the car, the sand found its way into everything. The surrounding hills or dunes changed their shape as the wind whipped the sand across the desert.

With headlights on full beam, we crawled along the road until the storm abated. We were fifty miles out of Benghazi when the van kept slipping out of fourth gear. We limped back for another night there and more repairs on the morrow.

At the workshop the best the mechanics could do was attach a spring to the gears to hold them in place, and by noon we were off again. We kept on the road until the early hours of the morning. The spring broke and we made our way slowly in third gear. The desert sand was soft and warm

as we snuggled into it in the shade of the vehicles for a night's rest.

Saturday was one of the hottest days yet. It was impossible to drive for long. Zliten was a good place to stop for a few hours and lunch. On the ocean we found a beach with grass shacks along its shores where we could rest out of the sun.

The cars didn't want to leave the place. Both were bogged in the sand when the time came for us to leave, and a good deal of pushing and pulling with local Arab help was required to get them out.

After another short while on the road we were ready to stop again at Leptis Magna to look at some well-preserved ruins. Whole amphitheatres were almost intact, and rows of columns, steps, and statues were perfect symbols of the Roman era. The remainder of the day was a peaceful one lying in the shade of the trees with cool drinks, listening to the waves crashing against the cliffs.

We were in Tripoli for dinner—a beautiful modern city with tree-lined streets and cool courtyards, busy with sidewalk cafes and restaurants.

With the official red tape tied and our forms filled in, we drove on to the "no-man's-land" between the Libyan and Tunisian borders, and began to look for a likely spot to sleep.

We stopped the cars, peering into the darkness. Suddenly the night became even darker. A great hairy face, soft demure eyelashes shading its enormous eyes, muzzled our headlamp. The beast raised its head and our car seemed lost under its giant body, which passed over us.

We had driven straight into a herd of camels, and we sat motionless as the beasts found their way over, round, and past the cars. If we had stopped and left the cars just a few minutes earlier, we probably wouldn't have been left to tell the tale!

It took a good three hours to be cleared through Tunisian Customs the next morning, and then we were on our way. The wind howled all day, whipping the sand up from the desert, and we made few stops. We passed by fascinating little barren desert towns.

One, by the name of Medinine, could have been in the heart of Mexico. The native men wore great sombreros and gaily colored shawls, while the women's long dresses dusted the sandy roads as they shopped in a central communal market. We dined by the sea at Sousse, and were just about to start again when the brakes gave out in the van.

**I**T was a couple of hours' driving to reach Tunis the next afternoon. The countryside was green with wealth and the city itself a Parisian oasis. Wide tree-lined boulevards quilt the city, where you can sit for hours in any of the outdoor cafes to enjoy the sun and life passing by. Time stood still as we frolicked for five days, waiting for more repairs to be done on the van.

Continued overleaf





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# London says legs Prestige says cantreце\*

Legs today are the focus of fashion, and whether you wear your skirt two inches above the knee or ten, you'll want the finest nylons money can buy. English model Joanna Ford wears Prestige Checkmates. The stockings made from Du Pont's special 'Cantrece' nylon. The nylon with the soft matte finish, new no-wrinkle comfort, impeccable fit. 'Cantrece' nylon, for the world's most precious stockings. Prestige Checkmates: \$1.29.



checkmates  
NON-WRINKLE CANTRECE



# Africa, here we come!

From page 35

We slept at a hotel and every evening before dinner sat in a sidewalk cafe and ordered a beer, which was served with a medley of dishes of snails, mussels, octopus, "petit" biscuits, almonds, and salad. The night following our arrival we were all taken to a cabaret by two Tunisians staying in the same hotel and their friends, one of whom we later discovered was the Algerian Consul.

They acted as our hosts for the next few days, and as Sandy's birthday fell in that time it was a wonderful excuse for a celebration. Our Tunisian friends insisted on taking all ten of us out for the evening.

Following cocktails, we half-filled a picturesque restaurant, where we had our martinis, hors-d'oeuvre, wine, steak, and birthday cake, after which we were all whisked off to a nightclub to dance the rest of the night away.

A few minutes' walk from the hotel was the bazaar area, and within 15 minutes' exploration on my own I was so lost that it took two hours to find the way out. Hundreds of fascinating little shops lined narrow alleyways — shoes hung in doorways, trinkets on brightly colored stands jangled in the breeze, and materials billowed in your face as you passed.

Not far from the city of Tunis are the ruins of Carthage — not many and not magnificent, but they show some of her proud history.

**T**HE days passed quickly, and now we were bound for the Algerian border, an outpost in the hills. The drive through Algeria proved interesting. The coastline is superb, with rocky cliffs and blue lagoons.

We stopped before dark to camp on a beach. The night air was chilly so we made our own heater — sand and kerosene, which we lit in a hubcap.

The following day saw us in Algiers. It is a modern city in parts; the Arab section is old and impoverished; for Europeans, however, it is expensive, a cluster of apartment blocks, gardens, long flights of stairs, and sidewalk cafes which serve only the most expensive drinks and food.

The Casbah, or Arab quarter, is built on a slope, where the tiny dwellings and milling people hide its 2000 steps. The Arab women we saw were dressed in long white robes with their faces hidden in lace, and the men billowing trousers and shirts.

Now we waited in Algiers for Hillie. With his South African passport he was having difficulty getting his visa for each country, and we had left him behind in Tunisia. He caught up with us and, together again, we reached the Moroccan border just before midnight with half an hour to spare before our Algerian visas expired.

Hillie, however, was still not in luck. He needed a special Moroccan visa which could not be issued at the border. And so we spent the night in the olive grove behind the Customs House.

Next morning the border police decided he would have to return to a town 100 miles back into Algeria. He took the little car and we went on to the nearest Moroccan town, Fez, to wait.

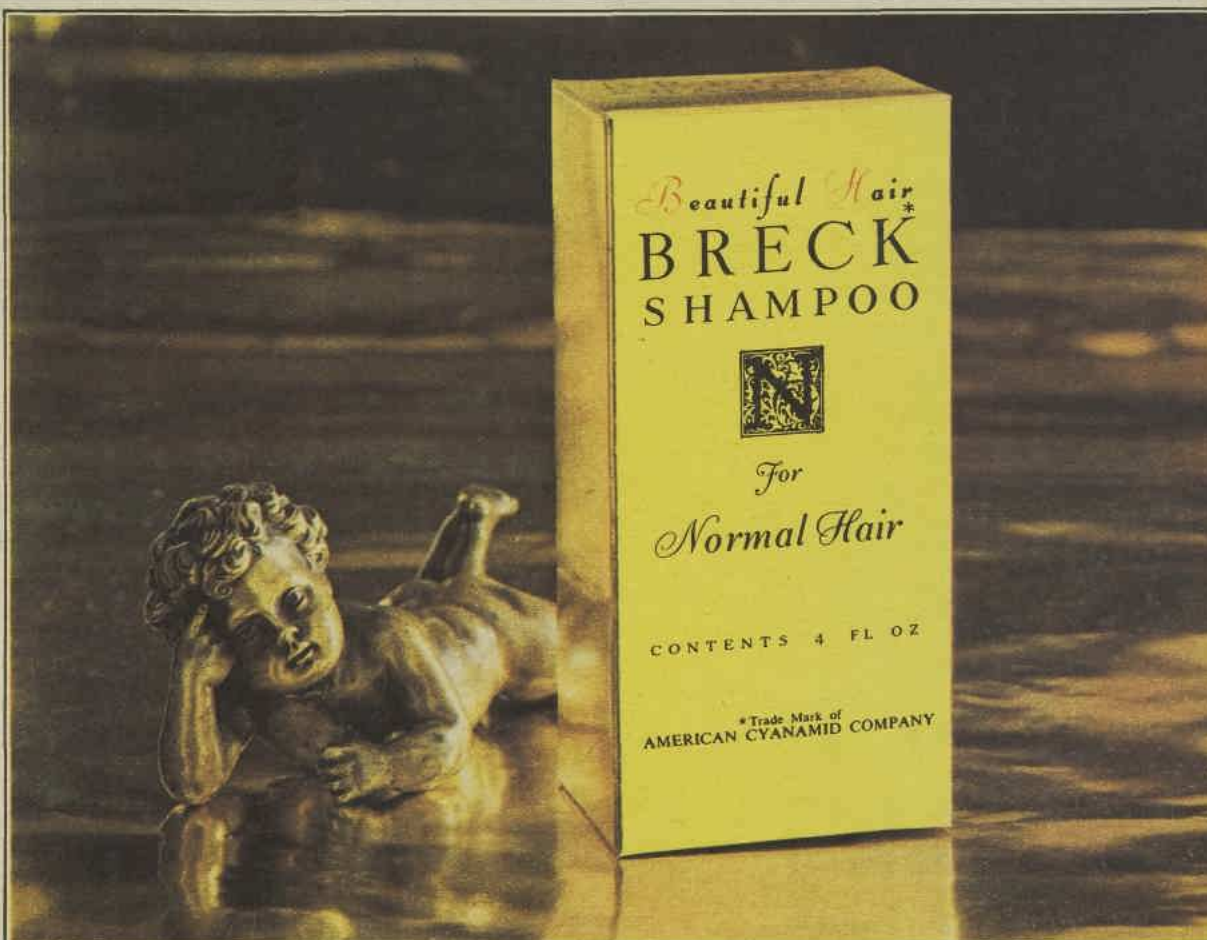
It was a Saturday; the banks and hotels were closed, our van was almost out of petrol, and we had no Moroccan money or food. But we had clothes to sell, and set up our own little shop along with

the Arabs in their market. We soon had money enough to live for the next few days.

Hillie found us again at three in the morning sleeping in another olive grove, and on Sunday we reached Tangiers.

Our trek across Africa was virtually done. As we shopped for gifts in the old city, Medina, we could see the bulk of Gibraltar across the Mediterranean Sea. A boat trip across the water to Algeciras in Spain, and by evening we were there.

**INTRODUCING themselves to the first camel seen on their journeyings.**



## If you wash your own hair you should read this:

Most shampoos today are basically synthetic detergents. In the process of cleaning your hair they can strip away the natural, healthy oils which make your hair manageable, and shiny. Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base. Breck leaves your hair superbly well-behaved; easy to

manage, even though just washed. Soft, and as shiny as a hundred healthful brush strokes. Breck shampoo does leave your hair truly beautiful and as there are three different types of hair, there are three different types of Breck Shampoo: Dry, Oily and Normal. One of them is made specially for your hair.



Chemists and department stores only.

**BRECK for beautiful hair**





Novel idea: Old letterbox in secluded spot near swimming-pool keeps a bucket of ice cool for a long time when the Boyds entertain outdoors.

Victorian "grand-mother" chair in the white living-room was built without arms to accommodate the voluminous skirts the women wore then.

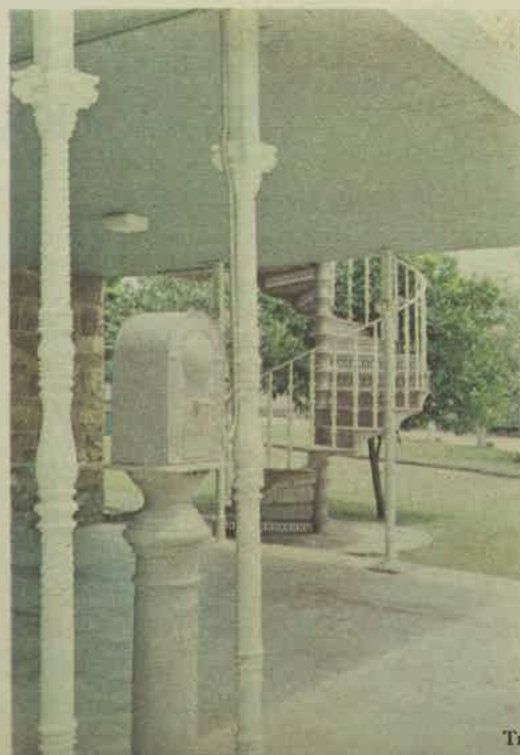


## CHARMING

HOUSE of the WEEK

Exterior of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Boyd's home at Gordon, N.S.W. Reproduction cast-iron blends well with the original lacework gates.

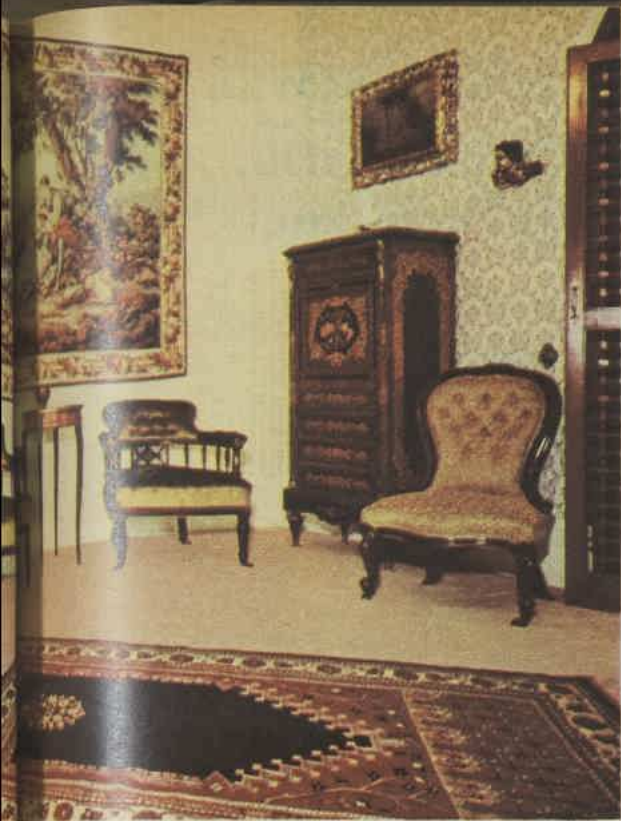
An old fire-alarm box situated near swimming-pool conveniently houses a telephone—and saves lots of stair-climbing for all.



Marble-and-iron Colebrookdale hallstand by the door is 200 years old. As far as known there are only two similar ones in the world.







## REDECORATION

Modern renovations blended with existing features in Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Boyd's Gordon, N.S.W., home make the perfect setting for many treasured possessions.

*Continued overleaf*

Spacious hall and other reception rooms are lavishly decorated in white and gold. Red 17th-century-style chair is Italian, one of a pair (other is on near side of the fireplace).

Short passageway leads from hall to staircase. On the wall is a set of etchings of horses and riders from the Spanish Riding School, Vienna.



Grillework wooden doors in white living-room fold right back for parties. Pelmet in window is handmade, furniture early-Victorian, and unusual gold-and-silver chandelier English.





Super snack? Light meal? Call it what you will.  
We simply call it our Cheese and Bean Grill.  
Bet your family will call it simply delicious!

**CHEESE 'N BEAN GRILL**

You'll want a 16 oz. can of HEINZ Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce, 4 slices of hot buttered toast, and 4 oz. of KRAFT\* Cheddar Cheese. Heat HEINZ Baked Beans in a saucepan. Spoon over slices of hot buttered toast and top with slices of KRAFT Cheddar. Place under a heated grill to melt the cheese. Makes 4 servings.



\*Reg'd. Trade Mark. 1980

**GOOD COMPANIONS**





HOUSE  
of the  
WEEK  
continued

Old house  
completely  
transformed

MR. and Mrs. J. G. Boyd purchased this 65-year-old house at Gordon, N.S.W., about 12 months ago; Mrs. Boyd completely redecorated it in three months. She was responsible for all the designing, measuring, and supervising, and for the three months it took to complete the task she had 12 men working seven days a week.

The house was the first to be built in this street, and originally the grounds were very large, but parts have been sold off over the years until now only one acre remains. Behind the house the land sloped very steeply and was built up about three years ago to take in a patio and swimming-pool — beyond the pool is a national park, which, of course, can't be built over.

Spacious and cool

Living in the cool-interior four-bedroom house are the Boyds, their two sons (both of whom are at university), and a housekeeper. There were servants' quarters attached to the house when the Boyds moved in, but they'd never been used, so Mrs. Boyd modernised the rooms and did them up.

Every room in the house was given new wallpaper and paint, and the existing handmade ceiling mouldings were gilded. Arches at windows in the two living-rooms (known respectively as the "white living-room" and the "family-room") have specially made pelmets; each of these was designed by Mrs. Boyd, handmade, and took three months to complete. Between the two living-rooms is an archway, into which Mrs. Boyd had grillework wooden doors (made to her own design) fitted. These fold right back, so the two rooms become one for purposes of entertaining. Even the hinges on these doors were handmade and beaten to Mrs. Boyd's specifications — and throughout the house she changed doorknobs and hinges to brass, because she felt this would be more in keeping with the overall furnishings.

Mrs. Boyd owns a large collection of furniture, which was started with a few pieces she brought to Australia 19 years ago from her home in the Czechoslovakian capital of Prague; then about ten years ago she started adding to this collection, which has since grown enormously. Because of this, apart from the odd necessary items, such as cane furniture for the sunroom, Mrs. Boyd didn't need to buy any new furniture when the family moved into their Gordon home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

"Bub, bub bub bub... nice fresh JOHNSON'S smell."

(THINKS)

"I think Daddy only uses JOHNSON'S on me because he likes the smell of it himself."



"Best for baby, best for you."

The only pieces of furniture remaining in the house after the previous owners left were a heavy sideboard and billiard-table. The billiard-room was included in the original design of the house — the table had been in the house since it was built and would not fit down the narrow staircase. Adjoining the billiard-room is what used to be a junkroom, and is now used as a cardroom.

The Boyds are keen collectors of paintings and have a large number of original works hanging in the house.

There is reproduction iron lace all along the front of the house and edging the low stone garden

wall. The ornamental iron front gates are the original ones. A veranda runs round three sides of the house; when the Boyds went there it was floored with planks. It's now floored with marble chips, which blend well with the marble steps and the abundance of delicate iron lace.

—Shan Hailey

Pictures by Ron Berg

The study. After much searching overseas, the Boyds found the replica of the old galleon in Australia.







## On the Go...

### Relieved of Periodic Pain

A woman's day is never done. So much to do and see. You're always on the go. Have a tight schedule and meet it. No time to slow down... and you don't have to. Not even during your period. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING...
- Medically approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACKACHE and JUMPY NERVES...
- Plus a special mood-brightener that gives you a real lift... gets you through the trying period feeling calm and comfortable.

Be on the go. Any day. With MIDOL!

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

**FREE!** Frank, revealing 32-page book explains womanhood's most common physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling to Dept. C, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115. (Sent in plain wrapper.)



FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

(Advertisement)

## Emphasize Your Eye Beauty

Women the world over are now using eye make-up to emphasize the colour and lend greater depth but it is of the utmost importance for eye shadow to be applied over a film of tropical moist oil. Skin tissue in the eye area is paper thin so beautifying moist oil of Ulan will ensure that those tiny crinkles and crepey texture do not put in an early appearance.

... Margaret Merril

## Living in a rainbow

LIKE Mrs. Brown, I, too, had the wonderful experience of passing through a rainbow. Travelling from Melbourne to Ballarat in showery weather, the only occupant of the train compartment, I was suddenly enveloped in a flush of colors, and realised the train was passing through the reflected colors of the atmosphere of the Pentland Hills. For me that experience was wonderful. I had found and held for a few moments my pot of gold, not at the end, but in the middle of the rainbow.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Hooper, Ballarat, Vic.

A SIMILAR and beautiful experience was ours at Killarney Falls, outside Warwick, Qld. It was spring-time, about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We stood on a bridge below the St. Mary's Fall when the spray turned on its charm, and a beautiful full-length rainbow engulfed us. I shall never forget this experience, and am told that it is a common occurrence at the falls.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Lovelock, Alderley, Qld.

WHILE living in an isolated country area a few years ago, we decided to take our picnic lunch to a nearby small gully. To our surprise and delight, there in the gully was the end of a rainbow. The bow was arching over a hill, and down. Of course we all looked for the proverbial pot of gold, but unfortunately could not find it. It may have been at the other end of the rainbow, on the opposite side of the hills.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Hartnett, Pymble, N.S.W.

WITH the hose in a certain position in our garden in the late afternoon, I found that I could create my own rainbow in its spray. It seemed that God was in the garden, and I used to pray and thank Him for the beauty, and also prayed for our far-away son. I loved my rainbow.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Leigh, Roseville, N.S.W.

SPEAKING of rainbows, clouds, and other delights of the sky, I have found a sure cure for travel boredom for my five children. All I have to say is, "I can see a horse (or anything else at all) in that cloud over there." In no time at all the children are also seeing cloud pictures and keeping each other entertained. Since I've started this their imaginations have expanded wonderfully, even to the extent that their school essays have improved.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Bennion, Yangan, Qld.

RAINBOWS after rain never fail to give joy. But I didn't know how to explain thunder to my small daughter until a friend passed on this saying: "The clouds are clapping their hands because they're so pleased it's raining."

\$2 to "Stormy" (name supplied), Lawnton, Qld.



## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## Happy memories

EXCEPT for not having a camera to take snaps of the children while young, I've never had any regrets about marrying a poor man. But lately, when unpicking a cushion made years ago and stuffed with rags and scraps, I discovered better mementoes. Every single piece in that old cushion held a memory. Looking at a piece of blue polka-dot cotton reminded me of my daughter at three, scrambling over the back fence, falling off the steps, holding my shopping bag, playing mud pies, and asking if she could go to school yet.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Grey, Woodridge, Qld.

## Relieved his feelings

RECENTLY my small son, aged three, was banished to his room for disobedience. On hearing his voice, I asked if he was speaking to me. To this he replied, "No, Mum, I wasn't talking to you — I was talking about you!" This is rapidly becoming a standard comment to anybody temporarily out of favor.

\$2 to Mrs. V. C. Rowlands, Roseville, N.S.W.

## Occupation to be proud of

MANY women object to being called a housewife. I always think it is a name to be proud of. House: what a challenge — to make a house a home! Wife: what a wonderful thing to be — a good wife to a good man! Next time you are filling in a form, write it proudly, Housewife.

\$2 to Mrs. Dorothy Lockett, Moorabbin, Vic.

## What's in a name?

ON the arrival of a baby, there is usually great thought over the name chosen for it. Yet many of us are never called by our christened name. At school we are usually given some obnoxious name by our classmates, at home a pet name, and when married husbands rarely use the name selected by our parents. It sometimes turns out that the only ones really happy about the name are the parents.

\$2 to M.H. (name supplied), Melville, W.A.

## Kitchen tea, 25 years later

BEFORE our marriage my bridesmaids gave me a kitchen tea. That was nearly 25 years ago, and all the once-shining gifts, like me, are looking a bit the worse for wear and need (though not me, of course) to be replaced. Instead of a silver wedding party, wouldn't it be a good idea to repeat the one we had so long ago? It would be a wonderful thrill to start out again with lovely new kitchen utensils. \$2 to "Chipped and Worn" (name supplied), Lockleys, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### PAST PYJAMAS

WHILE I was watching television the thought suddenly struck me: What happened to television pyjamas?

In the first delirious days, or rather nights, of TV, these garments were in great demand. They were high-necked and cosy.

Young persons wore them while watching the historic first run of the Mickey Mouse Club.

They also ate TV meals in front of the set, sometimes served on special trays. Oh, those were exciting times.

I asked my wife to fill me in on the television pyjama situation.

She replied: "They're still here,

only they've changed their name. They're called ski pyjamas now."

"Why?" I asked in surprise.

"I suppose it's because skiing has become smarter than watching television," she said.

It is certainly more expensive.

My youngest daughter, it happens, has just been given a pair of ski pyjamas for winter.

When told that this was their name, she was puzzled. "I thought you skied in them," she said.

It was a good point. You watched television in television pyjamas, but



you don't ski in ski pyjamas. That is, unless you live in the snow country and suffer insomnia.

I'm not even sure that skiers wear ski pyjamas. When ladies get off their skis, I am told, they wear stylish things called apres-ski clothes.

Apres-ski pyjamas may well be

more saucy-looking than ski pyjamas. Perhaps there are apres-ski nightgowns.

The people who design feminine pyjamas show more originality than those who design male ones. Over the years they have come up with ideas like beach pyjamas, baby-doll pyjamas, and hostess pyjamas.

The last-named raise a point of etiquette. Should they be worn only by a hostess? Or is it all right for guests to arrive in hostess pyjamas?

My belief is that to avoid confusion their use should be restricted to hostesses.

Under this term I do not include air hostesses. They are not supposed to wear pyjamas on the job, though it might be rather nice if they did.

Baby-doll or shortie pyjamas have proved a popular innovation, but they are not equally suited to all age groups.

A letter to a newspaper advice column said: "I am 41. Am I too old to wear baby-doll pyjamas?"

The sensible reply was: "If there is room for doubt, don't."

As a man, I must report that my nightwear is as dull as ever. No host, beach, baby-doll, or television pyjamas. Just pyjamas.

## NATURE NOTE



• A fox will flee from a lamb which advances purposefully toward it, according to research workers at the CSIRO after observations in South Australia.

Some of us are lamblike and some of us are foxy. With most of us the former, confined by orthodoxy

To timid ways of acting and timid lines of thought,

Consoled by fond delusions that our conscience can't be bought;

Yet, knowing we are sheepish, we're happy to be told

That creatures we resemble can now and then be bold.

Could we, perhaps, in danger? Alas, it makes us weep

In dark resentful silence to feel that we are sheep.

We'd rather be a lion or a tiger or a bear (A grizzly or a brown one, aggressive, minus fear),

But, lacking in such qualities and failing to be foxy,

We're happy when our prototypes are brave for us by proxy.

— Dorothy Drain

## Problem mother-in-law

WHAT do I do about a mother-in-law who is inclined to be light-fingered? So far I have said nothing to my husband, and always offer to help her pack after a visit here, quietly retrieving articles not belonging to her. She is not in poor circumstances, and the articles she collects are of no use to her but are often greatly needed by me.

\$2 to "Job" (name supplied), N.S.W.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

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A SELF-STYLED "WIFE TRAINER" BOASTS THAT

# THAT YOUNG-MARRIEDS CIRCUS

● Sue Farrington, one of our contributors, offered us an article titled "The Cold War in Early Marriage." When it arrived we didn't think it matched the frankness of an earlier article by her, and said so. Her husband read our letter and agreed with us. "THIS is what they want," he said, and called for the tape-recorder. So here is John Farrington's story, censored by his wife.

**T**O describe my wife and me as completely normal young Australian marrieds would be as truthful as saying that we're perfectly average Tibetans living on a perfectly average Chinese junk in Sydney.

We are, I am convinced, NOT normal. And if our 17-month-old partnership is anything to go on, it doesn't look as though we shall achieve normality in a million years.

You know those television film series that show long-suffering husbands trying to keep up with dizzy, certifiable wives, e.g., "Green-acres," "The Marriage Lines," and "The Lucy Show"? Well, for sheer lunacy, they don't hold a candle to our domestic situation.

I was thinking only the other evening, as I watched with sympathy a "Green-acres" episode, that they could bring the cameras and microphones into our humble dwelling any weekend and get twice as many laughs from the audience.

As I see it, marriage is to be recommended only as a spectator sport. Oh, perhaps I'll change my mind in seven years' time, when the so-called "itch" moves in, but right at this moment this is how I genuinely feel.

The role of the husband during the first few years is not unlike that of a circus animal trainer. He receives the raw material, wild, straight from the jungle, so to speak, and bit by bit he trains it to do things HIS

way and to obey his commands.

For instance, with kindness, I have already trained my wife NOT to iron creases in the sleeves of my shirts, NOT to starch my briefs, and ALWAYS to remove the rotor button from the engine of the car when she parks it for long periods outside our flat or on the public highway. This simple act makes the car burglar-proof.

But that last was a mistake. One evening recently I came home from the office

the "false eyelash glue, darling," I had scraped off my electric razor that morning.

"What on EARTH is it?" I asked the figure cowering behind me. "What on EARTH have you been using? It looks and . . . sniff — sniff, UGH! . . . smells like burnt rubber. But what have you got that is blue — correction, WAS blue?"

"My rubber glove!" (Surprise, surprise.) "I wondered where I put it!"

"Why in HEAVEN'S name

*"She wants to make her own clothes on a desert island — she discovered she could spin thread when clipping poodles"*

to be greeted with, "Darling, the MG is letting out nasty smells."

That grand old sportster, a TF, had been the love of my life until in desperation, when I forgot her birthday, I gave it to her. (Only a temporary measure, I thought at the time.)

I raced down to the vehicle and lifted the near-side bonnet to check that the engine was still there in its entirety. (My wife spends so long in the local garage when buying petrol that ANYTHING could be going on.) Sure enough, there it lay complete.

But with horror I saw that the spark plugs, the bottom of the distributor cap, and just about everything else located on that side of the engine were covered in a dark blue gooey substance that felt not unlike

were you using a rubber glove?"

"Now don't get excited, darling. It was to take the rotor button out with. I didn't want to chip my nail varnish or dirty my hands."

"How long have you been driving my — your — car around with a melted rubber glove wrapped round the engine?"

"Oh, it's all right, darling. Only today."

"Honey, it is NOT all right! Look at this mess!"

"Sorry, darling."

Talking about my electric razor. You know how women shave what is politely known as "fuzz" off their legs? Well, just imagine what this operation can do to a delicate piece of machinery if you are married to a hirsute brunette. It is more like heavy-duty scything!

My poor little machine

gallantly withstood the beating for six months, then, one morning, while I was shaving my FACE, it coughed and sighed — then died.

"Look, darling," she said, all beams and useful suggestions. "You can use my ladies' razor."

"And why didn't you use it?"

"Well, it looked too delicate, so I thought I'd better use yours."

Women! Still, it gave me a surprisingly smooth shave.

By the time I returned to the nest in the evening, everything was healed and forgiven. Well, almost. For when I entered our bedroom, facing me were two kangaroos. They were those little plastic money boxes some banks dish out to new-account customers. She had placed a grey one on the empty bookshelf on my side of the bedhead, and a brown one on her side.

I was staggered. The lengths to which a woman will go to make pinnony.

"HONEY!" I bellowed, forgetting that she couldn't be more than ten yards away in any direction in our minute flat. "What the hell do you think I am? And come to that, what the hell do you think YOU are?"

Bewildered, she raced over to me from the far end of the lounge, the impetus of five over-hurried steps throwing her against the bedroom wall.

Puff — puff. "Wha-marrer, darling?"

"How much are you charging?" I demanded, pointing to the offending articles.

"Five cents a sheet, darling."



## IT'S ALL DONE WITH KINDNESS, OF COURSE



JOHN AND SUE FARRINGTON

"A sheet?" What on earth... The logical brain of a man can cope with just SO much...

"A sheet," she repeated as though that explained everything. Giggling at my misinterpretation, she explained further. "Every time I change a sheet I am going to put five cents in whichever money-box is on the same side so that I won't have to worry about the money for the laundromat."

"Oh, I see," I said weakly. For that, I felt, she deserved a kiss.

My wife seems to have been born with an obsession about desert islands. Before I met her she was busy paying off a plot of land she had bought on Little Exuma, an outer — very outer — island in the Grand Bahamas group.

I am sure a psychiatrist knows the answer to this one, but I'm darned if I do. Little Exuma has no fresh-water supply, no sewerage laid, no properly constructed roads, no link by air or boat (or, I suspect, by pigeon or radio) with any other land, no inhabitants, and no hope of getting any of these facilities in the near or distant future.

Nevertheless, some enterprising land agent was able to find sufficient dreamers in fog-bound London to buy up almost the entire island.

Admittedly, when paying the deposit, my wife had made definite plans to go and see the place for herself via her employers — an airline company. But she was very keen for Little Exuma to become a financial failure, as she fully intended to live in a little grass hut

there one day — all on her own.

My appearance on the scene put an end to this, but the memory lingered, so to speak.

With very little effort and a lot of suntan my wife can appear extraordinarily Hawaiian. Therefore, on my return from work the other day I was interested to see her sitting cross-legged on the front lawn in the late-afternoon sunshine, hand-weaving the soles of a pair of thongs.

her head that it was my job to support, equip, house, and clothe her, I was told that I had missed the point, so I gave up.

"What are you going to use for the top straps?" I asked.

"I'll have to use raffia," came the answer. "You can find that sort of stuff on any tropical island where they have a rainfall."

Suddenly suspicious, I looked at the roses. On the day of our arrival at the flat, every single bush had

sock-eaters, and NOT "departed spirits" as she insists.

I must make one more attempt to discourage her from manufacturing "home-brewed rum" — a very potent and evil liquor that takes six months to mature in the belly of a marrow hanging above the kitchen sink.

When circumstances force her to do quantities of hand-washing, I object to her placing the soapy sheets and towels on the rotary dryer in the garden and turning the hose on them while she spins the apparatus around.

"You see?" she said proudly the first time I caught her doing this, "automatically rinsed and spindried — and it cost us nothing!"

I must also dissuade her from unpicking the seams of my favorite shorts and trousers, "to make a pattern so that I can machine together a new pair, darling," and then forgetting to stitch them together again, meanwhile not having time to make the promised new pair.

I must kill, stone dead, any desire she has to cook me "something exciting and adventurous." My stomach can't stand it.

And I MUST oil the springs of her recently purchased antique rocking chair, that each evening she tests for weak joints and wood-fatigue while, at the age of 25, she trains to become "a dignified old lady — shawl and all."

"After all, darling," she said on our wedding night, "I only married you because you show great promise of becoming a gorgeous old man."

**"I still have to convince her that moths are eaters of suits and socks, and not 'departed spirits,' as she insists"**

She was dressed in her Hawaiian-print bikini, her long curly hair hanging down her dark brown back, and she was passing a hand-made shuttle holding thick garden twine backwards and forwards through strands stretched across a cardboard box. It looked like a scene from a tourist-promotion film.

Patiently I explained that she could buy a pair of perfectly adequate rubber thongs at the supermarket round the corner.

"No," she said firmly. "I want to see if I can do it myself using the raw material. I know I can spin wool into thread. I found out how when I was clipping poodles. I can whittle wood, make bark bowls, and live alfresco. NOW I want to see if I can make shoes."

When I tried to get it into

been firmly tied upright to a bamboo stake. The bamboo had disappeared within days and was replaced with reeds from the lagoon across the road. At Christmastime the original stakes re-emerged as beach-bag handles. She always makes her Christmas presents by hand. Says it's more personal.

Now the garden raffia had gone, and the roses drooped under the weak support of brightly colored embroidery silks.

But the shoes were a roaring success.

When I look into the future and think of all the training my wife has yet to undergo before she reaches even the most minimum standard required of a good spouse, I become rather depressed.

I still have to convince her that moths are suit- and



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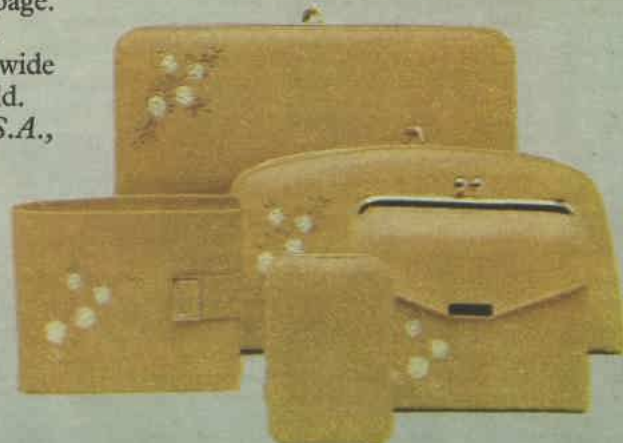
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## COMPACT

Now,  
isn't  
this a  
tasty  
dish?

**SING** a song of six-  
pence, a pocket full  
of rye, twelve tasty par-  
rots baked in a pie . . .

Parrot pie, a dish fit to  
set before a king, is one of  
many unusual recipes in an  
imaginative cookery book  
launched by two schools in  
Northern Queensland to  
commemorate their jubilees.

"Golden Flavours," as the  
new book is called, was com-  
piled by past students from  
Thornburgh and Blackheath  
Colleges, in Charters Towers.  
Recipes are gathered from  
far and wide and illustrated  
with delightful pen-and-ink  
sketches.

### ● Pioneers

Some of the meals hark  
back to pioneering days when  
settlers lived in slab huts  
and braised such things as  
jumbuck stew in fire-  
blackened pots.

There are also recipes for  
bushman's damper ("which  
some swear by and others  
swear at"), curried kangaroo  
tails, and roast wallaby.

Charters Towers was one  
of Queensland's most famous  
gold-mining towns in the  
gold-rush days of the early  
nineteen hundreds. It boasted  
74 hotels in its locality to  
cater for thousands of dusty-



throated fossickers who  
thronged to seek their for-  
tunes.

Today it is an educational  
centre of North Queensland  
— vastly different from those  
times when burly claim-  
jumpers roamed mines and  
a man could get his throat  
cut over an ounce of gold.

"Golden Flavours," a 122-  
page book which sells for  
\$2.50, has a spiral back for  
easier handling in the  
kitchen, and within its sage-

● Plumbers were repairing the men's  
section of a toilet block in a suburban  
Sydney park the other day, and a wit had  
chalked on a wall "WORK AT MEN."

## Hostess with the mostest

★ The person who  
received the  
"mostest" attention  
at her farewell party  
for John O'Toole was  
Annette McFadden, of  
Elizabeth Bay, Sydney,  
who wore a "cocktail  
crutch" with her gay  
batik gown. Annette  
broke her foot a few  
days before the party,  
and a friend, Terry  
Boom, presented her  
with a crutch to  
which he fitted an  
ashtray, a notebook,  
and pencil — even a  
box of headache  
tablets. He remem-  
bered the idea from  
a recent trip to  
America.



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**Everybody's**

## Sealed with a loving kiss

■ A young Australian nurse  
was married in Hong Kong  
recently after a romantic  
courtship of 183 letters and  
eight months.

Her persistent suitor and  
avid letter writer, Luis Fran-  
cisco, a Filipino dentist who  
gave up his career to become  
one of Hong Kong's top jazz  
pianists, proposed to his  
bride 48 hours after they  
met.

But Janet Crutchett, of  
Darwin, not trusting such a  
whirlwind romance con-  
ducted under the glamorous,  
holiday atmosphere of the  
East, returned home to her  
parents to "think it over."

Janet, who arrived in  
Hong Kong for a 14-day  
holiday, was introduced to  
Luis on the night of her  
arrival.

He proposed to her the  
next day, and kept on pro-  
posing every day of her stay  
in the colony.

For, although Janet had  
misgivings about her holiday  
romance, Luis was quite sure  
he had found the girl who  
was just right for him.

He wrote to her the night  
she left Hong Kong and  
again before she had time to  
answer the first letter.

### ● Wrote pleas

Letters pleading his cause  
reached Janet nearly every  
day until late in September,  
when the mails were held  
up in Victoria, where Janet  
was then working, they  
stopped arriving for one  
whole week.

Their absence caused Janet

to make her decision. "Yes,  
please!" she wrote to Luis.  
"When can I come?"

On November 6, the day  
the pair were officially en-  
gaged, Luis and his friends  
made their first recording in  
a Hong Kong studio. They

played and sang three songs,  
two of them love songs he  
had written for Janet.

And, on March 15, a radi-  
ant Janet and a happy Luis  
were married at the Rosary  
Church, on Hong Kong's  
Kowloon peninsula.



● Janet and Luis





● Dresden tea service.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I ENCLOSE a picture (left) of a morning-tea service — teapot, sugar basin, with two cups and saucers. I would like to know the origin of the set. I enclose a sketch of the markings. All pieces have colorful scenes which vary and colors are bright on the almost navy-blue background, which in places still has a tracing of gold vine leaves. All the blue background has a high glaze. — Mrs. N. Rucker, Ormond, Vic.



● Century-old kettle.

The porcelain tea service was made at Dresden about 1865 to 1875. It is quite possible that the set was purchased in the "white" form from the Dresden works and was decorated at Madame Wolfson's workshop.

★ ★ ★  
THE copper kettle (picture above) belonged to my husband's mother. It is supposed to be handmade with no markings. — Mrs. E. O. Jacobs, Concord, N.S.W.

Your attractive copper kettle is about 100 years old.

★ ★ ★  
I WAS recently given an old wrought-iron figure which was brought from Ireland more than 100 years ago. It is 14 in. long, has one bolt at the lower end for attaching to the wall (picture enclosed). Can you tell me anything of the origin of these figures? — Mrs. Muriel Harvey, Gunbar, N.S.W.

Your figure is Victorian and made of cast iron. The mask head with ornamental surround does not depict any particular effigy. Its date would be about 1875 to 1885.

★ ★ ★  
COULD you please give me some information about these teaspoons (picture enclosed)? The small figure on the handle looks the same as an article I have seen in Brussels, Belgium. There is a crown, lion, and what appears to be a small "e" on the spoon. — Miss M. Smith, Maitland, N.S.W.

The sterling silver spoons were made in England and bear the town mark of Sheffield, represented by the crown. The date letter "e" either represents 1897 to 1898 or 1922 to 1923. The design was used as early as 1865 and also at the later period. I would require an exact copy of the date letter and the surrounding shield in order to give the exact date.

★ ★ ★  
ENCLOSED is a picture (not published) of a desk I have reputed to have belonged to a connection of Sir John Franklin. (Sir John was Lieut.-Governor of Tasmania in 1836.) I should imagine it goes back much further than that date. It resembles Louis XV or XVI furnishings as illustrated in "Country Life." The table is golden-colored wood, has gilt ornamentation on all the legs. There is a "secret" drawer and pigeonholes for letters. Inside the top ledge of the outside drawer is stamped "Maple and Co." I should imagine these people purchased at an antique sale. Can you date it and give me any more information? It is obviously very old. — Mrs. M. B. Wright, Huonville, Tas.

This attractive veneered walnut Louis-style slope-front writing bureau with slender cabriole legs was made about 1855 to 1865. Although it is French in character, similar examples were made by mid-Victorian cabinet-makers in England.

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relaxing  
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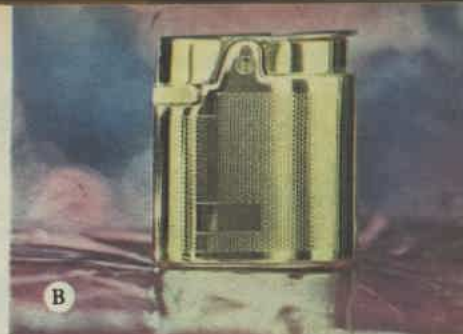
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GLO-WEAVE. Style 8802





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# AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● How nice that at long last we're beginning to get over embarrassment about our origins.

ONE sign of this is that a society has recently been formed to bring together descendants of the First Fleet, now scattered to every corner of the continent, who sailed with Phillip and arrived in 1788.

Another is the tremendous interest in the past few years in facsimile editions of early works about Australia which used to be unprocurable by ordinary readers with ordinary amounts of money to spend on books.

To coincide with this year's Adelaide Festival, the South Australian Libraries Board reproduced, exactly as they were first printed in 1789 and 1793, the account of Governor Phillip's "Voyage to Botany Bay" and Captain John Hunter's "Historical Journal of the Transactions at Port Jackson and Norfolk Island."

The titles are dry enough, but spend even ten minutes with either of the volumes and it's easy to imagine the wonder and the fascination with which 18th-century subscribers to the editions must have opened their copies to read about this far and fabulous place.

Much of the same sort of fascination is there for modern readers. How-it-all-began stories are always irresistible, and now we've been here long enough to know what's what, the physical descriptions of things, and the beautiful, and often wildly inaccurate, drawings are fascinating.

Soon men will be sending back the same sort of first impressions from the moon, leaving it for later travellers to set the record straight.

## Captain Hunter observed a mixed-up lot of animals

THE animals and birds, naturally enough, gave the first visitors lots of trouble. Hunter, a keen observer and a persuasive writer, but no naturalist, on observing that Australia had a number of animals with pouches like the kangaroo's concluded that "it would appear, from the great similarity in some part or other of the different quadrupeds which we find here, that there is a promiscuous intercourse between the different sexes of all those different animals."

"The same observation might be made also on the fishes of the sea, on the fowls of the air, and, I may add, the trees of the forest."

Well, it was one way of explaining a lot of queer creatures and plants that didn't fit any of the known European classes. He went on to describe mullet and stingray with sharks' heads.

A Lieut. Watts told him about a savage 19in. shark of staggering ferocity, for "after having lain on the deck for two hours, seemingly quiet, on Mr. Watt's dog passing by, the shark sprung upon it with all the ferocity imaginable and seized it by the leg; nor could the dog have disengaged himself had not the people near at hand come to his assistance."

Many of the plants were tricky, too, and when they tried to eat them, without first finding out how the Aborigines prepared them, they suffered cramps and sickness and spasms which look even more horrifying in 18th-century spelling as "violent pfaams, cramps in the bowels, and ficknefs of the stomach."

In both journals, but particularly in Hunter's, there are long and absorbing accounts of their relations with the Aboriginal population. Phillip's goodwill and

patience and sense were endless, but the same wasn't true, naturally enough, of many of the soldiers and the convicts.

Hunter has a grisly account of Governor Phillip's efforts to run back to the boat after he'd been speared, holding up a 20ft. spear that had passed right through his body and kept digging into the ground and stopping him.

But when the spear had been removed and the wound dressed, Phillip decided that the whole thing had been due to one man's momentary impulse, and went back to his habit of approaching with empty hands extended to show that he carried neither weapons nor grudges.

## Bennelong arranged a carib-berie for the Governor

WITHIN a short time there were a number of Aborigines on speaking terms inside the settlement, and they were being taught English, while some of the officers were compiling a dictionary of the local tribes' language.

The first, Ara-ba-noo, was taken by force, but settled down quite happily. The next two were children, A-ba-roo, a girl of about 13, and Nan-ber-y, a boy of about nine, who were found alone in a cave, desperately ill with smallpox in the 1788 epidemic which Phillip believed the white men must have brought to the country, but Hunter thought was an endemic disease because of the vast number of Aborigines who had it.

The two children were nursed back to health by Surgeon White, and lived happily in the settlement until they were old enough to want to find mates.

Ara-ba-noo, the first man, died from smallpox. Later Co-al-by (about 35) and Ba-na-lang (about 25 — we know him better as Bennelong) were brought to the settlement and clothed and fed and guarded and allowed to escape. They came back at the Governor's invitation, and between them supplied an enormous amount of the first information about Aboriginal life.

Bennelong arranged for his tribe to perform what Captain Hunter called a carib-berie, perhaps the first time ever that white men saw the Aborigines dance.

For Phillip and his men shelter was the first problem. It was February, and it rained and rained. (Who says the climate has changed?) The Governor had a not altogether waterproof hut of timber and canvas brought out for him on the ship, but the others had nothing until ground could be cleared and trees felled.

Within a few weeks of the landing Phillip had made the plan of his town, with the "principal street" 200ft. wide, other streets traced so as to allow a free circulation of air, and allotments of 60ft. x 150ft. "should the town be still further extended in future."

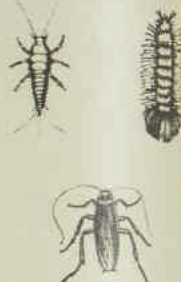
In those initial months there wasn't much feeling of permanence. Of the 208 officers and men of the Garrison who were asked what they wanted to do when their three-year service was up only nine (five officers, one NCO, and three privates) said they would choose to remain in N.S.W.

Many must have changed their minds later, but who would have believed that the town would have been "extended" quite as it has, that so many other cities and towns would have followed, and that 170 years later these journals would have been faithfully reproduced, by Australian craftsmen on Australian-made paper.

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## READER'S STORY

## HORRORS —

## It's a SNAKE!

**Ex-New Zealander LEE WHITE** had never seen a snake until she came to live in Brisbane. She now seems to be constantly face to face with her pet aversion.

SOME months ago, during a weekend on Queensland's Gold Coast, I got into conversation with a woman who assured me she would never set foot into the sea because she was scared of sharks.

"Sharks, you mean?" I offered, in my innocence.

"Not just sharks," she said. "The thought of any fish, even minnows, in the water gives me the screaming horrors. You can't have the sea. I'll stick to a safe swimming-pool, thanks!"

I get me thinking. How many people do have a "thing" about ordinary creatures usually regarded as harmless? We are all familiar with jokes about the milk woman leaping on to the nearest chair at the sight of a mouse.

I have a friend who is terrified of moths. Any moth, however small, sends her into a panic, resulting in hysteria. She will dash frantically out of the room at the first flutter of a tiny wing, and once took refuge under my kitchen table until a moth had been caught and removed.

### Miss Muffet-type

Spiders terrify many. They often can turn Mrs. Average into a screaming Miss Muffet before you can say "swat it!"

I once knew a man who was violently afraid of bats. But, when his mother-in-law was a fearful lady who seemed in a state of perpetual flap.

Now, bats I can take or leave. Somehow they don't seem real, just bathe, flapping props from some third-rate horror movie, but I do not sneer at this gentleman, nor do I chortle at the woman who chortles at the woman who has given up swimming because worms give her a turn.

For, you see, I, too, have my own idiosyncrasy. I have a "thing" about snakes.

I was born in New Zealand, where there are no snakes, not even in zoos, but I have always had a deep loathing for them. I suppose they are all right in their place, which, as far as I am concerned, is on another planet.

Since I came to live in Queensland this attitude has been the cause of much good-natured teasing on the part of my Aussie friends.

Before I left New Zealand I was given some advice by an Australian girl living there. "Always inspect your milk bottles in the morning to see if

there are tiny punctures in the foil top," she said. "If there are, pour the milk down the sink. It may be poisoned."

She also said: "In Brisbane there is a place called The Valley. Don't go there alone, it's swarming with reptiles."

I was greatly impressed, but once in Brisbane I soon found she had been indulging in the great Australian pastime of leg-pulling.

The morning milk was undefiled, and I was relieved to find that The Valley she spoke of was not a foetid jungle teeming with reptilian life but a safe and civilised shopping area near the heart of the city.

So far so good, but in the

course of some sightseeing I was taken by my husband on a river trip to Lone Pine Sanctuary, where I cooed and drooled over the cuddly koalas, nervously patted the kangaroos, and admired the brilliantly plumaged birds.

Then, with all the enthusiasm of a condemned man mounting the scaffold, I let myself be led over to a large hut affair, to face my nemesis.

Never having seen a snake, I had the quaint idea that doing so would lessen my fears. I looked—and experienced such a feeling of revulsion that my ears began to ring. My husband's assurances that "they" were asleep did nothing for me.

But, living in Brisbane, I have become resigned to the fact that there will be snakes and rumors of snakes.

Once, a neighbor's two lads arrived at the top of our steps proudly dragging a 10ft. carpet snake they had caught.

I took one look at their trophy, screeched like a banshee, and crashed into the safety of the living-room, leaving the boys wondering what they had done to merit such histrionics.

Summer brings its series of snake scares. Everyone in our street seemed to be finding snakes. In their gardens, their garages, their lavatories (horror!), and under their houses.

The girl next door found a tree snake taking his siesta comfortably curled around a broom on her porch. What astonished me was that this porch has 30 steps leading up to it. Snakes can glide up handrails!

These days I don't care whether the washing gets dry or not. I just revel in the thought that "they" are ready for hibernation. Come spring, my eyes will no doubt take on that haunted look again.

I've just rediscovered Kipling's "Just So Stories." Guess who is my favorite character?

Does anyone know where I can get hold of a house-trained mongoose?

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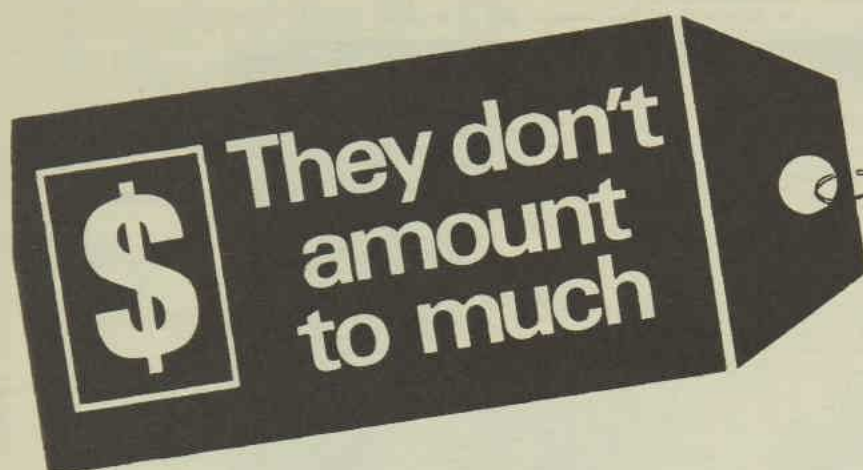
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# Making the most of jumble sales

It's no use buying any old thing when you go shopping at jumble sales or opportunity shops. You need to be selective, able to spot at once the things that make a garment a good or a bad buy.

Over the past few years jumble sales and opportunity shops have really come into their own. Two TV personalities admit to having used them at some time, and they are a legend to the average mother who doesn't go out to work and for whom every penny counts. This is a story about how I learned to use these bargain-hunting forays to the best advantage. — HELEN CROFT

I HAVE been going to a certain jumble sale regularly for about two years and have accumulated a wardrobe of smart, good-quality clothes.

At the beginning I made some mistakes (I found their way into the salvage bag which come round), but most of the clothes can be bought for the price of less than one yard of the material they are made of. Many are almost new.

First, buy a fibreglass-coated dressmaker's tape measure (about 22 cents). The cheaper cotton ones stretch eventually and give misleading measurements.

Have a small notebook, and in it put down your measurements and the measurements for members of the family included in the bargain-hunting. Make a note of what clothes you are on the lookout for, and you won't make wasteful purchases. Taken over your foundation garments, see are the measurements you need:

- Shoulder to usual hem length.
- Shoulder to natural waistline.
- Round hips at widest part (usually 7in. below waist).
- Bust at fullest part.
- Across back at point midway between shoulder and armpit, on a line where the crease seam would be.
- Upper arm; and armpit to wrist.

Next, a few ideas what NOT to buy: crepes, stiffened silk, or taffeta. These need to be dry cleaned.

Any dress too small round the waist if it has an all-round pleated skirt. (Impossible to alter!)

Garments which will have to be let out, unless almost new and not faded. Check seams to see that there's enough material to let out.

Anything with a musty smell. You'll never get rid of that smell (especially in a handbag).

A dress which needs lifting at the waist if it has complicated tucks and drapes. Too tricky!

Check bodice darts if you intend letting out the bodice, as sometimes these have been cut, leaving little or no material.

Be sure that slide fasteners are working and, if a dress or coat has belt slots on the side seams, that belt or sash is there.

Check ALL measurements, as sometimes these clothes are specially made for someone, and though the hip and bust may be correct, you might find it has narrow shoulders or sleeves.

Try to resist buying just because something is your fit. Be selective in style and colour and prepared to wait to get what suits you.

Watch out for underarm perspiration stains and make-up stains inside the collar. Usually these cannot be removed.

Look out for tiny moth holes or cigarette stains.

NEVER go without your tape measure and notebook, and be honest. Don't kid

yourself it will fit if your tape says it won't.

How to make the most of what you buy:

Permanently pleated terylene skirts are a real bargain. They wash and are comfortable and smart to wear. You can shorten these, but you must have the correct waist measurements. The pleats won't hang properly if you alter this.

To shorten: Unpick waistband, remove slide fastener. Cut off amount required from top of skirt, but leave  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. for setting back in band. Unpick side seam until you can fit in the slide fastener, tack it in, then ease skirt back into waistband, tacking as you go. If you haven't a machine, fine sew with double thread.

If a dress is too long, first check that the waist is right for you. If it comes too low, unpick all round, then pin up again as before. Try on, and take what you need off bodice only. Tack, then sew. Be careful to match bodice and skirt darts as before.

If the waist is too small, let out the darts in skirt and bodice until it fits. This can only be done on a fairly new garment or the alteration will show.

A garment too large round hips or bust can be taken in at the side seams.

## Skirts into curtains

You will find gaily printed cotton skirts, pleated all round, at most sales; unpicked, these give from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4yds. — enough for a shift. Be sure the length, waist to hem, is wide enough to fit your bust and hip measurements.

These skirts also make attractive curtains — so measure your windows before you go.

Woollen skirts of the same style (NOT permanently pleated) make shifts to wear over jumpers in winter.

Full-length evening dresses of lovely materials often go quite cheaply, and if you are not very tall you could cut a straight dress from the skirt alone. (I have made glamorous cushion covers from these dresses, too.)

Now to the woollies counter:

Those big, sloppy, out-of-shape jumpers which look as if they have only been washed once and then tossed out in despair, unwound will yield over a pound of almost new wool for the price of 2oz.

If the jumpers are knitted in thin ply, I knit two wools together and get an attractive, thick, two-color garment.

A word of warning: Some garments have the appearance of a handknit, but if you turn them inside out you will find they have been cut out like material and machined together . . . useless for unwinding.

And I know you would never buy hard or felted woollies!

Before you leave the jumble sale, take a peep at the hats, even if you never wear one. I have found some lovely trimmings on these ten-cent bargains.

One was a black velvet ribbon embroidered with jet beads, which I wear when I pile my hair up in the evening; and once I found two beautiful rhinestone ornaments tucked under a bunch of feathers.

As you go out, walk right past the shoe counter or you'll be asking for foot trouble. You will save so much on your dresses you'll be able to indulge in NEW shoes.

It's a sad thought, though. What shall we do when they start tossing out the mini-lengths? All they'll make are knitting bags.

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# On equal terms



## LETTERS

● Often we hear the statement that "all men are equal." But this lofty ideal could not be further removed from reality. Some men are born with more money, some with more intelligence, and others with greater physical prowess. Not all people possess the same abilities or capabilities, and many lack determination or, simply, the desire to succeed. It's time we viewed the situation sensibly and realistically. We would be far wiser to acknowledge our deficiencies and to adopt the attitude that "all men should be given equal opportunity."

— "PENSEUSE," Ferryden Park, S.A.

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## Learn by experience

AFTER 11 years of patient waiting, I've eventually become one of those terribly old, sensible, mature creatures called Seniors. What a shock! Where is all that confidence and intelligence I should have all of a sudden? Where are those little girls who gaze at me in awe as I pass by, rather thrilled if I smile in their direction? All my life I've cherished these misconceptions

and have just realised that there is only one way to find out what it is like to be something — become one! — "Jem," Too-woomba, Qld.

## Popular opinion

IN MY opinion it is unfair to expect school prefects to report younger girls for misbehaviour. Granted, prefects are expected to help maintain discipline. But couldn't they do this by just a

warning? I, for one, find it difficult to report a girl for doing something that I myself have done in the past. This responsibility should be left to teachers who are more qualified and who run much risk of losing their popularity. — K. Green, Marborough, Qld.

## Individual view

I WORK in a company where the majority of the staff are middle-aged. Instead of being guided by their good example, I am appalled by the childish behaviour displayed at times. My suggestion to lower the age to 18 caused a stir among these people. However, I am of the opinion that some teenagers are more level-headed than grown-up than some of the seniors. I feel it is all a matter of the individual. — "Old," Deagon, Qld.

## Old story

WHAT'S new? Maxima! They were in fashion some years ago. Long-haired boys, the Baptist had long hair some years ago. Our parents (the generation) smoked and did just like we do today. How intellectual we teenagers are! Our parents are "old-fashioned" yet we copy the trend — started. How stupid and ignorant we all are. There is a mind in our generation: "It's got to be old to be new." — Valda, Caulfield, Vic.

## On the home front

VIETNAM is far away, but we can do here in Australia about it. But we can actively in at least one way — our homes, where charity (and everything else) begins. We stop the war at home first. We can try to live with all the members of the family as best we can, in peace and harmony, and come the neighbors. We think in terms of what ordinary people can contribute to our country, no matter how small — for little things some day amount to big things. Let the Australian troops come from Vietnam to a peaceful home and a peaceful country. — "Hal," Palmyra, W.A.

## EYES OPEN!

■ It is about time Australians developed some pride in our national heritage. Our future lies in Asia, not in the Commonwealth, which is crumbling before our eyes. However, we still fly a flag and sing a "national" anthem which are reminders of our colonial past. We want to prove our position in the world of other nations, but surely chances must be hampered as long as they think of Australia as another part of England. We are capable of looking after ourselves. Let's start having our own flag and anthem. — M. Bayler, S.A.



Soups



Stews



Casseroles

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## add extra meatpower

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You'll get more rich beef or chickeny flavour in soups, stews and casseroles every time when you add the extra meatpower of Maggi Stock Cubes. Always sprinkle one or two (they crumble easily!) into the good things you're making. Extra meatpower means extra flavour—and lively good taste is a Maggi specialty.



TABLETS, TOO! You can buy Maggi Stock Tablets for extra-large soups, stews and casseroles

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## Home hints

WHEN we were younger, my mother, being extremely houseproud, glued helpful notes to the inside of drawers, on the refrigerator, and immediately above the kitchen tidy. Inscribed on these notes were "Laziness is the person who puts the fork in the knife compartment" (inside the cutlery drawer), "Laziness is an empty bottle returned to the fridge," and, finally, "Save your mother a back-breaking lift" (above the tidy). Although these reminders are now removed, many a time I have thought of them and gone back to finish a job properly. —Maggie, North Melbourne, Vic.

## The party's over

BEFORE sitting for my Higher School Certificate last year, I had a really good time going to parties and dances and staying up watching TV and playing records. My whole world was shattered when I discovered that I had not anticipated. All my hopes for the future were pinned

on going to university, but now I have nothing. I have tried to obtain a good job, but all I can do is laboring, and I can see little future in that. Don't underestimate the seriousness of exams. You may want to enjoy yourself, but this transitory pleasure is not worth the shock and humiliation of failure. —David de Rastignac, Paddington, N.S.W.

## Full life

BY their letters it seems that teenagers are mainly interested in clothes, other teenagers, not being square, and certain groups by which they set their way of life. I

work at home, helping my brother in mustering, branding, the general management of the place, and with our 700 cattle. I also help irrigate, cut, load, and cart oats. I have several pet kangaroos, and we have 100 goats, used for milk and meat. I look after them, break-in a few horses, manage the brood mares and foals. We have wild black ducks and 30 hens in the poultry yard. I also tend a large garden of vegetables and flowers and do my own dressmaking. I have three brothers, two sisters. Our lives are so full that there is no time for prejudice and criticism. —S. H. Hensley, Clermont, Qld.

## Sour grapes?

AS teenagers, we are continually confronted with narrow-minded criticisms from our elders condemning pop music as worthless and shallow. But has it occurred to them that orchestral adaptations of our pop music make pleasant and relaxing listening? Perhaps these people could heed the messages and ideals of some of the songs currently on the charts, and apply their principles to the world's troublespots. Please stop condemning the teenager's way of life, interests, and music, for I'm sure that without the "friv-

olities" of the younger generation the world would be in a sour state. —P.S., Port Pirie, S.A.

## Holiday trip

NEXT time you are looking for somewhere to go for your school holidays, make inquiries about the various camps sponsored by schools, youth organisations, and Churches. Camp fees are usually very reasonable, and I have found that this is the best way to spend holidays. As well as seeing Australia, you can make many new friends of your own age and interests. —A. Ballin, Nanango, Qld.

The most precious thing in your home



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BABY BOTTLE — actually controls feeding — prevents colic.

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F/64

## Beauty in brief:

## HOW TO HAVE NICE NAILS

**H**ANDS up! How are your nails? Chipped, or charming? There's no excuse for unhappy hands—try these tips from today:

A manicure is a must. Try filing gently every other day (using an emery board, of course). Far from keeping nails short, it encourages them to grow, and raggedy edges often account for breaks later.

If you hold the file at an angle slightly below the nail tip it's easier to make nails a prettier shape, and discourages ragged edges.

If you remove a hairline of newly painted polish from the tip of each nail it often prevents the polish from chipping so easily.

Soak hands in hand cream or petroleum jelly BEFORE you put on rubber gloves and you'll be giving them a beauty treatment while you do some housework.

Try keeping cuticles under control by easing them gently back with the towel you use to dry your hands. Clean grubby nails with a strip of cotton wool wrapped around an orange stick dipped in cold cream.

Finally, make rough hands smooth with this kitchen beauty treatment. Mix granulated sugar and olive oil and wash hands in the mixture. Rinse off with bland soap and water and pat dry. It makes skin very smooth and removes any ingrained dirt.



Style 11631 Short sleeve spencer. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.45

Style 11019 Short leg pantee. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35

Style 11506 Sleeveless vest. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35 XXOS \$1.55

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Style 11008 Long leg pantee. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15 XOS \$1.35 XXOS \$1.55



Style 11507 Brassiere vest. Peach mist & white. SW-OS \$1.15

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## Pretty soft beneath. Pretty smooth on top.

Of course, Tru-size, the undercover stuff that is proportioned to fit. Multiple sizes makes sure.

Tru-size is pure, silky cotton, knitted with little tiny stitches. The freshest thing you can wear, in pretty peach mist or white. Consider the spencer beneath the suit. The leggy pants under slacks and skirts. Some women won't wear anything but Tru-size. Understandably.

TRU-SIZE means what it says;

thank **BOND'S**

8707



# ROCK-'N-ROLL OUT THE BARREL

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

I SEE that two American doctors have come up with a novel test for drinking drivers.

It's called "the waltz test."

It seems that a person is blindfolded, told to stretch

his arms out to the sides, and then ordered to bend first one knee and then the other.

Apparently, if he can do this without losing balance, he is sober.

With too much drink,

however, he will rotate in a circle as if waltzing. Hence the name.

If the waltz test became used commonly I suppose a lot of dancing traditions would enter police work, and

## For teenagers

a lot of police attitudes would come into dancing.

No longer should a policeman say: "Pull over driver."

And he certainly shouldn't say: "Care to take a turn around the floor?"

He should bow and ask: "May I have the pleasure of the next dance?"

A problem facing the testing of a male driver by a

policeman would be, of course, just who should lead?

A second thing about the waltz test puzzles me, I must confess.

What if the driver being tested can't dance?

Perhaps police would have to set up dancing schools at their stations.

I can picture their promotions: "Do you feel out of it after parties. A new life opens up for you if you can dance. Come in for a free introductory lesson."

"Soon you will be gliding gracefully across the charge-room floor."

There's another thing...

I must point out that though the waltz test might make a breathalyser test redundant, a driver should still worry about his breath.

When talking to a policeman, with the possibility of a dance ahead, it is always wise to have a ring of confidence.



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**Clarks**  
CHILDREN'S SHOES

## GO-MANGO





## For teenagers

● Bright braid and buttons accent Gaelic-hued mini-dress (left) by Billy Plunkett—one of a collection which Lynne Randell has taken back to America.

● This belted wool mini-dress in another vivid color (right) has swingy pleated skirt and romantic lace collar and cuffs. Brass buttons trim bodice.



● This maxi party fashion is all in one—yet it looks like separates. Organdie top, trimmed with velvet ribbon, buttons, and bows, neatly accents the velvet skirt.

# STAR FELL FOR ROMANTIC LOOK

● Pale velvet party dress has a little-girl sash at the back and a wide waistband of lace. It's one of Lynne's favorites, and she thinks it will be a hit with American girls. Party hairstyle is a creation by Lillian and Antonio, Melbourne.

**Y**OUNG Melbourne pop singer Lynne Randell was so charmed by the swinging fashion gear she saw during her recent visit home from America that she took a suitcaseful back with her.

"I'd like to open a shop in Los Angeles or Hollywood," said 18-year-old Lynne.

"I think the clothes we have in Australia are marvellous."

The collection Lynne took back is by young Melbourne designer Anna Saxon, who uses the trade name Billy Plunkett.

"Hers is a very romantic look—lots of frills and lace," said Lynne.

"Fashions are so mass-produced over there that something original like this collection should be a hit."

Lynne returned home at the end of last year, after a fabulous tour of the United States with the Monkees.

She plans to make her home in America, although she says she'll be back from time to time to see her family, who live at Mordialloc (Vic.).

The year looks bright for her in America.

She has plans to cut a record, appear on television ("I might get a tiny part in 'The Singing Nun'"), and tour college campuses ("I'm too young by American laws to appear in nightclubs").

— BEVERLEY COOPER



● Lynne would like to open a boutique in Los Angeles or Hollywood, selling Plunkett fashions like this Bonnie Prince Charlie mini-dress in tartan. Outfit is trimmed with lace collar and cuffs. Pictures: Michael Coyne.





## Our Transfer

CIRCUS motif your children will love is from Iron-On Transfer No. 1. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Transfer costs 15c plus 5c extra for postage.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● Mothers will find useful advice in the hints sent in by readers. There are also tips for cleaning, sewing, knitting. Each hint wins a \$2 prize.

AN effective one-color jumper can be knitted by following a Fair Isle pattern, purling where colored stitches are stated in the pattern and knitting the remainder according to pattern. — Mrs. M. A. Midson, 30 Hillside Cres., Launceston, Tas. 7250.

When making a new dress, cover a coathanger with the leftover pieces. The hanger will look attractive and will enable you to identify your own. — Mrs. M. Lightbody, 80 Annandale St., Keperra, Qld. 4054.

When working with velvet use silk thread for tacking. This will not damage the pile as cotton does when the thread is removed. — Mrs. H. J. Blukacz, 3 Russell St., Tailem Bend, S.A. 5260.

Instead of using a mop or squeeze mop to wash floors, try a nylon broom. It is easier to scrub away stubborn spots and the broom can be rinsed clean easily under a tap when the job is finished. — Mrs. B. Bubeck, 8 Birrell St., Leichhardt, Ipswich, Qld. 4305.

To make an accurate hem on plastic, especially a wide hem, use sticky tape to hold the hem, then stitch right through the tape. It can be peeled off easily when sewing is completed. — Mrs. V. Robinson, 31 Hertford Cres., Balwyn, Vic. 3103.

When baby grows old enough for a flatter pillow, fill the pillowcase with folded nappies to the desired thickness. This will provide an emergency supply of nappies on an outing; if the pillow is soiled, it is easier to wash and dry the nappies than a stuffed pillow. — Mrs. East, 9 Cherry St., Glen Waverley, Vic. 3150.

To keep the filled bobbins of your sewing-machine tidy, thread them on to a knitting stitch-holder; the cottons will not become entangled or the bobbins lost. The desired color can also be seen at a glance. — Mrs. J. N. Powell, "Canonica Station," Mowerra, N.S.W. 2742.

If odd socks appear in the wash, hang them on a spring paper clip in the laundry. When the matching sock reappears, there is no desperate hunt to find its mate. — Mrs. B. Linton, 34 Wallace St., Morwell, Vic. 3680.

A plastic toy duck money-box (as sold at the bank for 10 cents) with a penny or 2-cent piece inside it makes a strong, safe rattler for baby. The slot can be covered with adhesive tape. — Mrs. D. Borton, P.O. Box 34, Koomaloo, Qld. 4702.

Have you thought of putting the portable ice-box in the car when going shopping? It will keep meat, bacon, ice-cream, and dairy foods cool, and they will be in perfect condition when you arrive home. — Mrs. Woodier, Quengo Court, Seaford, Vic. 3198.

Colored or patterned flannel sheets in double-bed size make inexpensive spreads for the spare beds or children's beds. They are easy to launder, too. — Mrs. A. Tully, 89 Hogarth St., Elizabeth, S.A. 5112.

Instead of too frequent washings, which wear out and fade chenille bedspreads, try running the vacuum-cleaner with upholstery attachment over the spread after the bed is made. This keeps the bedspread fresh and dust-free for much longer periods between washings. — Mrs. H. Hunter, Rose St., Parkes, N.S.W. 2830.

If you have a loose-fitting plug in your sink or bath, place plug on a piece of aluminium foil large enough to fold round and over the plug. This will prevent the water seeping away before you have finished washing. — Mrs. E. Toms, Corindi, Clarence, via Coffs Harbor, N.S.W. 2450.

Keep a spare wire pot-scrubber for cleaning new potatoes, celeriac, carrots, etc. It's quick and there are no stained fingers. — Mrs. S. Chaplin, "Mandabynong," Larrak Lee, N.S.W. 2745.

A hint for cleaning non-stick pans: Use a piece of nylon tulle or net and rub over surface of the pan as you would with steel wool. It's very useful for cleaning pans you've scrambled eggs or heated milk in. Then after cleaning just rinse the piece of nylon out and leave it to dry until next time. — Mrs. D. Richards, 316 Waterloo Road, Greenacre, N.S.W. 2190.

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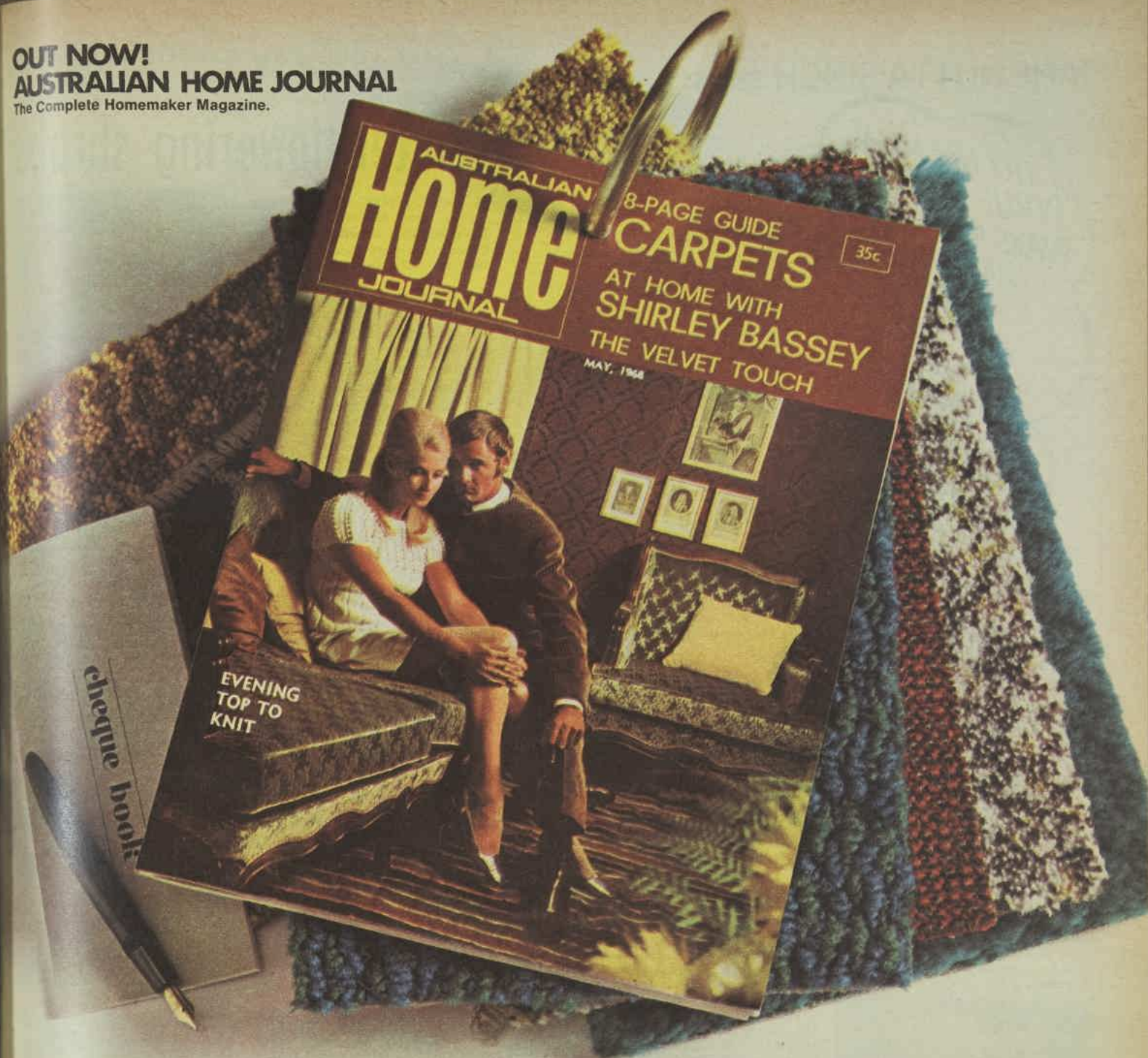
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968



## SHIRLEY BASSEY AT HOME

Australian Home Journal takes you inside Shirley's London home in Belgravia. Shirley describes how she designed the exotically colourful interiors herself.

## More for your money in The Australian Home Journal.

★ "How to avoid the 10 biggest home-buying traps" ★ "The Velvet Touch" — traditional material makes an exciting comeback. ★ Plus lots more interesting features.



Page 59



JANE NUTTA SINGH says:

TRY MY NEW  
(TRUE INDIAN)  
WAYS WITH CURRY  
AND RICE...  
BUT ALWAYS COOK  
WITH KEEN'S TRUE  
INDIAN FLAVOUR  
CURRY AND  
SUNSHINE  
SUNWHITE RICE



SERVES 4

### DELHI MILD CHICKEN CURRY WITH LEMON RICE

1 boiling chicken; 2 finely sliced onions; 2 cloves garlic; 1 red pepper or ¼ tspn cayenne pepper; 2 medium tomatoes; 2 tbsps butter or ghee; 1 dspn desiccated coconut; salt to taste; 1 tbspn Keen's curry powder; ¼ tspn ground ginger; 1 tspn turmeric; pinch of ground cardamom (optional); pinch of cinnamon; ½ tspn

mint or parsley; 2 cups Sunwhite rice; fresh lemon juice.

Boil chicken until tender. Remove skin and cut into serving pieces. Lightly fry onions, garlic and pepper in butter or ghee. Add turmeric, curry powder and ginger. Mix well and simmer for 5 minutes. Add cardamom, cinnamon, tomatoes, chicken pieces and enough chicken stock in which the chicken was cooked, to cover. Mix well, fit lid and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until chicken is heated through. Add salt to taste. Just before serving add a squeeze of lemon juice, coconut and parsley. Serve with chutney and boiled rice forked through with fresh lemon juice. Serve sambals (refer Indian Cookbook in last week's issue of Women's Weekly) to suit the occasion.



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

## Winter-flowering shrubs

● Every garden should have shrubs that flower in winter. They brighten an otherwise lean time in the garden, and provide welcome cut flowers for indoors.

ON this and following pages are listed some shrubs that will give you winter flowers. They are grouped according to frost tolerance, beginning with some that stand heavy frost and grow well in all but tropical climates:

**ARBUTUS UNEDO**, the Irish strawberry tree, is worthy of mention. The flowers are not spectacular but are attractive, somewhat resembling lily of the valley, and add charm to posies and collections for small vases.

Flowering begins in late autumn and carries through into winter. Colorful, pendulous fruits follow later.

By ALLAN SEALE

Arbutus would be classed as a large shrub or small tree, eventually reaching about 15ft., and occasionally more, but it stands heavy pruning and constant clipping, and can be kept at almost any height. It naturally makes a rounded or dome shape. It is most adaptable, with tolerance to heat, heavy frost, and wind—even to salty winds.

**BUDDLEIA SALVIFOLIA** has large, branched heads of tiny pale lilac flowers in winter. Useful for mixing with other

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● **Leptospermum scoparium**, Red Damask, grows to 5ft., blooms late winter into spring. Very hardy. Pictures on this page taken by Rosalie Redwood, of New Zealand.

flowers. It has narrow, sage-like foliage resembling that of blue salvia. It is quick growing to about 15ft., and needs cutting back after flowering to keep compact. It withstands salt wind and all but heaviest frosts.

**CHIMONANTHUS** or ALLSPICE is useful for indoor decoration. In winter, the bare twigs carry dainty, fragrant blooms, which look as though the petals are made of translucent wax or glass. This plant flowers best in cool climates, but still prefers a fairly sunny position.

**COTONEASTER**. Varieties such as *C. pinnosa*, *C. franchetti*, and others carry their berries into winter. *C. latifolia* is noted for holding its bunches of bright red berries until early spring.

**ERICA**. Some of the ericas, or heaths, commence flowering in winter and carry their gem-like blooms into spring. They last well as cut flowers, and bring a touch of charm to the garden.

Ericas have a reputation as short-lived shrubs, but too often their untimely end is due to dryness in summer, poor drainage, or clay soils, which cake over their surface roots. They belong to the same family as azaleas, and so demand a fairly acid, lime-free soil. Their resentment of heavy clay and dryness is even more pronounced than it is with azaleas.

The most suitable soil is a light, well-drained, but not too quickly drying, loam. Such soils only occur naturally in limited areas, but they can be created so that you may enjoy ericas in chosen parts of the garden.

The water-holding properties of naturally sandy soil can be improved by spreading a 2in. layer of previously moistened peatmoss over the few square feet of soil to surround the new plant.

Continued on page 62



● **Euryops tenuissimus** carries bright yellow daisies all winter. It is a shrubby grower, to about 4ft., and will benefit from hard pruning.



● **Erica Winter Gem** (or *oatesii*) has rosy-red blooms, winter and spring, and is a long-lasting cut flower. Needs warm position. To 2ft.

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● **Erica parkeri**, with its clear, waxy flowers, is excellent for cutting. It will begin blooming in winter, if in a warm position. Grows to 3ft.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book





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AGE 3975/A





## Winter-flowering shrubs— continued



From page 60

ARBUTUS unedo, Irish strawberry tree; flowers begin in late autumn.

ERICAS, continued

Mix this in 4 or 5 in. deep. After planting, spread a little more peat over the surface, or mulch with about an inch of rotted leafmould.

The peatmoss will also supply the right amount of acidity, unless the soil is naturally limy. If it is, it would be advisable to also add about 1 tablespoon of sulphate of aluminium or alum to the sq. yd., and water in well a week or so before planting.

In clayey areas, it would be advisable to plant ericas in rockery pockets or planter boxes where the soil can be built up 5 or 6 in. above the natural level. Here the best planting medium would be two parts sand well mixed with one of moistened peatmoss. In all cases avoid strong fertilisers. Limit feeding to a light sprinkling of azalea food in spring and

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in early autumn, watering well immediately after.

There are at least 500 species of erica. Most are resistant to heavy frosts, and prefer cool to temperate climates.

*E. melanthera* (or *E. canaliculata*) is an old favorite, with dense growth spreading 4 to 5 ft., generously covered with masses of small, rosy mauve blooms, each with a small black stamen protruding from the centre. This is one of the many South African species, but in Europe it is not unusual to find it planted in masses to completely cover a large bed in a rosy purple cloud.

*E. carner* is a delightful little winter spring-flowering species with low, squat growth rarely more than 12 in. high. It has short one-sided spikes resembling closely packed sprays of lily of the valley, usually in pink, but there are also white, rosy red, and purple flowered varieties.



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*E. oatesii* (or Winter Gem) grows to about 2 ft. and in winter has attractive spikes packed at the tips with rosy red, rather globular tubes about 1/2 in. long. Foliage is fine, soft, and bright green.

*E. baccons* has numerous spikes tipped with small clusters of short, papery, rose-colored cups. These keep their color when dried, so it is a useful, long-lasting cut flower. It has grey-green foliage, and makes an upright shrub 3 to 4 ft. high.

*E. conica*. This species has spikes densely packed with bright rose, short, open, bell-like tubes, and is excellent for cutting. It grows to about 2 ft., but resents very heavy frosts.

*E. parkeri* (also listed as *E. bowiciana*) is long-flowering, with generous clusters of large, waxy tubular flowers. Color ranges from light to dark pink. It makes an attractive cut flower.

*GARRYA ELLIPTICA*. This attractive and useful shrub is well known in Victoria and Tasmania, but is worthy of more attention in other areas, particularly the cool highland areas of other States, and in milder climates such as Adelaide and Sydney.

*GORDONIA axillaris* — white, gold-stamened blooms, autumn/spring.

It has attractive waved, dark, glossy green rounded foliage. In winter, it is decked with delightful bunches of long, tapering catkins ranging from soft lime-green to pale violet.

*Garrya* lasts well indoors. Just one small branch in the right container makes a picturesque arrangement with an oriental accent.

*Garrya* grows in most aspects, preferring at least half sun. It has remarkable resistance to wind and frost.

*GORDONIA AXILLARIS*, with its handsome, evergreen foliage and large, single white gold-stamened blooms can also be classed as tolerant to most districts, as it withstands considerable frost, although not quite to the extent of *Garrya*. Blooms fall face-up while still fresh, and with golden stamens attached make a delightful floral carpet beneath the shrub. Flowers autumn/early spring.

As cut flowers *Gordonias* are more suitable for float bowls or low arrangements.

A band of hessian impregnated with chlordane around the stem of the plant will deter ants, which otherwise frequent the blooms. Growth of the *Gordonia* is similar to *Arbutus*.

Continued on page 63



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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

### Winter-flowering shrubs— continued

From page 62

**JAPONICA** or **CYDONIA** (more correctly, *chaenomeles*), are a vivid beacon of garden color, but as a cut flower become almost ethereal slender twigs linking porcelain-like blossoms.

Varieties such as orange-scarlet *Winter Cheer* commence flowering in midwinter and remain colorful for several months. Cut for indoors, buds continue to come out in soft, pearly tones much paler than their natural outdoor color. Deep red, pink, and pure white varieties are also available.

*Cydonia* grows in most soils and aspects, but flowers best where there is at least half sun. If they sucker too freely remove by spading down.

**PROTEA**. There are a number of winter-flowering species among these spectacular flowering shrubs. Better known ones include *P. longiflora*, with rosy pink petals and *P. scalycephala*, cream and green. *Proteas* prefer deep, well-drained acid soil and no strong fertilisers or manures.

#### For winter climates where frosts are not severe

**ABUTILON** (Chinese lantern). Most varieties carry flowers into late winter. These are useful for low flower arrangements when picked on single stems, but branches a foot or more long will usually last if most foliage and very young buds are pinched off—and especially if the stem ends are bruised. Grows any position, two-thirds shade to full sun. Frosts cut them in cold districts, but they usually recover in spring.

**BANKSIA**. In winter some of our Australian banksias are handsomely decked with colorful brushes. They like

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**BELOPERONE**, the shrimp plant.

sunny, rocky hillside whose comparatively poor soils seem to suit them.

Spectacular Western Australian species are usually difficult to establish in areas with summer rainfall, but east coast natives such as *B. ericifolia* and *B. collina* are relatively adaptable. *B. ericifolia* makes a large, rounded, dense shrub lavishly decorated in winter with long, gold to reddish-bronze, candle-like bracts.

*B. collina* has more open growth, with 4 to 6 in. yellow cones overlaid with a fuzz of bronze stamens. They stay fresh for weeks if a few inches of the stems are crushed or scraped immediately before standing them in water.

**BELOPERONE** (shrimp plant). In frost-free areas, the tawny bracts last through most of the winter, and last well when cut. There is also a variety, *butea*, with yellow bracts. *Beloperone* does best in a warm, sheltered position.

Continued on page 64



### 2 STEPS AHEAD FRYING

with the new G.E. 'Dutch Skillet' FRYPAN that is two steps ahead with 60% more depth and G.E. Double Non-Stick Coating. Cooks almost twice as much, easily roasts two chickens, so big you can even deep fry. Completely immersible, and G.E. Double Non-Stick Coating means food can't stick. Handy tilt-top, handsome styling for easy serving right at the table.



AGE 3375/C

### MOVE UP TO EFFORTLESS CAN OPENING

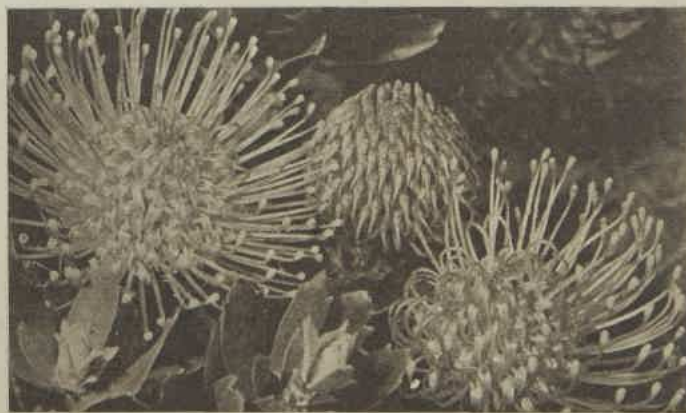
with the new G.E. ELECTRIC CAN OPENER. Just press the lever, fingertip control pierces cans, then opens them automatically. No mess, magnetic lid-lift prevents lids from dropping into food, and cutter head is removable, easy to clean. When you think how many cans you open a year, you'll realise how long you've wanted this appliance.



### LONG-LASTING AS CUT FLOWERS

**LEUCADENDRON sabulosum** (right) grows 3 to 6 ft., and prefers warm, sunny, well-drained position, acid or peaty soil. Withstands drought, light frosts. Male and female flowers are slightly different, but both are bright yellow tinged with green, at branch tips. Last well when cut.

**LEUCOSPERM bolusii** (below) grows to 6 ft., and has delightful, long-lasting pincushion flowers which are useful in florist work.



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Cut out and paste in an exercise book



## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

### Winter-flowering shrubs— continued

**CAMELLIAS** are among winter's most beautiful floral offerings. The one at right is called Tomorrow.



From page 63

**BORONIA.** Our native boronias should not be overlooked as winter flowers. *B. ledifolia*, of the sandstone ridges, is one of the earliest to flower, with masses of upright, flat, open pink blooms. *B. megastigma* is the well-known sweet-scented brown boronia. All are best in light soils with plenty of water. Usually short-lived, they are quick-growing, worthy of replacement.

**CAMELLIAS.** Camellias are a wonderful standby for house flowers in winter. They are easy to use for squat

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arrangements, and are long-lasting. Any flowers picked on long stems can be prevented from falling by unobtrusively wiring the flower from underneath. Drive a thin piece of florist's wire right through the flower just above the calyx and penetrating the base of the petals. Then put another piece through at right-angles to the first, so that the two wires cross in the centre of the flower. Then carefully draw back the four ends, twisting them around the stem.

Camellias are best in well-mulched, slightly acid soil, with about half sun. Many of the doubles need to be protected from early morning sun, which browns the outer petals, and stops them opening.

### POP UP TO PERFECT TOAST

with the new **G.E. COMPACT AUTOMATIC TOASTER.** Completely automatic, it does away with guesswork forever, pops up your toast just the way you like it, every time, thanks to the exclusive Automatic Temperature-Sensing Device. Wide slots to take all types of bread, heat-resistant carrying handles, wipe-clean chrome-plated body. SO COMPACT THAT IT SAVES 50% BENCH SPACE.



Page 64



### EASY-STEP MIXING

#### G.E. DELUXE ALL-PURPOSE MIXER

It's 2 mixers in one — a stand mixer for all heavy or long mixing jobs and a lightweight portable for the hundred and one quick mixing jobs in your kitchen. Complete with 1½ and 3-quart heat-resistant glass mixing bowls... it's the world's most beautiful, powerful and versatile, too.



#### G.E. PORTABLE MIXER

Hangs on wall, goes to stove, bench, wherever you want it. Powerful and versatile, comes with drink whisk, and optional knife sharpener makes it 3 appliances in one.

AGE 39759

**DAPHNE.** Daphne, with its rich fragrance and subtle beauty, would be treasured at any time of the year, but in winter is especially appealing.

**D. odora**, the popular one in Australian gardens, grows in sun or shade, but is best where it has about half of each. Above all it should be planted where the soil will not be disturbed. A mulch of leafmould or ground cover will keep weeds down and prevent the surface from caking. Cutting about two-thirds of flower does seem to strengthen plant.

**ERIOSTEMON.** A garden gem, this lasts well as a cut flower. The spectacular *E. lanceolatus* is difficult to propagate, so is not readily available. *E. myoporoides* is a worthwhile substitute, and makes up in quantity for comparative lack of color and size in bloom.

**Geraldton wax** (*chamaelaucium*) is a grand winter cut flower, and softly decorative in the garden. It is useful mixed with other flowers as a filler and lasts well. Cut as much flower as you like, but don't cut back into old wood.

Geraldton wax grows best in light, well-drained soil, but likes plenty of water. Allow lower branches to sprawl on the ground for natural support and mulch to minimise cultivation.

**LUCULIA.** One of the most beautiful flowering shrubs. The great array of saucer-sized heads are packed with dewy-textured but cleanly and simply cut fragrant pink flowers. Luculia is like daphne in that it resents root disturbance. Wind movement can also curtail its life suddenly, so if possible allow growth to splay as suggested for geraldton wax. It cannot stand heavy frost. Growth is more compact when in at least half sun.

Cut blooms leaving at least two leaves at the base of the stem—this is before the stem joins older wood. Earlier flowers may wilt quickly. It usually lasts better when an inch or two of the stems are scraped or bruised, and new growth and buds pinched out.

Continued on page 65

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LUCULIA brings beauty and perfume to the garden in winter.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1964



## Winter-flowering shrubs— continued



From page 64

**PRUNUS CAMPANULATA** is an attractive flowering cherry with upright growth and pendulous clusters of single, bell-like rosy purple flowers in August. It stands heavy cutting if required for cut flowers. Unsuitable in cold districts, as heavy frost damages the flowers.

**POINSETTIAS** need no introduction in any reasonably frost-free areas, where they grow well. If any but occasional light frosts are experienced, they need to be grown within the protection of a building or close to a high fence, preferably with a northern or north-eastern aspect. After flowering cut back stems to within 9 in. of old wood.

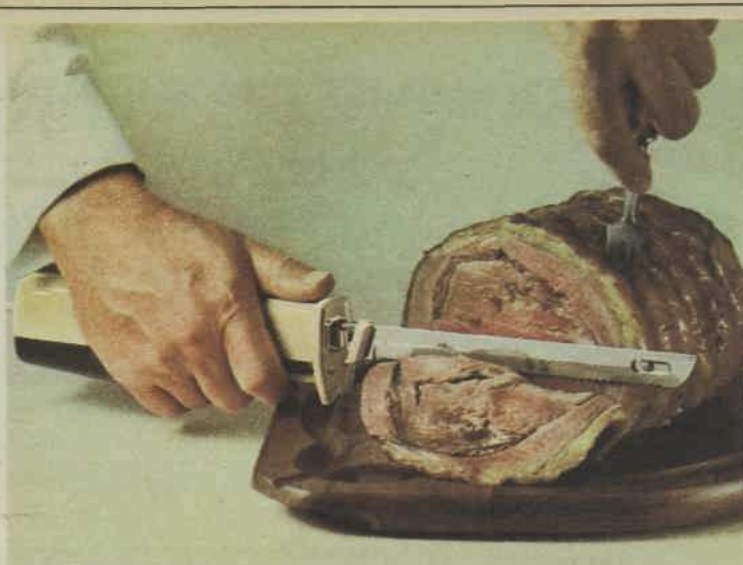
**STRELITZIA** makes a handsome

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**POINSETTIAS** are the flamboyant ones of winter; in cream or red.

garden plant, and the quaint blooms last for many weeks on the plant, and nearly as long in water. New flowers continue to emerge from the beak-like sheath. Just pull out old ones as they wither. They flower spasmodically throughout the year, and in mild districts winter flowers are assured from established clumps.

**TEATREES** (*leptospermum*). There are now a number of hybrid winter-flowering varieties to choose from. Prune after flowering. They do tend to exhaust themselves after several years of prolific flowering, but are quick-growing and easily replaced.



## ADVANCE YOUR CARVING TECHNIQUE

with the new **G.E. ELECTRIC SLICING KNIFE**. All you do is guide it and it carves roasts, poultry — professionally. You'll use it for all slicing jobs — shreds lettuce, slices tomatoes, bread, rolls, cheese, even sponge cake . . . thick or wafer thin. Stainless steel blades stay permanently sharp, stop instantly when you release switch.



## JUMP INTO BLISSFUL SLEEP

with another **G.E. first. THERMO-GUARD AUTOMATIC BLANKET** . . . the new electric blanket that **adjusts itself** while you sleep, maintaining the warmth you want despite room and outside temperature changes. Single or double-bed sizes with single or individual controls. Extra-long length, elastic straps for flat fit. Welcome a warm winter's sleep!

AGE 3375/E



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

### Mainly for garden color

**ACACIA**, or **WATTLE**. Some of our most spectacular native wattles flower in midwinter. Among the most beautiful is the Queensland wattle, *A. podalyria-folia*, with round, silver foliage and sprays of large, fluffy golden balls in early winter.

This is followed by the equally popular *Cootamundra* wattle, *A. baileyana*, with fine, silver, fern-like foliage and branches made pendulous by the sheer weight of the cascading golden bloom. It is better where the leaf-browning miner is present, as it is not troubled by this pest. Useful as quick-growing background to shrubbery, or small shade tree. Trim back after flower to prevent dieback. Stands fairly heavy frost.

**CANTUA DEPENDENS** has 2 in.-long pendulous bells, shading from carmine to buff, and small, dark, glossy foliage on slender, arching stems. It flowers from

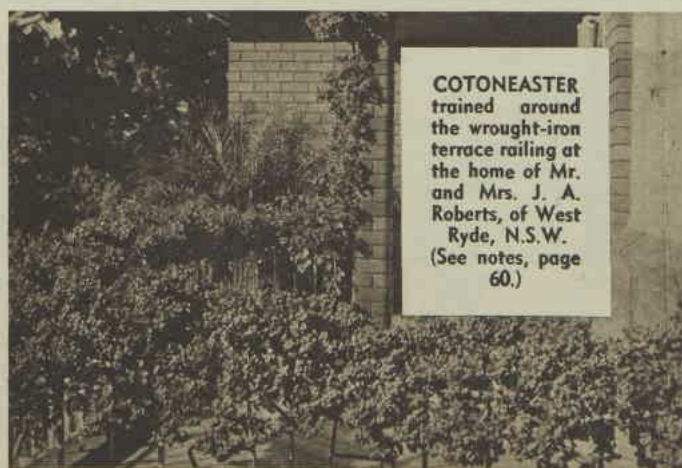
late winter and through spring; from 3 to 5 ft. Stands frost.

**CUPHEA IGNEA** (*platycentra* or *cigar plant*) is a useful, long-flowering little plant for rockeries, tubs; carries flower through winter in all but very cold districts, but improved by trim late winter. Won't tolerate heavy frost.

**GREVILLEA**. Slender upright, *G. asplenifolia* and bushy *G. banksii* fosteri both provide red brushes of flower during winter. Tolerates frost.

**MOSCHOSMA** (*ibosa riparium*) makes a soft, pale lavender mist of tiny flowers over the bare branches in winter. Cut back when this finishes and before the soft, musk-scented foliage appears. Grows 6 to 8 ft. All but heavy frosts.

**REINWARDTIA**, better known as *Linum trigyna*, brings a welcome splash of winter color with its masses of flowers like bright, golden petunias. To 3 ft. Prefers sun, but flowers in shade. No heavy frost.



**COTONEASTER** trained around the wrought-iron terrace railing at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Roberts, of West Ryde, N.S.W. (See notes, page 60.)

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 263

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# NEW! POWER-SPRAY STEAM N' DRY IRON WITH MORE STEAM HOLES THAN ANY OTHER!

**YOUR IRONING BECOMES EASIER THAN EVER** with 39 holes to give you a smoother, wider sweep of penetrating steam. It sprays automatically, steams and dry irons — and the high-gleam, mirror-finish sole plate lets you glide through ironing effortlessly. Try it — you'll agree it's the "complete" iron.



## NEW 39 HOLE SOLEPLATE

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AND SHOW HIM YOUR FAVOURITE ITEM IN THE G-E MOTHER'S DAY GIFT PARADE... WE'LL BET HE TAKES THE HINT!

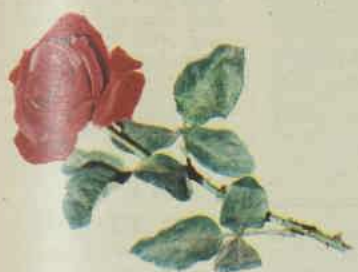
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# COOKING FOR



## HUNGRY HUSBANDS

When the weather's cold and the men in your family hurry in with simply ravenous appetites, serve delicious hot meals to please them, food that says in just the nicest way, "welcome home."

WE'VE recipes in this section for husbands with all tastes in food — adventurous as well as conservative. The dishes are all substantially satisfying and so delicious to taste — from old-fashioned Tripe and Onions (you'll love this version of an old favorite) to a dish for gourmets — Brandied Lobster. And there are some super desserts, too, just packed with man-appeal.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

### CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS

**Ingredients:**  
1 tablespoon soy sauce  
2 tablespoons dry sherry  
1 lb. chicken pieces  
6oz. can cream of mushroom soup  
oil for frying  
water  
2 large carrots  
8 shallots  
1 tablespoon cornflour

Combine soy sauce and sherry in basin, marinate the chicken in mixture 1 hour, basting occasionally. Drain chicken, reserve marinade. Heat some oil in frying pan, cook chicken until well browned and almost cooked, turning several times; drain on absorbent paper. Place in saucepan with marinade, mushroom soup, and equal amount of water. Bring to boil; simmer, covered, until chicken is tender (approximately 30 minutes). Slice carrots and shallots diagonally, fry lightly in heated oil. Add to chicken approximately 15 minutes before end of cooking time.

Remove chicken, place in serving dish. Thicken sauce by adding cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons water; bring to boil, stirring, and cook 1 minute. Pour over chicken, serve hot with cooked vegetables.

Serves 4.

### SAVORY LAMB'S FRY

**Ingredients:**  
1 lb. lamb's fry  
seasoned flour  
4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs  
1 large onion  
egg-yolk  
1 teaspoon salt  
pinch pepper  
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley  
1 lb. bacon  
1 pint stock or water  
1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce

Soak lamb's fry in cold salted water 1 hour. Drain, skin, and dry. Cut into serving-size pieces about 1/2 in. thick. Roll lightly in seasoned flour. Mix breadcrumbs with grated onion, egg-yolk, salt, pepper, and parsley. Divide mixture over meat slices. Dice bacon. Place meat slices in greased baking dish with crumbed sides facing

up, cover with bacon pieces, pour over combined stock and sauce. Cover. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Serves 2.

### TRIPLE AND ONIONS

**Ingredients:**  
2 lb. honeycomb tripe  
3 large onions  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 pints water  
3oz. butter  
1/2 cup plain flour  
salt, pepper  
1/2 cup cream  
1/2 cup chopped parsley

Cut tripe into 2 in. squares. Place in large pan with peeled and sliced onions, salt, and water. Bring to boil, cover, and simmer 2 hours. Drain tripe, reserve liquid.

In saucepan, melt butter, stir in flour, and cook over low heat 1 minute, stirring. Add reserved liquid gradually, stirring until sauce is smooth and quite thick. Add the tripe and onions, season to taste. Cover, simmer 30 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in cream and parsley; reheat gently. Serves 6.

### SHASLIK

**Ingredients:**  
2-2 1/2 lb. lamb fillet, cut from leg  
1 crushed clove garlic  
1-3rd cup oil  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 teaspoons salt  
freshly ground black pepper  
3 onions  
3 green peppers

Remove fat from lamb, cut meat into cubes 1 in. thick. Combine garlic, oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper and place in bowl; add lamb. Stir until well mixed, cover and refrigerate overnight.

Peel onions, cut each in quarters; divide into pieces. Wash peppers, slice in half, remove seeds and cut flesh into 1 in. squares.

Thread cubes of meat on skewers, placing slices of onion and pepper in between. Cook under heated grill, turning frequently and brushing well with any remaining marinade or melted butter until done to taste. Serve on hot rice. Serves 4.

### WIENER SCHNITZEL

**Ingredients:**  
1 1/2 lb. thin veal steaks  
juice 1 lemon  
seasoned flour  
beaten egg  
fine dry breadcrumbs  
1 tablespoon oil  
2oz. melted butter  
slices hard-boiled egg  
anchovy fillets  
lemon wedges

Trim steaks, place between several thicknesses of grease-proof paper, pound with mallet or flat blade of heavy knife. Continue pounding until schnitzels are about 1/4 in. thick. Place schnitzels in flat dish, squeeze over lemon juice; let stand about 1 hour, turning frequently.

**CHICKEN WITH MUSHROOMS** — to tempt any appetite: Golden brown chicken with vegetables cooked in creamy mushroom sauce. Recipe on this page.

Toss schnitzels in seasoned flour, shake off excess, dip in beaten egg. Then roll in crumbs, pressing these on firmly; refrigerate 30 minutes to set crumbs. Heat oil and butter in heavy frying pan, put in schnitzels, cook until golden brown on both sides. Allow 2 to 4 minutes' cooking time for each side. Drain schnitzels well, arrange on serving dish. Top each with slice of hard-boiled egg and rolled anchovy fillet. Serve with lemon wedges. Serves 6.

### KIDNEYS WITH RICE

**Ingredients:**  
8 sheep's kidneys  
3 tablespoons butter  
1 tablespoon brandy  
1-3rd cup sherry  
1 lb. sliced mushrooms  
salt, pepper  
1 dessertspoon plain flour  
1 cup sour cream

Skin kidneys, removing cores and membranes; slice thinly. Melt butter in pan, add the kidneys, and cook until brown. Add brandy, sherry, and sliced mushrooms. Cover and simmer approximately 15 minutes; season to taste. Mix flour with a little water, add to mixture in pan, stirring continuously. Stir in sour cream, heat through.

Serve with hot, fluffy rice flecked through with parsley. Serves 4.

### BRANDIED LOBSTER

**Ingredients:**  
1 lb. tomatoes  
2 cloves garlic  
6oz. can tomato puree  
1 dessertspoon grated onion  
1 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon dried oregano  
3 tablespoons oil  
1 large cooked lobster  
1 lb. sliced mushrooms  
2 tablespoons butter  
1/2 cup brandy  
1/2 teaspoon dried tarragon  
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley  
1 lb. spaghetti  
boiling salted water  
little extra butter  
paprika

In large saucepan place peeled and chopped tomatoes, crushed garlic, tomato puree, onion, salt, pepper, oregano, and oil. Simmer slowly until sauce becomes thick (about 20 minutes).

Extract meat from lobster and chop roughly. Saute mushrooms in butter, add lobster meat, brandy, tarragon and parsley.

Add sauce to lobster mixture, simmer 5 minutes.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender (about 15 minutes), drain and toss in a little butter. Place in base of serving dish, pour over lobster and sauce, sprinkle lightly with paprika. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



# CHOCOLATE AND RUM PIE

## CRUMB CRUST

8oz. plain sweet biscuits  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon  
 pinch nutmeg  
 4oz. melted butter or substitute

## FILLING

$1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons cold water  
 3oz. dark chocolate  
 1 teaspoon instant coffee  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons extra water  
 1 cup castor sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
 2 tablespoons rum  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream  
 3oz. slivered almonds

**Crumb crust:** Crush biscuits. Combine crushed biscuits, cinnamon, and nutmeg; add melted butter, mix well. Grease 8in. springform pan. Press crumb mixture firmly on base and sides of pan. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes; set aside to cool.

**Filling:** Soften gelatine in the cold water, dissolve over boiling

water. In top of double saucepan place chopped chocolate, instant coffee, and extra water. Stir over hot water until chocolate melts. Add sugar, salt, and boiling milk; cook over hot water, stirring, until sugar dissolves. Remove from heat, add gelatine, stir well.

Pour chocolate mixture into a basin, stand in another basin of iced water, stir until mixture is thick and cool. Beat until light and fluffy, adding rum a little

at a time. Fold in whipped cream until well blended. Pour into prepared crumb crust. Decorate top with toasted almonds.

Refrigerate the pie until set, preferably overnight.

## PINEAPPLE DELICIOUS PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup plain flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 1 tablespoon lemon juice

2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup drained, crushed pineapple  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup pineapple juice

Combine sifted flour, salt, and sugar in a basin. Separate eggs. Beat yolks and add to flour mixture with milk, lemon juice, crushed pineapple, and pineapple juice; mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into ovenproof dish, stand dish in shallow dish of water. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes, until set. Serve pudding hot with cream. Serves 4.

## EASY STEAK PUDDING

### FILLING

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chuck steak  
 2 kidneys  
 2oz. butter or substitute  
 3 tablespoons flour  
 1 large onion  
 1 carrot  
 2 pints stock  
 2 teaspoons salt  
 pepper

### PASTRY

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 3oz. finely grated suet  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

**Filling:** Cut meat into 1in. cubes, skin and chop kidneys. Peel and chop onion, slice carrot. Heat butter in deep pan; add meat and kidneys, cook until brown on all sides; remove from saucepan. Add chopped onion, saute until light brown. Add flour, cook, stirring, 1 minute. Add hot stock gradually, stirring until smooth and slightly thickened. Season. Bring to boil, add meat and carrot. Cover and simmer gently until meat is tender (approximately 2 hours).

**Pastry:** Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder into basin. Add the grated suet. Mix to a soft dough with the water. Knead lightly on floured board; roll into round, slightly smaller than diameter of the pan. Approximately 20 minutes before meat is cooked, place pastry in saucepan just to cover meat. Cover pan with a lid, boil steadily until pastry is cooked.

Serve very hot.

Serves 4 to 6.

## GINGER PUDDING WITH LEMON SAUCE

### PUDDING

2 tablespoons butter or substitute  
 2 tablespoons golden syrup  
 1 teaspoon ground ginger  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarb. soda  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup warm milk  
 1 cup self-raising flour  
 pinch salt

### LEMON SAUCE

1 tablespoon arrowroot  
 1 cup water  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
 grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
 1 teaspoon butter

**Pudding:** Cream together butter, golden syrup, and ginger until light and fluffy; add warm milk in which bicarb. soda has been dissolved. Stir in sifted flour and salt; mix well. Pour into greased pudding basin. Steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

Serve pudding hot with lemon sauce or custard.

Serves 4.

**Lemon Sauce:** Blend arrowroot with little of the water. Add remaining water, sugar, lemon rind and juice. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in butter, stirring until well blended.

Serve hot with the pudding.



# Now - a washing-up juice! Sunlight Lemon Liquid

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**NEW SUNLIGHT LEMON LIQUID**

at a sensible Sunlight price.





## GERMAN PORK CHOPS WITH SAUERKRAUT

1 lb. can sauerkraut  
1/2 cup butter or substitute  
1/2 cup oil  
1/2 cup pork chops  
1/2 cup pepper  
1/2 cup onion  
1/2 cup clove garlic  
1/2 cup dried rosemary  
1/2 cup dried sage  
1/2 cup dry white wine  
1/2 cup chicken stock

Wash and drain sauerkraut well. Heat butter and oil in large pan. Sprinkle the chops with salt and pepper, saute until browned on both sides. Add chopped onion, crushed garlic, and herbs. Saute few minutes more. Add sauerkraut, white wine, and chicken stock.

Stir to combine. Simmer over low heat until liquid has almost evaporated and chops are tender (about 1 to 1 1/2 hour).  
Serves 4.

## APPLE FRUIT LOAF

1/2 cup butter or substitute  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 small cooking apples  
2 teaspoons bicarb. soda  
1/2 cup chopped walnuts  
1/2 cup chopped raisins  
1/2 cup chopped dates  
1/2 cup cinnamon  
1/2 cup cocoa  
1/2 cup nutmeg  
1/2 cup plain flour

Soften butter in bowl; mix well with sugar.

Peel, core, and slice apples; cook until soft. Drain, push through a sieve. Add to butter mixture with bicarb. soda while still warm. Add chopped raisins, dates, and nuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Spread the mixture in two greased bar tins. Bake the loaves in moderate oven 45 minutes. When cold, ice with lemon-flavored icing, and sprinkle with extra chopped walnuts.

This is a very moist loaf.

## SAGO PLUM PUDDING

1/2 cup sago  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs  
1 egg  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup sultanas  
1/2 cup bicarb. soda  
1/2 cup butter

This is a very economical recipe.

Mix sago and milk in bowl; cover, leave to stand overnight. Next day add breadcrumbs, beaten egg, sugar, sultanas, and bicarb. soda to sago mixture. Stir in melted butter, mix well. Pour into greased pudding basin. Cover and steam 2 to 2 1/2 hours.

Serve hot with cream or sauce.

Serves 4 to 6.

# Dear Polly,

"I'd love to be a red-head—I envy girls with rich, ruby-coloured hair. My hair is light brown. Can I make the change?"



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No need to worry about results either. Polycolor was first developed on the Continent and is now used successfully by women all over the world. It's a cream shampoo hair colouring that's simple to use and completely mistake-proof. There are 20 shades to choose from...And special conditioners in Polycolor will leave your hair sleek and shining and naturally healthy.

P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W., 2163, or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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Internationally Renowned



At Pharmacies and Department Stores... ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about the fine range of Poly Hair cosmetics.

PC 5-68

## BANANA PRIZEWINNER

ting; leave in hot sun for 3 days, turning occasionally; take the racks indoors at night.

For deep-freezing, cut dried bananas into 1 in. pieces with scissors, place in plastic bag, and deep-freeze.

### BANANA SCONES

2 cups self-raising flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
pinch salt  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 cup chopped, dried bananas  
1 egg  
approx. 1-3rd cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add dried bananas, stir in beaten egg. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on to floured board, knead

lightly. Roll out to 1/4 in. thickness, cut out with floured cutter, and place on greased oven tray; brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot or cold, split and buttered.

### UNBAKED BANANA BISCUITS

2 cups crisp rice cereal  
1 cup coconut  
1 cup dried, chopped bananas  
1 cup powdered milk  
1 cup sifted icing sugar  
1/2 lb. white vegetable shortening  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine all dry ingredients in bowl. Melt vegetable shortening over gentle heat, add to dry ingredients with vanilla, mix well. Press mixture into greased lamington tin, refrigerate until set.

Cut into squares to serve.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. D. Smith, Box 194, 28 King St., Coff's Harbor, N.S.W. 2450.

TWO methods of drying out bananas — so in glut periods they can be preserved for use throughout the year — wins a Coff's Harbor, N.S.W., reader this week's regular \$10 recipe prize. Recipes using dried bananas are also given.

### DRIED BANANAS

Peel firm, ripe bananas and cut lengthways. Place on cake cooler in very slow oven; leave all day in oven at this low heat, turning occasionally. When thoroughly dry, remove from oven, place in airtight container. Store in cool, dark place.

Dried bananas can be used in fruit cakes, scones, biscuits, etc., in place of sultanas.

Bananas can also be dried in the sun on hot days. Place on cake cooler, as above, or spread out on fine mesh net-



By  
BERYL  
PENWILL



## NOT BAD AT ALL

*Give him a  
hero's reward!*

### K9 Kookies —every day

Good dog! Say it every day, the sensible way — with K9 Kookies, the treat that's good for your dog. Crunchy bone-shaped K9 Kookies provide chewing exercise necessary for healthy teeth and gums. And K9 Kookies are the only dog biscuits that are also a complete food — rich in body-building protein, plus valuable amounts of calcium and phosphorus. And the flavour? Just watch him zero in for them!



K9 Kookies come in 2 lb. boxes and 14 oz. packs; available at supermarkets and grocers.

FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — **Carnation**



THE hold-up had been carefully planned. Given normal procedure and their usual luck, the whole affair should be a matter of minutes and go unnoticed by the passing public.

The new suburban bank was a gold-fish bowl. Plate-glass windows took the place of a front wall, and the entrance lobby on the side had a glass door with yet another glass door leading into the banking chamber. Everything, including customers, clerks, tellers, and typists in full view of the passing public. Only the manager had privacy.

The timing had been planned for the quietest time of the day when local people were at lunch.

Wednesday was the day chosen for the hold-up. Money had to be available for the large wage bill collected on Thursday morning by the three industrial concerns who had pioneered the district and were also responsible for the housing schemes.

Three people would be on the premises — the manager, the teller, and a typist. The rest of the staff went out for lunch. The junior boy lived nearby, and the accountant and the other teller took their meals at a cafe around the corner and never got back before two o'clock.

Three men would stage the hold-up. The two younger would disguise themselves as housewives and the third would drive the dry-cleaning van to be used for the getaway. In the van the men could shed their wigs and hide underneath which they would wear T-shirts and shorts. The money would be tipped into sports bags, and they would leave the van at a railway station.

On Wednesday the bank was watched from the time it opened. Customers were counted going in and coming out. Two men, an elderly woman, and a girl.

They missed Terence O'Rourke. The little man with the neat and dapper air had gone into the bank at ten to one. He wanted an overdraft and had to see the manager. "Come back after one," he was told.

"I'll wait."

The manager took Terence into his office at one. At 1.15 they were still there. Terence had no security — there could be no overdraft. But Terence was persistent. The manager was firm, amused, and no one else was waiting. So he let Terence talk.

The teller was standing at the counter adding a list of figures and the typist was at her desk when the first woman came. She was in a shift and had grey hair and sunglasses, white uniform, white gloves, and a large white handbag. She looked like any of the housewives who came to bank.

The woman went to a table, sat down, and appeared to make out a slip. She took out a bank book and walked to the counter, then opened her handbag and pushed bag, book, and slip toward the teller. He picked the slip up . . . it read:

"Put all the money in the handbag . . . quickly . . . and don't call out or try anything."

The young man gasped, and then remembered, with relief, the orders given to the staff in case of a hold-up. "Don't endanger your life . . . do as you are told."

He saw the revolver, and began filling the bag with coins and notes. The typist looked up from her work, noticed him shuffling



money in a handbag, and thought it odd, but before it dawned on her that anything was amiss he called. "Come here a minute, Benny."

The bandit, seeing the girl and noting her puzzled look, had ordered him to call her.

Benny came. She saw the gun, stopped, then came on slowly. "Just stay by me, don't call out and don't do anything."

The blonde who walked into the lobby opened the door into the manager's office and saw with surprise that there were two men instead of the one expected, but the gun in her hand gave her courage.

"Hands up. Keep quiet and don't try anything and you won't get hurt. The keys of the strong-room," she said. "Put your hands down and go to it, and you"—to the little man—"go over to a table and look occupied, and keep your face away from the window."

At the open door of the strong-room the manager hesitated. "Get going," he was ordered with a prod in the back. "Fill this."

He did as he was told and the bag was handed back. The woman grabbed it.

The teller had finished putting all the notes and silver he had in the handbag, and it was taken from him with a warning not to move or he would be sorry.

The women now moved toward the door, keeping their backs to the window wall, with their guns trained on the teller and girl.

The little man sat at a table near the door and appeared to be busy writing. As the bandits opened the door a voice behind them said, "Drop your guns and put your hands up."

The teller and girl looked up amazed . . . they could see no one.

The women swung around wildly, their guns blazing. The man in the door was shattered.

Meanwhile, the little man with a swift, strong lunge had pushed the table toward them.

It was a heavy table and caught the women unawares, hurling them through the shattered glass door. The guns flew from their hands and the bags were dropped in an effort to save themselves. They lay in a pool of blood, their legs, arms, and faces torn horribly by the jagged glass.

The teller ran from behind the counter, and the girl pressed the alarm and telephoned the police and an ambulance.

The man in the van heard the screams and commotion, but did not wait to investigate.

The teller, speaking with the police later, said, "We heard a noise, but no one was there."

The little man said, "I'm a connoisseur and a bit of an acrobat. Knew if I could get them off balance they'd had it."

"What made you take such a risk?" the manager asked.

"Saw the notice," and Terence O'Rourke pointed to the framed notice on the bank counter.

"\$1000 reward for anyone giving information that will prevent a robbery, or lead to the apprehension of anyone attempting to commit one."

"I just got mad. I wanted a miserable \$1000 overdraft, and couldn't get it because I had no security, and those devils were walking out with the lot. It made me mad. Reckon I won't need that overdraft now."

"The bank reserves the right to award the money at the discretion of the bank officers," said the manager formally. "How much were they getting away with?"

"Three hundred thousand or thereabouts."

"Then two thousand won't be missed, will it?"

The police officer said, "The bank should be grateful for what has been saved."

"I never made the big time—

didn't have the right humor or patter for that. OK for bucks' parties, but now I reckon I've made it—two thousand dollars for one performance. Not bad, is it? Not bad at all."

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# Quit feeling tired within 4 days?

Taking new Accomin 300 adult tonic concentrate once a day, most people notice results in about 4 days. You see, if you've been feeling a little tired, or worn out, or easily fatigued, it can be because your body lacks certain vitamins or isn't making full use of the food you eat. New Accomin 300 — is the first full adult tonic specially formulated to help you beat this sort of tiredness safely, without drugs or stimulants. Unlike conventional tonics, Accomin 300 does not stop at just vitamin and iron supplementation, but also gives you important L-Lysine.

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Opening instalment of our  
hilarious three-part serial

# ROSY is my Relative

UNAWARE that doom was overtaking him, Adrian Rookwhistle, in his shirtsleeves, was making faces at himself in his looking-glass. At seven o'clock every morning Adrian would stand in his attic bedroom and commune thus with his reflection.

"Thirty years!" he addressed it accusingly. "Thirty years . . . half your life gone! And what have you seen? What have you done? Nothing!"

He glared at himself in the mirror, disliking his unruly dark hair that no amount of water would flatten, his large, rather soulful dark eyes, and his wide mouth. It was, he decided, a thoroughly unattractive face.

Adventure, he had decided some time ago, was what he really craved, but it seemed that adventure so seldom came to people like himself.

Adrian was the product of a union between the Reverend Sebastian and Rowena Rookwhistle, whose long and extremely dull married life had been entirely devoted to carrying out God's commands.

His upbringing, in the village of Meadowsweet, had been so blameless and so dull that Adrian had difficulty in remembering anything about it at all. Meadowsweet was one of those tiny, remote hamlets where conversation was confined to meteorological or agricultural subjects, and where the greatest excitement of the day was the earth-shattering recollection that ten years previously Farmer Raddle's cow had given birth to twin calves.

When Adrian had reached the age of twenty, his father and mother were removed from this world in one fell swoop, the Reverend Rookwhistle having failed to notice that the bridge between the villages of Meadowsweet and Hellebore had been washed away. So Adrian was deprived of mother, father, and vicarage. His father's savings turned out to be so modest as to be almost non-existent, and it became obvious that Adrian would have to work for his living.

So, in the brilliant summer of 1890, armed with a letter of introduction from one of his father's friends, he made his way to the great, sprawling, smoke-shrouded city, and there became a clerk in the highly respectable establishment of Bindweed, Cornelius, and Chunter, purveyors of green-groceries to Ladies and Gentlemen of Quality. Here he had spent ten hardworking but uneventful years on the princely salary of fifteen shillings a week.

But Adrian felt that there was more to life than this. Recently this problem had been occupying his mind to the exclusion of practically everything else.

"Other people," he muttered, "other people lead exciting, interesting lives. They have extraordinary things happen to them . . . they have adventures. Why can't they happen to me?"

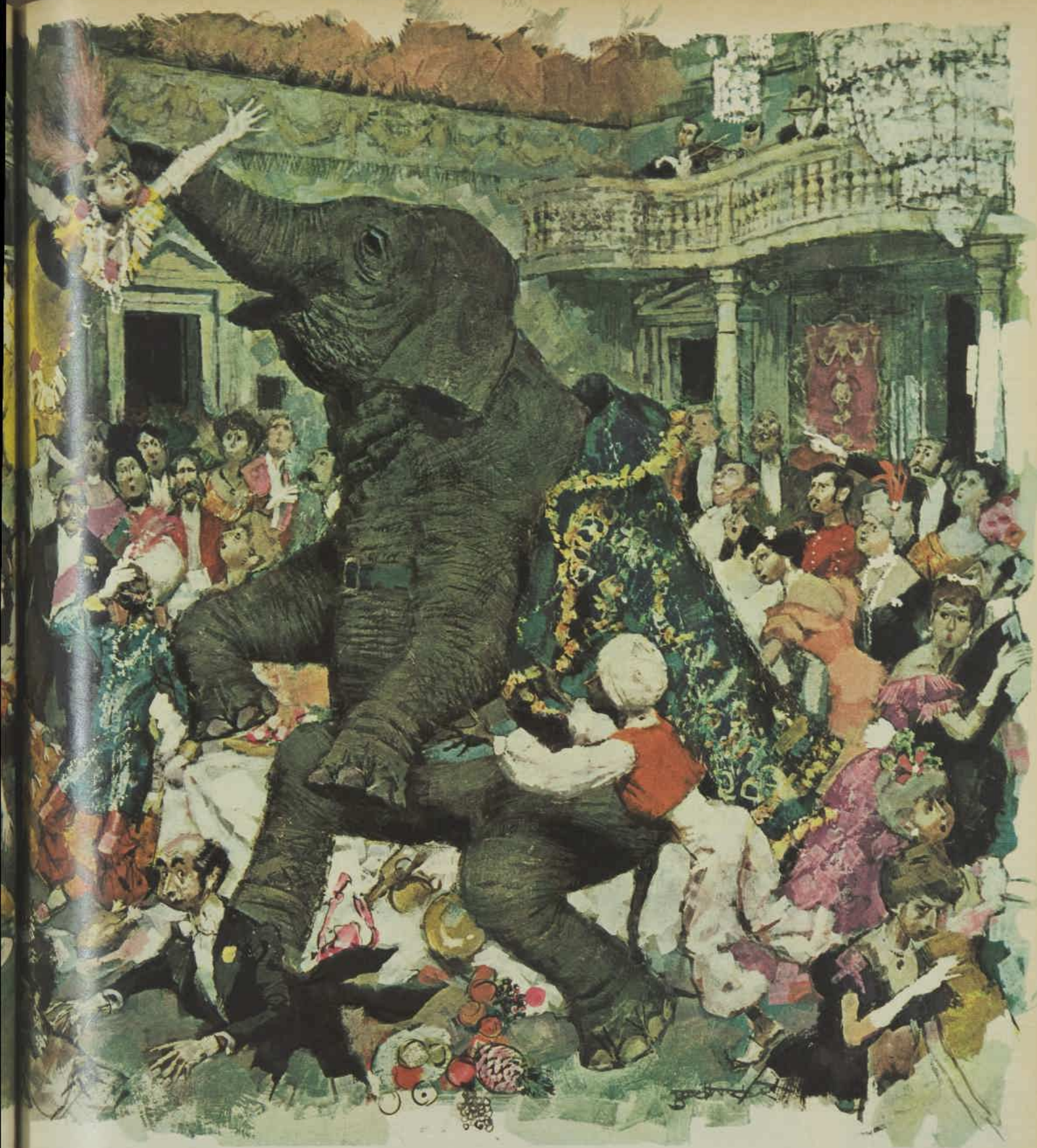
So occupied was he with his own thoughts that he had been unaware of the slow thumping and wheezing noise which should have warned him that his landlady was making one of her infrequent sorties to the attic. A thunderous knocking on his door made him jump.

"Are you there, Mr. Rookwhistle?" inquired

Horried, the crowd saw  
Rosy begin to waltz Lady  
Fenneltree round the room.

By  
**GERALD  
DURRELL**





Mr. Lavinia Dredge in her trenchant baritone, as if it were the last place in the world that she expected to find him.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Dredge," said Adrian, hastily glancing round the room to make sure it would meet with her approval. "Do come in."

Mrs. Dredge pushed open the door and leant against it, gasping with all the vigor of a leviathan that had just zoomed up from several hundred fathoms. She was large-boned, like one of the better varieties of Shire horse, and on this stalwart framework there hung great, soft, voluptuous rolls of avoidupois.

Her early morning appearance threw Adrian into a panic. What awful crime, he wondered, had he committed now? He distinctly remembered having wiped his boots last evening when she came in, so it could not be that.

"I come up to call you," Mrs. Dredge stated,

"in case you 'ad slept in. Also," she added, fixing her little black eyes on him accusingly, "there's a letter for you."

Of all the things that Adrian might have expected Mrs. Dredge to say, this was the least likely. Never since the death of his mother and father had he received a letter from anyone. What few friends he had were living in such close proximity to him that there was no need to communicate by letter.

"A letter? Are you sure, Mrs. Dredge?" asked Adrian, bewildered.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dredge firmly, "a letter addressed to you."

With these words she creaked off heavily down the stairs. Who on earth, Adrian wondered, could be writing to him? As he put on his collar and tie and shrugged himself into his coat he came to the conclusion that the only people who would

waste a halfpenny stamp on him were Bindweed, Cornelius, and Chunter, informing him that they no longer required his services. Full of foreboding he clattered downstairs and into the kitchen. There, next to his plate, was an envelope with his name and address clearly written in a neat, bold copperplate hand. Mrs. Dredge waddled over from the stove, clasping in one large hand a frying pan containing the incinerated remains of three-quarters of a black pudding, which she shovelled on to Adrian's plate.

"Well," she asked, her little black eyes fixed on the letter, "aren't you going to open it?"

"Oh, yes," said Adrian. He would get no peace from Mrs. Dredge until he had read the letter and divulged its contents to her. Aware of her eyes upon him, he tore the letter open and unfolded the two sheets of paper it contained.

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The very first words riveted his attention, for it began: "My dear Nephew." He dimly remembered that when he was ten years old or so, his Uncle Amos had arrived, unheralded, at the vicarage accompanied by three morose-looking collie dogs and a green parrot, whose command over the shorter and more virulent words in the language was complete.

He remembered his uncle as being a kindly and exuberant man, whose unannounced arrival and the linguistic abilities of his parrot had tried the Reverend Sebastian's Christian charity to breaking point.

After staying a couple of days, Uncle Amos had disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived. His father had told him later that Uncle Amos was the black sheep of the family, "lacking in moral fibre," and as the subject was obviously painful, Adrian had never mentioned his uncle again.

HE now read his uncle's letter with starting eyes and a sinking sensation that convinced him that his entire stomach, including the black pudding, had been suddenly and deftly removed.

"My Dear Nephew, You probably will not recall the occasion when, some years ago, I made your acquaintance at the rather repulsive vicarage which your father and mother insisted on inhabiting. Since their demise, it appears that you are my only living relative. From what I remember, you seemed a nice enough boy at the time, though whether in the intervening years your parents have managed to fill your head with a lot of flim-flam I have no way of knowing.

Be that as it may, I am not at this juncture in a position to argue with fate. The local leech has apprised me that I have not long to live. The thought does not particularly alarm me, since I have led a full life and committed nearly all of the more attractive sins. What does worry me, however, is the fate of my co-partner.

She has been with me now for the past eighteen years, and together we have seen fair weather and foul. Therefore, I should not like to feel that upon my demise she would be cast out friendless into the world, without a man to look after her. I say "man" advisedly, for she does not get on with members of her own sex.

So I have decided that you — as my only living relative — should be the person to undertake this duty. This will not prove to be an irksome burden upon your pocket for if you go to Ammassor and Twist, Merchant Bankers of 110 Cottonwall Street in the City, you will find lodged in your name — the sum of £500. I beg that you will use this to sustain Rosy in the style to which she is accustomed.

I am sending her to you immediately so that she will not be harrowed by the sight of me drawing my last breath. She should, in fact, arrive almost simultaneously with this letter.

Whatever your father may have said of me (and it's probably all true) this is, at least, one good act that I am performing in an other-

## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

wise satisfactorily corrupt existence.

Your father was, in his weak-minded way, always a champion of those unfortunates who were left friendless in the world, and I can only hope that you have inherited this trait. Therefore, I beg, do what you can for Rosy. The whole thing has been a great shock to her, and I look to you to soothe her in her grief.

Your very affectionate Uncle, Amos Rookwhistle.

P.S. Rosy, unfortunately — and I feel that I am, in some small measure, to blame for this — has a certain inclination toward what your father frequently described

as 'The Demon Drink.' I beg that you will watch her alcohol consumption, as a surfeit tends to make her intractable. But then she is, alas, not alone in this.

A.R."

It seemed to Adrian that the whole world had become dark and an icy trickle of water was running up and down his spine, defying the laws of gravity. Through the dull buzzing in his ears he dimly heard Mrs. Dredge's voice.

"Well?" she said, "what's it all about?"

Dear heaven, thought Adrian, I can't possibly tell her.

"It's . . . it's a letter . . . um . . . from . . . er . . . one of my

father's friends," he said, prevaricating wildly. "He just thought that I would like to know how things were in the village."

"After ten years?" snorted Mrs. Dredge. "'E's taken 'is time, 'asn't 'e?"

"Yes . . . yes, it has been a long time," said Adrian, folding the letter up and putting it in his pocket.

As rapidly as he could, his mind still reeling, he shovelled the unattractive remains of the black pudding into his mouth, washed it down with some tea, and rose from the table.

"Going already?" said Mrs. Dredge in surprise.

"Yes. I thought I would just call in on Mr. Pucklehammer on my way to work," said Adrian.

"Don't go spending too much

time with 'im, now," said Mrs. Dredge severely. "That man could be an evil influence on an upright honest young man like yourself."

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said Adrian meekly. He numbered Mr. Pucklehammer among his closest friends, but he was not prepared to argue about it just then.

Mr. Pucklehammer was by trade a carpenter and coffin-maker who owned a large yard about a quarter of a mile from Mrs. Dredge's establishment. A few years previously Adrian had gone to the yard to have some minor repairs done to his big wooden trunk. He and Mr. Pucklehammer had taken an instant liking to each other and had since become firm friends.

Adrian's one thought now was

To page 75

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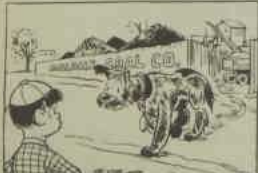
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**RONSON**

N.B. Bonus offers on Ronson Can-do and Knife will close on May 11, 1968.



## RIVETS





Then another terrible thought struck him. Dimly he remembered his father saying that his Uncle Amos had worked in circuses and bigcircles. What if this Rosy turned out to be an acrobat, or —

## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"Hello, boy," he greeted Adrian.

"I can't read," said Mr. Pucklehammer simply. "Never seem to have had time to learn."

drunk, female? Mrs. Dredge would never allow her in the house . . . then there's my job. If they got to know about it they'd

"I've got it," said Adrian at last, "it's Mrs. Dredge's Day today . . . she goes to visit Mr. Dredge at the cemetery and spend the whole day there. She doesn't generally get back until evening. If I could send a message to work to say that I'm

**BOTH — BUT RONSON AND GROSVENOR ARE GREAT FOR GIVING!**



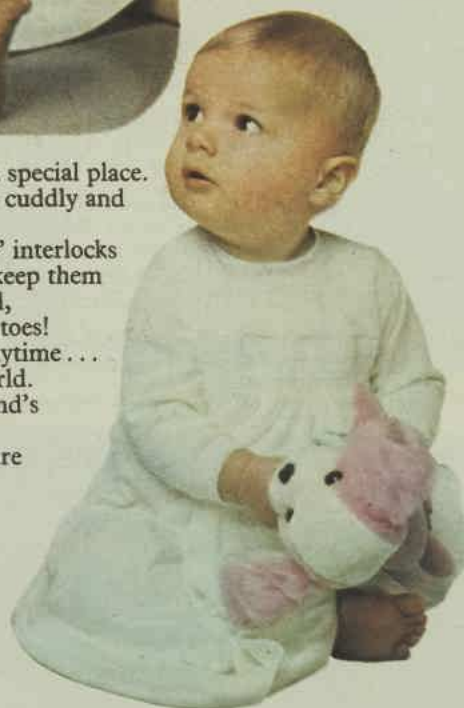




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B728

### LULUBELLE



"Would you mind repeating that... I missed the first few words."

### ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

uncontrollably. He had just decided that death would be preferable to this agony of waiting, when the dray turned into the road. It was an enormous dray, pulled by eight exhausted-looking cart horses, and driven by a choleric-looking man in a bright yellow bowler hat and a red and yellow check waistcoat. Idly, Adrian wondered what such an enormous dray could contain.

It was obviously nearing its destination for the man had pulled a piece of paper out of his waistcoat pocket and was comparing it with the numbers of the houses he passed. Then to Adrian's astonishment he pulled up outside Mrs.

Dredge's house. What on earth, thought Adrian, had his frugal landlady been buying? The dray was large enough to contain almost anything. He walked down the road to where the driver was mopping his face with a large handkerchief.

"Good morning," said Adrian, full of curiosity. "Are you... er... have you something for this house?"

"Yes," said the man, consulting the piece of paper in his hand.

"Leastways, I got something for a Mr. Rookwhistle. Mr. A. Rookwhistle."

"I am Mr. A. Rookwhistle,"

Adrian said, his surprise deepening. "What...?"

"Ah!" said the man, giving him a malevolent look, "so you're Mr. Rookwhistle, are you?" Well, the sooner you collect your property, the sooner I'll be 'appy."

He stamped off round the back of the dray and Adrian, following him, found him struggling with the massive doors.

"But what have you got?" asked Adrian.

By way of an answer the man threw back the great double doors and revealed to Adrian's incredulous and horrified gaze a large, wrinkled and benign-looking elephant.

"There she is," said the carter with satisfaction, "and she's all yours."

"It can't be," said Adrian, "it can't be mine... I don't want an elephant."

"Now look 'ere," said the carter with some asperity, "I've travelled all night, see, to bring this animal to you. You're Mr. A. Rookwhistle, therefore she's your animal."

Adrian began to wonder if the shocks he had already received that morning had unhinged his mind. It was bad enough having to cope with an acrobat, without finding himself saddled with all things, an elephant. Then, suddenly, he had an awful suspicion.

"What's its name?" he asked hoarsely.

"Rosy," said the carter, "in ways, that's what they told me."

At the sound of her name the elephant swayed and fro gently and uttered a muffled squeak, like the mating cry of a very tiny clarinet. She was shackled inside the dray by two chains padlocked round her front legs, and they made a muffled clanking noise when she moved.

She stretched out her trunk seductively towards Adrian and blew a small puff of air at him. Preserve me, thought Adrian, much rather it was a drunken acrobat.

"Look here," he said to the carter, "what am I going to do with her?"

"That," said the carter with concealed satisfaction, "is your problem, mate. I was merely engaged to deliver 'er and deliver 'er I 'ave. So now, as I 'ave 'ad any breakfast, if you'll kindly remove 'er from me van, I'll be on me way."

"Look, do be sensible," Adrian pleaded. "You can't just stick an elephant down in front of me and then go off and leave me."

"Now you look 'ere," said the carter in a shaking voice, his face growing purple. "I was engaged to transport an elephant. It was foolish of me, I know, but there we are. I've been on the go all night. Every pub we passed she nearly 'ad the dray over. It's the worst journey I've ever been in twenty-five years' experience as a carter. And now all I want to do is to get rid of 'er as quickly as possible. So if you'll kindly remove 'er, I'll be on me way."

Even if he succeeded in getting Rosy into Mrs. Dredge's front back garden, Adrian thought, how was he to explain the sudden appearance of an elephant? But something had to be done, for the carter was growing more and more purple and restive. Then Adrian had an idea. Puckleham's yard, he thought, Puckleham's yard. That would be the place to take her.

"Look," he said desperately, "can you take her down the road a bit? I've got a friend who's got a yard. We can put her in there."

"See here," said the carter, "I delivered your elephant to you. You was not asked to deliver it anywhere else but 'ere."

"But it's only just down the road, and it'll be worth a sovereign to you," said Adrian.

"Well, that's different," said the carter and he slammed the double doors of the dray, shutting off the sight of Rosy who had picked up a small wisp of straw in her trunk and was daintily fanning herself with it. The carter shouted at the horses, they strained forward, and the massive dray rumbled down the road.

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# DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

• The loose-fitted, double-breasted one-piece, above, was specially chosen for a reader with a figure problem.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your help on a style to disguise a flat-chested figure. I want the frock for better wear. It is to be made in a fine white wool. My size is 36in. bust. I am very broad and thin."

The one-piece dress, illustrated above, will disguise the figure fault you mentioned. The dress is a step-in design with a wrapped effect, and though it has loose-fitting lines, it is firmly belted at the normal waistline. I hope you will like it well enough to order the pattern. Underneath the illustration are further details.



1770.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. 1770 is an original Vogue Americana by Teal Traina, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

"Could you help me with the correct fashion for a wedding? I am the bride's mother and wondered if I should consult with the bridegroom's mother about our outfits? Also, what is the correct dress length?"

Time of day determines the choice of fashion worn by the mothers. At a formal daytime wedding, a short dress made in a formal material is correct. After 6 p.m., evening dress is the correct attire. The mother of the bride has first choice in selecting her dress and it is usual for her to tell the mother of the bridegroom the color and design of the ensemble she has chosen.

"Could you tell me the newest fabrics and the silhouettes for suit fashions? I also would like to know if there is any little thing I could do to make a plain tailored suit look more up to date?"

To give last season's suit a new look, wear it with a blouse tucked into the skirt and firmly belted. This season, checks and plaids are very popular for suits. However, the real suit news is the shape in the skirt—it should be pleated or have some type of swing. The jacket can be long or short. A short cape incorporated in the jacket is the very last word.

"I want to make a late-day frock and wondered if you could advise about colors and fabrics? I am 24, tall, and fairly slim. I don't need a pattern."

A very new design for after-five is a one-piece with an all-around pleated skirt and a sleeveless, bias-cut bodice finished with a plunge neckline. Have the dress self-belted at the normal waistline. Material suggestion: plaid silk. An alternative idea would be black lace over black silk. For this design, I like the Empire line with the hem and neckline outlined with a self-ruffle.

"Could you let me have a pattern for a slim skirt with a high yoke? When ordering the pattern, should I give my waist or hip measurements?"

Our pattern department includes a design similar to the one you inquired about. Quote your waist measurement when ordering the pattern. But if your hips are much larger in proportion to your waist, then select the size by hip measurement. To order, quote Butterick pattern 4588, the price 60c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

## Because Mother's no machine she needs the help of Sunbeam



### The table-top range

Sunbeam's beautiful new 11" Frypan is lined with gleaming stainless steel—so smooth, and easy to keep clean. Cooks almost everything, from stewing fruit to large roasts—even dry grills. Automatic heat control removes for Frypan washing and storage.

### The 5-in-one cooker

With the Sunbeam Deep-Fry Cooker you can deep-fry...cook stews...make soup...boil meat, spaghetti, rice or vegetables, a steamed pudding! Accurate automatic heat control. Complete with frying basket and cook book.

### The world-beater

Sunbeam Mixmaster Mixer helps with every meal of the day—mixes, whips, beats, creams, juices and more. 12-speed settings; bowls rotate automatically; automatic motor power control. Full range of attachments available.

### The shirt tamer

Sunbeam Spray and Steam Iron dampens, steam-presses, glides over the work on its friction-free soleplate. Stainless steel water tank, perfect balance, cool handle comfort, water level gauge. It's the iron she really needs.



THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE



road to Mr. Pucklehammer's yard. Mr. Pucklehammer was still sitting on the coffin, consuming yet another pint of beer.

"Hello, boy," he said jovially, "got your acrobat?"

"Mr. Pucklehammer," said Adrian in a low, controlled voice, "you've got to help me. You are, indeed the only person I can turn to in what is rapidly becoming a nightmare."

"Why, what's happened, boy?"

"She . . . it . . . has arrived," said Adrian.

"What's she like?" inquired Mr. Pucklehammer with interest.

"She . . . Rosy," said Adrian, "is an elephant."

"An elephant?" said Mr. Pucklehammer, and whistled. "That's a bit of a problem for you."

## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

"What I'm to do with her I just don't know," Adrian said desperately, "but the wretched man who brought her, not unnaturally, wants to get rid of her. She won't fit in Mrs. Dredge's garden, so I've had to bring her here. Will you let me keep her in your yard for a bit, until I decide what to do?"

"Yes, yes, boy, of course," said Mr. Pucklehammer readily, "plenty of room here. Never had an elephant here, come to think of it. It'll make a bit of a change."

"I'm most grateful to you," Adrian said fervently, and went back to tell the carter: "It's all right, she can come in here."

The carter threw open the doors of the dray, and Rosy uttered a pleased squeal at the sight of her friends.

"Here's the keys," said the carter, handing them to Adrian. "One for each padlock."

"Is she tame?" asked Adrian nervously.

"I think so," said the carter. "You'll soon find out, though, won't you?"

"Perhaps I ought to get it something to eat," said Adrian, "to keep it occupied. What do they eat?"

"Buns," said Mr. Pucklehammer, who was peering at Rosy with interest.

"Do be sensible," said Adrian irritably. "Where am I going to find a bun at this time of the day?"

"How about a cheese sandwich?" said Mr. Pucklehammer. "I'll go and get one and we'll try."

He returned presently with a large cheese sandwich, which he handed to Adrian. Very cautiously, holding the sandwich in front of him as though it were a weapon, Adrian approached Rosy's vast grey bulk.

"Here you are then, Rosy," he said hoarsely. "Nice cheese sandwich . . . good girl."

Rosy stopped swaying and watched his approach with twinkling eyes. When he was within range she stretched out her trunk and, with speed and delicacy, re-

moved Adrian's bowler hat and placed it on her own massive domed head.

Alarmed, Adrian jumped back, dropped the sandwich and tumbled heavily on the carter's foot. This did not improve the carter's already frayed temper. Picking up the sandwich Adrian approached Rosy again.

"Here you are, Rosy," he said in a trembling voice, "nice sandwich." Languidly Rosy reached out her trunk again, took the sandwich from Adrian's shaking fingers, and inserted it into her mouth which looked—to Adrian's startled gaze—the size of a large barrel. Faint grinding and slushing noises indicated that the elephant did eat cheese sandwiches.

Hastily, while her mouth was full, Adrian went down on his knees, undid the padlocks and removed the shackles from Rosy's legs.

"There we are," he said, backing out of the dray. "Come along then . . . good girl."

Rosy sighed deeply, took off the bowler hat and fanned herself with it, but apart from this gave no indication that she intended to vacate the dray.

"I'm normally a patient man," said the carter untruthfully, "but I would like to point out, while you're stamping about all over me feet and stuffing that elephant on sandwiches, that I haven't got so much as a bite to eat this morning."

"Well, I'm trying to get her out," said Adrian aggressively, "you can't force a thing that size."

"Would you care for a sandwich and a pint of beer?" Mr. Pucklehammer asked the carter.

"That's very obliging of you," said the carter, brightening perceptibly, "very obliging indeed."

## W

HILE the carter and Adrian stood there staring at Rosy, who was now swaying and fro uttering heart-rending sighs, Mr. Pucklehammer went into the house and soon reappeared carrying a sandwich and a brimming pint of beer. The carter's delight at seeing these victuals was nothing compared to Rosy's enthusiasm when she saw the sandwich. She uttered a loud and prolonged trumpeting that made Adrian jump, and lumbered out of the dray into the road.

Mr. Pucklehammer stood rooted to the spot while Rosy, still trumpeting, seized the sandwich in her trunk and proceeded to pour the contents into her cavernous mouth.

"Well, that's solved one problem," said the carter, "but what about me beer?"

Rosy handed the empty sandwich back to Mr. Pucklehammer and followed him hopefully as he retreated into the yard. Having found an intelligent human being who appeared to recognise her needs, she was not going to let him out of her sight. She had a slow, stately, if slightly inebriated walk, and her ears flapped and cracked against the sides of her head as she moved.

She uttered pleased little squeals, and as she entered the yard hot on Mr. Pucklehammer's heels, Adrian slammed the grand double doors behind her, leaning against them, and mopped his face. That was the first step.

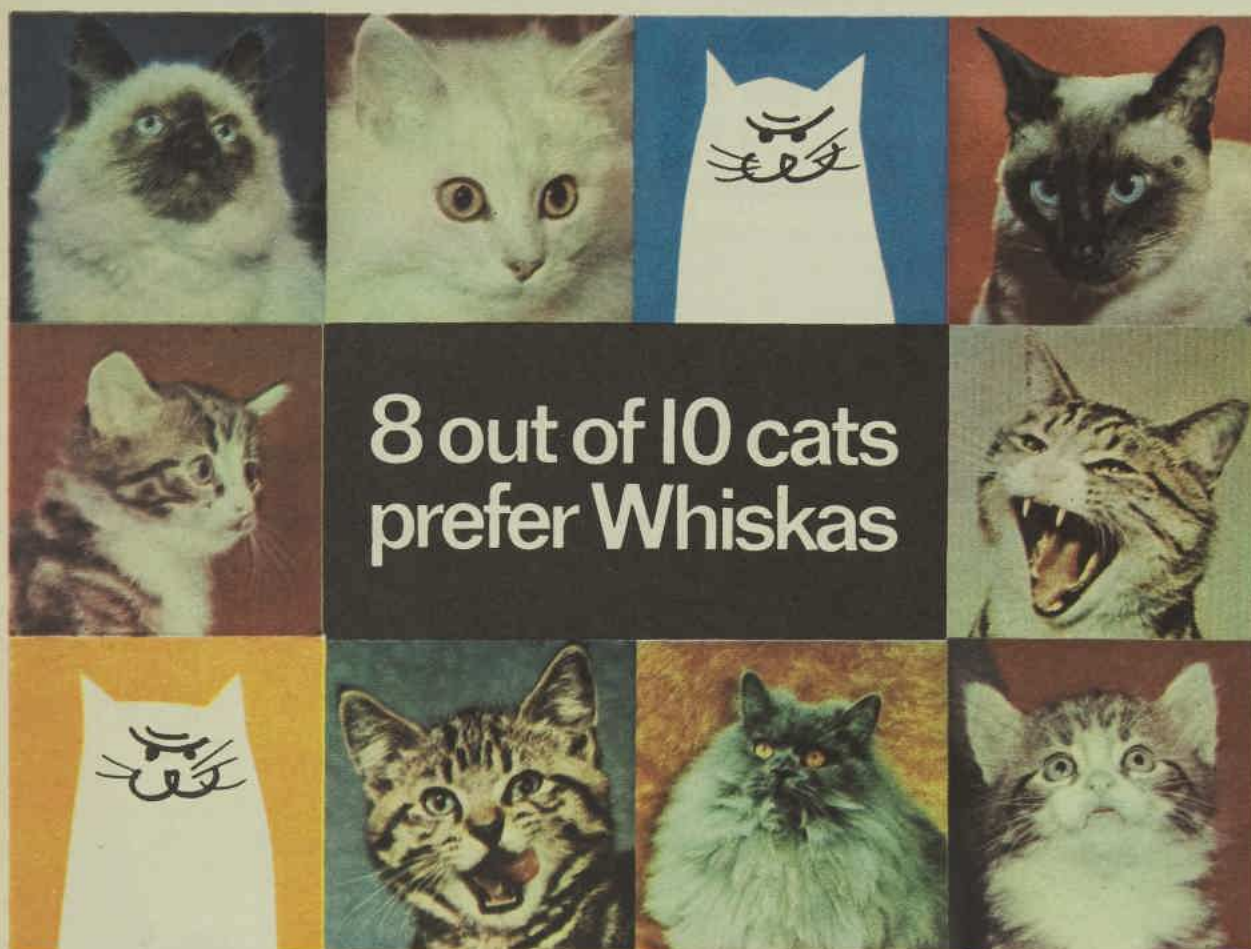
Although Rosy was intrigued by the drifts of curly white wood shavings, the piles of wood and the serried ranks of newly completed coffins, she still kept her eye on Mr. Pucklehammer, for he was obviously the person who was going to lead her to the master spring of beer. But at last they managed to creep into the house without her noticing.

Once in the house Mr. Pucklehammer produced more beer and cheese sandwiches, and under the soothing influence of food and drink even the carter became almost benign.

"Funny sort of thing for your uncle to leave you," he said to Adrian.

"I wouldn't describe it as funny," said Adrian bitterly.

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# 8 out of 10 cats prefer Whiskas

because good, rich Jellymeat Whiskas means 10 lives for every Cat . . .  
Whiskas adds the extra one !

Watch your Cat and you'll see Puss knows that Whiskas is very good food indeed—satisfying, solid and so nourishing. All that lean chunky meat and liver. All that rich jellymeat fortified with Thiamin, the essential vitamin to keep a cat in tip-top form. Give your cat a Whiskas meal every day. Know what's in that Whiskas tin? Vital growth, sturdy bones, bright eyes and a gleaming fur-coat.

8 out of 10 cats purr like little dynamos the moment they sniff life-nourishing Whiskas





## CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4894557>



# HATE THAT GREY? WASH IT AWAY!



## COLOUR ONLY THE GREY without changing your natural hair colour\*

Grey hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that grey, wash it away with new Loving Care Hair Colour Lotion. It's easy to do! There's nothing to mix or add. Just choose the tone most like your own... and pour it on, right out of the bottle! Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young colour that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid

of grey! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Contains no peroxide. Leaves hair shiny, vital, in better condition than ever. Best of all—just washed in about once a month. Loving Care keeps grey away so you can forget you ever had any! So try it! Ask your chemist for Clairol Loving Care, today!

Clairol—the people who know more about hair colouring than anyone else in the world.



CLAIROL  
**Loving  
Care**

CLN308 \*Regd. T.M.

down and a lick of paint and it'll be all ready for you tomorrow."

He and Adrian went out into the yard and pulled the somewhat dilapidated pony trap from inside the shed.

"There you are," said Mr. Pucklehammer, gazing at it admiringly. "With a lick of paint she'll be as good as new. Now, you give her a wash down, boy, while I go and get some food for Rosy."

Adrian fetched a couple of buckets of warm water and a scrubbing brush, and was soon hard at work washing the trap down. He was so absorbed that it gave him a shock when a warm, grey trunk smelling strongly of beer suddenly curled round his neck in an affectionate manner. He was not yet used to the fact that elephants, for all their bulk, can move when they

want to with considerably less noise than a house mouse.

Rosy was standing behind him, staring down at him benignly. She blew a thoughtful blast of beer-laden breath into his ear and uttered a tiny squeak of greeting.

"Now look," said Adrian sharply, unwinding her trunk from his neck, "you've got to stop messing about. You've been enough trouble already, heaven knows. You just go on back over there and sleep it off, there's a good girl."

By way of an answer, Rosy dipped her trunk into one of the buckets and noisily sucked up a good supply. Then, taking careful

aim, she squirted the water over the sides of the pony trap. She refilled her trunk and repeated the process, while Adrian watched her in amazement.

"Well," he said at last, "if you're going to be helpful, that's different."

He soon found that if he indicated the area of the trap he wanted cleaned, Rosy would stand there and squirt water on it until further notice. All he had to do was keep replenishing the buckets. The force with which she could expel the water from her trunk greatly aided the cleaning process, and in next to no time the grime and cobwebs were washed away

and the pony trap was beginning to look quite different.

At this point Mr. Pucklehammer returned, carrying a bulging sack on his back.

"I couldn't get any buns," he said, "but I managed to get some stale bread."

They opened the sack and extracted two large brown loaves. Adrian held them out toward Rosy, not at all convinced that she would accept this somewhat worn largesse, but Rosy uttered a squeal of pleasure and engulfed both loaves, devouring them with speed and enthusiasm.

"There you are," said Adrian, "that's the feeding problem solved." He tipped the rest of the bread out of the sack and Rosy fell to like a glutton.

"My word," said Mr. Puckle-

hammer admiringly, "you have made a difference to that trap."

"It was mainly Rosy's work," said Adrian. "She squirted water over it... we had it clean in half the time."

"Would you believe it?" said Mr. Pucklehammer. "I wonder if she knows any more tricks?"

"I don't think we ought to start her off on tricks now," said Adrian hastily. "For one thing, I'd better go down to the bank and fix up about the money, hadn't I?"

"Right you are," said Mr. Pucklehammer. "You leave Rosy and me here. We'll be all right. I'll paint the trap while you're gone."

When Adrian returned to the yard some hours later he was greeted by the sound of Mr. Pucklehammer's voice raised in song, accompanied by a periodical friendly squeal from Rosy. Rosy was lying down, with Mr. Pucklehammer leaning against her shoulder, singing a serenade in her left ear. They were both bedaubed with splashes of paint, and an empty basin with traces of froth at the bottom and a pint tankard held Adrian that Mr. Pucklehammer and Rosy had cemented their friendship in no uncertain manner.

**R**ATHER to his surprise considering the condition of the two workers—the trap looked magnificent. The body was a bright clean daffodil-yellow, and the shafts a brave scarlet. The spokes of the wheels had been cunningly picked out in blue and gold, and the whole thing shone like a jewel.

"Hi, boy!" said Mr. Pucklehammer, straightening up and singing steadily. "Just been having a little sing-song with Rosy... she likes a good song. What d'you think of the cart, eh?"

"It's wonderful," said Adrian enthusiastically.

"Always thought I should've taken up art," said Mr. Pucklehammer gloomily, "but there's no much call for it nowadays. Did you get the money?"

"Yes, I got it," said Adrian. "There were lots of papers and things to sign... that's why I was so long."

"Well, if I were you," said Mr. Pucklehammer, "I'd cut off home and break the news to that Dredge woman."

"Yes, I suppose I'd better," sighed Adrian.

As he anticipated, Mrs. Dredge proved difficult about the whole thing. She was not at all satisfied with Adrian's excuse of a dying uncle, and in her efforts to get to the bottom of this she made both herself and Adrian to such an extent that eventually neither of them really knew what the other was talking about. Finally admitting defeat, Mrs. Dredge gave up the attack and allowed Adrian to go to bed.

The following morning, the trap neatly packed, he made his way down to the yard. He had spent an uneasy night beset with dreams of intoxicating pachyderms, so was somewhat relieved, on entering the yard, to be greeted by a squeal of pleasure from Rosy, who shuffled forward and curled an affectionate trunk round his neck in greeting.

Rosy's natural bonhomie was strangely endearing, thought Adrian. He was beginning to feel quite fond of his giant elephant.

With the aid of Mr. Pucklehammer he packed the back of the trap with the things they thought he would need for the journey. There was an assortment of tinned and bottled food for Adrian, three sacks of stale bread for Rosy, blankets, a hatchet, a first-aid outfit that belonged to Mr. Pucklehammer, a coil of stout rope, a canvas tarpaulin which, as Mr. Pucklehammer pointed out, was big enough to cover both Adrian and Rosy should it rain, Rosy's chains, in case it became necessary to shackle her, a firkin of heavily disguised so that Rosy would not know it was there, and last, but not least, Adrian's bag.

This instrument he had purchased some months before, as his progress on it had been slow, for he could only practise when Mrs. Dredge was down seeing Mr. Dredge at the cemetery. But Mr.

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## Leaf and flower pictures to make

● These charming pictures were made from pressed leaves, flowers, and grasses by Mrs. A. McKay, of Jannali, N.S.W. Directions for making similar pictures are given below.



OUTLINES of leaves sketched in with black pencil give depth to arrangement above. Japanese maple leaves (right) were picked as they turned color, then pressed.



PRESSED leaves, grasses, and overlapping flowers make this charming, colorful picture.

PICTURES made from pressed leaves, flowers, ferns, and grasses have a delightfully natural look and will last indefinitely. However, care is needed in the selection and preparation of the materials.

Choose firm leaves, without blemishes and of a good color. Paper is suitable for background work, and even gum-arabic press well. Pick grasses before they become too full or they will fall. Flannel flowers, cornstarch, and most small wild-flowers are suitable, as are many ferns from your garden, for example, cherry, liquidambar, ivy, and Japanese maple.

Press all material carefully between blotting paper and place under the carpet or between heavy books.

Begin with a small picture and use an old frame if you have one. Painted or gilded it will look very attractive. Also make sure the glass is clean.

Get a piece of thin cardboard to fit the frame. Cardboard is available in many colors, making it easy to provide an effective background for your work and one that will suit the color scheme of your room.

Arrange leaves and flowers on a sheet of white paper on your left hand, taking care not to damage leaves or petals. Transfer each piece to the cardboard and fix it with a little clear gum by means of a matchstick or toothpick. Do not use starch or other paste, which will crumble.

You will obtain a much better effect if you do not use too much material. Aim at a simple, natural look. When your completed picture is quite dry, place carefully in the prepared frame and back with brown paper.

Before fastening-up try the glass on the picture. If successful it should have a three-dimensional look.



FLANNEL FLOWERS, bougainvillea, hydrangea, with grasses and grass background.

## Because Mother's no machine she needs the help of Sunbeam



### The handbag hairdryer

Valise, by Sunbeam, is feminine, smart, and so tiny...yet it's a full-size hairdryer in a convenient mini-case! Bonnet features special inner air flow lining, and covers large rollers; 4 heat settings plus cool air. Extra-length hose. Large air-capacity fan.

### The blanket that thinks

With the Sunbeam Automatic Electric Blanket a thermostatic control automatically adjusts heat for room temperature changes...keeps the bed at the same cozy warmth all night long. In dual or single control double-bed size, and single bed—all in blue or pink.

### Lady Sunbeam shaver

To look her best all the time a woman needs her very own electric shaver. With Lady Sunbeam shaver it's easy—not even tender skin gets a sore or scraped look, no nicks, cuts or scratches.

### The professional hairdryer

That's the Lady Sunbeam Hairdryer with the famous bonnet that allows more warm air to circulate effectively for faster drying. Complete in vanity case, with hair curler and personal clothes dryer. 4 heat settings, including "cool"; inner-lined bonnet for efficient airflow fits over big rollers.

Sunbeam

THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

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# Varicose veins?

Lots of people share your problem  
Scholl understand it

and make Soft Grip stockings to help you!



Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins—they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the new lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

**Scholl**

**Soft Grip**  
ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS

From Chemists, Stores and Scholl shops.

Now you feel yourself again with lively, shapely legs... in Scholl Soft Grip the ache is just a memory.

## MUSCULAR ACHES

By the time you've read this advertisement your pain could be GOING!

Read how a lumbago sufferer got "near miraculous" relief from Mentholatum "Deep Heat" Rub...

"Dear Sir,

After the near miraculous results this week-end I felt I had to write to you to express my gratitude for such a wonderful product.

I had a severe attack of Lumbago, so bad that Saturday morning it took me thirty minutes just to get out of bed. The simplest of movements such as a cough, or even a deep breath brought on excruciating spasms of pain.

I walked about for hours, unable to sit because of the agony involved in getting up again. A friend called and suggested Deep Heat rub. As the shops were shut by then he kindly went home and brought me his own tube. As I stated, the results were little short of miraculous.

I still have a soreness in the base of the spine, but today I have done about five hours work of lifting, bending, stretching without one grab of pain. I thought I would have been off work for a week, but thanks to your Deep Heat, I can carry out my normal duties. A truly wonderful product.

Yours sincerely,  
(Sgd.) J. Richmond, Hawthorn.

**DEEP HEAT**

RELIEVES ALL  
MUSCULAR ACHES  
AND PAINS

POLITICAL  
COMMENT

NEWS AND  
VIEWS

The Bulletin

REVIEWS  
OF THE WEEK

25c EVERY  
WEEK

EVERY DAY  
IS  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY  
DAY

## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Pucklehammer had thought it a splendid idea to take it with them.

At last they had the trap loaded up and, with a certain difficulty, managed to hitch it up to Rosy who, fascinated by this new game, was co-operative. Then, with Adrian holding the tip of her ear as a guide, they walked round the yard several times to get her used to the idea.

"Well," said Adrian at last, "I suppose we'd better be going. I can't thank you enough for all your help, Mr. Pucklehammer."

"Don't think anything of it, boy," said Mr. Pucklehammer. "Only wish I was coming, too. I bet you'll have a wonderful time. Now don't forget to write and let me know how you're getting on, will you?"

"I won't," said Adrian, "and thanks once again."

Mr. Pucklehammer patted Rosy affectionately on the flank and then flung open the gates of the yard. Rosy lumbered out into the road with Adrian guiding her, the trap rattling and tinkling behind them, and Mr. Pucklehammer stood and watched them out of sight.

Although they took back streets wherever possible, they still had to traverse a section of the city before they could strike out into the country, and it was in the city that Adrian added considerably to his knowledge of elephants and the effect they had on life. For example, he soon discovered that horses were apt to have collective nervous breakdowns when suddenly confronted with one.

It did not seem to matter whether the horses were pulling an omnibus or a hansom cab, the result was identical. They would utter a piercing whinny, rear up on their hindlegs, and then gallop off down the road at full speed, with their terrified owners clinging desperately to the reins. Rosy was considerably mystified by this, having been used to sensible, plebeian circus horses whom she considered to be her friends.

Another item that Adrian learnt about elephants — at the cost of a sovereign — was that they eat fruit and vegetables. They had rounded a corner and come face to face with an elderly man pushing a barrow piled high with market produce, at the sight of which Rosy uttered a gleeful trumpeting and quickened her pace. She took no notice of Adrian clinging to her ear and shouting instructions.

The owner of the barrow, being suddenly confronted by an elephant bearing down on him, obviously bent on his destruction, turned tail and ran with a speed and agility one would not have suspected possible in one of his years. Rosy, uttering the peculiar roaring, squeaking noise she made when excited, stood by the discarded barrow and — in spite of Adrian's protests — proceeded to stuff fruit and vegetables into her mouth and

chew them with immense satisfaction.

While she was thus engaged, Adrian had to pursue the barrow owner, calm his shattered nerves, and pay for the damage. But at any rate, he reflected, it meant that Rosy had eaten a good meal, and he hoped that this would have a soothing effect on her for the rest of the trip. In this he was right, for Rosy paced along after her meal, her stomach rumbling musically, in a passive haze of goodwill.

Eventually the houses dwindled and fell away, until, when they breasted the top of a hill, the city lay sprawling behind them, and ahead, brilliant in the spring sunshine, lay the open country, a magical carpet of woods and fields, meandering rivers and misty hills, all ringing with lark song and the drowsy call of cuckoos. Adrian took a deep breath of the clean, clover-scented air.

"Well, there it is, Rosy," he said. "The country. I think we're over the worst now, my girl."

It was only later that he realised that this was the stupidest statement he could have made.

The sun was hot, the sky a clear blue, and all around them the hedgerows and copses were full of birdsong. It was wonderful, Adrian decided, to be able to walk along the narrow, leafy lanes, their high banks covered with waterfalls of butter-yellow primroses, with Rosy shuffling through the dust at his side.

Presently he removed his coat and threw it into the back of the trap. Half an hour later his waistcoat joined it, and in a fit of wild daring he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He was intoxicated with the sights and sounds of the countryside, and the road to adventure lay beneath his feet.

Mr. Pucklehammer had been quite right. Rosy did like singing, so as they walked along amicably together Adrian regaled her with musical ditties. Finding these appreciated, he got his banjo out and accompanied himself. If his playing left a little to be desired, Rosy was far too well-bred an audience to mention it, and the time passed very pleasantly.

By noon they were deep in the country, and Adrian spotted what he wanted: a gigantic meadow that sloped, as green as velvet, down to the banks of a river.

"This is it, Rosy, my girl," said Adrian. "We'll stop here for a bite to eat."

He steered Rosy through a convenient gap in the hedge and down to a smooth patch of green sward under a group of oak trees. Six paces away the river ran whispering between reedy banks. Adrian unharnessed Rosy and unpacked the food. He carefully filled two large tankards of beer from the firkin, and Rosy, at the sight of it, gave a prolonged and excited trumpet. Sitting on the grass Adrian made short work of a meat pie, a large slab of

cheese, and half a loaf of bread. After years of Mrs. Dredge's cooking, these simple foods tasted exotic to him.

Rosy, having investigated the oak trees, torn down and eaten the more accessible branches, proceeded to scratch herself vigorously against the trunks, to the obvious alarm of a pair of magpies who had a nest in the upper branches.

Adrian lay on his back, his eyes half closed, staring up through the filigree of leaves to the blue sky, and a great peace stole over him. Why, he thought, this isn't going to be nearly as bad as I thought. What, in fact, could be nicer? He yawned luxuriously, closed his eyes, and drifted off to sleep.

He awoke some time later with a start, and lay for a while wondering what had caused the sound that had awakened him. He could hear the magpies scolding in the distance and a lark chiming in the sky high above, but what he had heard was an extraordinary gurgling, splashing noise. He sat up in alarm. Rosy was nowhere to be seen. He leapt to his feet and glanced around wildly.

From the cool depths of the river rose a sudden silvery fountain of spray, and Rosy surfaced. She was lying on her side in the deep water, and her normally grey hide was now black and shiny. She lay there, wallowing in ecstasy, occasionally putting her trunk under the water and blowing a series of reverberating bubbles. Filled with relief at having located her, Adrian walked down to the edge of the river, and Rosy gave a little squeak of pleasure at seeing him.

"Well, you are a clever girl," said Adrian. "Are you enjoying that?"

By way of an answer, Rosy shifted from her right side to her left, creating a tidal wave, and almost disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

"D'you know, old girl, I've half a mind to join you," said Adrian. "It looks wonderful."

He looked round furtively to make sure there was no one watching, and then quickly removed his clothes, retaining only his underpants. Uttering a piercing yell, he raced across the grass and leapt into the river. The water was icy cold but refreshing. He rose, spluttering, splashed his way over to where Rosy lay, and climbed on to her shoulder. Rosy gave a delighted squeak and, reaching up with her trunk, gently touched his face and wet hair.

"Glorious," said Adrian, patting Rosy on the ear. "Simply glorious. What an extremely good idea of yours, Rosy."

For the next half-hour they gambolled in the stream; then they hauled themselves out. Tired by their activities, they lay on the bank dozing, while the sun dried them. They were lying there so quietly that the fox had crossed the whole meadow and was quite close to them before they noticed him.

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



## Dear Polly

I'm now in my late forties with a fair amount of grey in my hair. My daughter is always telling me that I should "do something about it" and I'd certainly like to be of it. But the trouble is I've never used a hair colouring before, and it all seems terribly complex. Is it really so difficult?

It's not at all difficult if you use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint. Inside the carton you'll find complete, easy-to-follow instructions which tell you exactly how to proceed. (And, of course, the Poly Hair Beauty Counter at your pharmacy or department store is always happy to advise you on hair colouring, hair care and treatment.)

With Polycolor Cream Hair Tint you can cover grey completely and regain your natural hair colouring. You can also darken or deepen your natural tone, make a complete change, there are sixteen wonderful shades to choose from, because all Polycolor products contain conditioners, your hair will be soft, shining and beautifully healthy.

If you'd like to send me a sample, I'll be happy to recommend the most suitable shade for you.

I've used your Polycolor Shampoo and it really makes my hair shining and beautifully manageable. Could you tell me what herbs it contains and what they do? It really is wonderful.

Polyherb contains the essence of eleven natural herbs: Chamomile, Nettle and Arnica stimulate, strengthen and tone the scalp, and make your hair look vitally alive and young. There are five herbs to feed and nourish your hair: Birch, Spangwell, Mare's Tail, Yarrow and Coltsfoot. These leave your hair soft and manageable.

Then there's Camomile which women have used for centuries to brighten the hair and Pauline and Clover to leave it fragrantly beautiful. In fact, Polyherb contains "nature's own conditioners" leaves your hair as soft, moist and fragrant as though you washed it in pure rain water.

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## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

"Hello," said Adrian sitting up. "You're a fine fellow." The fox stopped, one foot raised, its ears pricked. Rosy leaped her ears and stretched toward an inquiring trunk. The fox, uttering a sharp yap of alarm, ran down the river bank, leaped into the water, and swam to the opposite bank. He looked himself out of the water, shook himself vigorously, and, with a grateful glance in the direction of Adrian and Rosy, disappeared into the hedge.

"Well, he wasn't very friendly, was he, Rosy?" said Adrian. Then they heard the hunt.

Adrian leapt to his feet and started running to where he had left his clothes, draped neatly over the shafts of the trap, but he was too late. Through the gap in the hedge that surrounded the field, poured the hunt, a brown and white cascade of hounds, moaning and howling excitedly, closely followed by a mass of red-coated huntsmen and women on beautiful prancing horses. Rosy, refreshed from her swim, suddenly became very animated at the sight. Maybe it all recalled to her mind the happy days she had spent with the circus. Uttering a loud trumpet of joy, she leaped to her feet and galloped across the meadows to meet the hunt.

**T**HE hounds, to a sudden, added to an astonished halt. Simultaneously, all the bright shiny eyes caught sight of Rosy. The first on them was much the same as it had been on the plodding cabs that pulled hansom cabs, but in a moment the meadow seemed like a battlefield. Huntsmen and like autumn leaves and lay propped in their scarlet coats on the grass, while riderless horses, panic-stricken, galloped wildly to and fro, seeking a way out of the meadow.

Rosy was delighted. She was, by now, under the firm impression that this was some sort of a circus, and that this pandemonium was all part of the act. Trumpeting excitedly, she pursued the terrified pack of hounds round and round, occasionally pausing to pat a mad-darting horse on the rump with her tail.

Adrian, cowering behind the trunk of a tree in his wet undergarments, wished he were dead. This was far worse than anything that had gone before, and what made it worse was the fact that Rosy was so obviously enjoying herself.

In Rosy's circus days she had once won the end her performance with a mock assault on the ringmaster. As the hounds had now disappeared through the hedge, and all the horses were gathered in the far corner of the field in a cowering, hysterical mass, Rosy came to the not unnatural conclusion that the act had ended. Turning around, her glance seemed to fall on the Master of the Hunt. He was rolling about on the grass, covered with mud, endeavouring to wrench off his top hat, which had been wedged firmly over his nose by his fall.

This, thought Rosy, must be the ringmaster. It was a pardonable mistake, for the Master was a fine, elegant specimen of manhood, wearing the mud-stained remains of a brilliant coat and a top hat. Rosy leaped toward him, paused for a shrill trumpeting, and then curled her trunk tenderly around his body and lifted him high in the air. She paused for a moment, obviously faintly surprised that her action did not provoke the roar of applause that it normally did.

One of the female members of the hunt had just risen shakily to her feet when she was treated to the sight of the Master, no less, being waved thoughtfully to and fro by an elephant.

"Put him down!" she screamed. "Put him down!" Then she gave a piercing scream and fainted.

Rosy, still swinging the Master high and low like a giant cat with a mouse, looked around thoughtfully. The scream was not much in the way of applause, she

thought, but it was obviously the best she was going to get. Peering round she perceived Adrian's white face peeping round the trunk of an oak tree, and so she shambled across to him and deposited the Master at his feet with the good-natured air of a retriever bringing in the first grouse of the season.

The jolt with which she deposited the Master on the grass dislodged the top hat, which fell off and rolled across the meadow. It revealed the fact that the Master possessed magnificent black side whiskers and moustache, and that his face was congested to a shade of royal-purple. He sat there, glaring up at Adrian.

"Er . . . Good afternoon," said Adrian, for want of a better remark.

"What d'ye mean?" the Master gasped in a muted roar. "What d'ye mean: Good afternoon? Is that your filthy, verminous, shapeless animal, hey?"

He pointed a quivering finger at Rosy, who had plucked a bunch of long grass and daisies and was fanning herself with it to keep the flies off.

"Oh, that," said Adrian, "that . . . well, yes, in a way you could say it was mine."

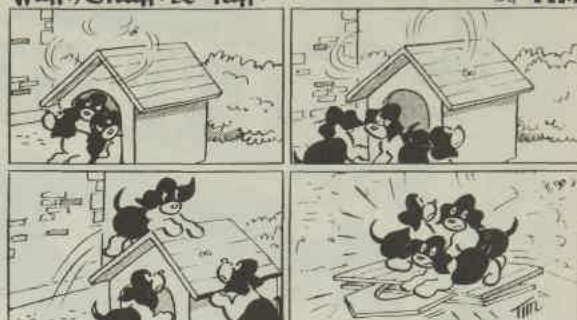
"Well, what the devil d'ye mean, sir?" roared the Master. "Stampin' about in the meadows with a great elephant . . . dressed in that obscene costume . . . frightenin' the hounds . . . terrifyin' the

To page 84

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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### ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

women . . . even frightened the horses . . . what the devil d'ye mean by it, sir?"

"I'm terribly sorry," said Adrian contritely. "We were just having a quiet swim, you see, and we didn't know you were all coming this way."

"D'you usually," inquired the Master with deadly calm, "d'you usually travel through the countryside, swimming in other people's rivers, frightened as the salmon, accompanied by an elephant?"

"Not usually, no," Adrian admitted, "but I'm afraid I would take too long to explain."

"I can explain it," started the Master, getting to his feet. "You're a lunatic, sir, a criminal lunatic, that's what you are. I shall have you and the misshapen beast under lock and key, sir, see if I don't. I shall sue for damages and for trespass. I shall get you five years' penal servitude. The charge might even be attempted murder, sir. This moment I get back to the village I shall have the law on you, mark my words."

"Look," said Adrian in a panic, "I really am most fully sorry, but if you'd just let me explain. You see, you horses and dogs . . ."

"Dogs?" hissed the Master. "Dogs? Hounds, sir, hounds!"

"Well, your hounds," said Adrian, "it's just that they're not used to elephants."

THE MASTER drew a long quivering breath and cast a fierce eye over the meadow, where huntresses in various stages of disarray were climbing shakily to their feet and endeavoring to catch their terrified hounds.

"Yes, I can see they're not used to elephants," said the Master, "and shall I let you into a secret, you peasant? They're not supposed to be used to elephants!"

Adrian had to admit that he had a point there. The Master picked up the remains of his top hat and placed it on his head.

"As soon as I get back to the village I shall have you and your elephant arrested, mark my words," he said, and strode off after the rest of the soiled, limping huntresses. As the last of them mounted and trotted out of the field, Adrian turned to Rosy.

"Now look what you've done," he said bitterly, "just when I thought everything was going all right. He dressed hurriedly and hitched Rosy up to the saddle once more.

"The best thing is to get far away from the village as soon as possible," he said, and they started down the road.

After walking for a while they came to a crossroads, where the signpost informed them that if they turned to the left they would reach the village of Fennel. Looking down the road, Fennel, Adrian saw the beginning of a great wood. He could at least make an attempt at concealing the elephant in a wood; so, turning Rosy's ear to hurry, they set off down the road to Fennel.

The birchwood was tall and vast. The trees grew so close together that even something the size of Rosy would be completely invisible. Fennel, Adrian was not taking chances. The farther he moved them from the road the better he would feel.

They were deep in the forest when they came to a small field containing a bedraggled old hound. Adrian decided that this would be the perfect place.

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## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Yes, I'm afraid so," said Adrian, still pushing at Rosy. "What an extraordinary thing," said the man musingly. "I suppose you aren't the person who upset the Monkspepper Hunt? Though you must be . . . there can't be more than one elephant in the district, surely?"

"I'm afraid so," said Adrian, "but it was all a horrible mistake, really. We didn't mean any harm, but you can see the effect she has on horses."

"Yes," agreed the man, "she does appear to have a detrimental effect on them, I will admit. Would it be asking too much, my dear fellow, for you to move her a trifle so that we can get past?"

"Certainly," said Adrian. "I'll do the best I can."

But Rosy, having gained the road, saw no valid reason for returning to the field. The struggle lasted some time and then Adrian had an idea. He ran round to the back of the trap and filled Rosy's tankard with beer. Using this as a bribe he managed to entice her back behind the hedge. Now she was out of view the coachman could get the greys under some sort of control.

THE man in the lavender coat had watched the whole performance with rapt attention, and when Adrian reappeared he screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye.

"Tell me, my dear chap," he inquired, "does she drink the beer or just bathe in it?"

"She drinks it," said Adrian bitterly.

"Quite remarkable," said the man, "a beer-drinking elephant."

"I'm terribly sorry we upset your horses. Rosy doesn't mean any harm, really."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said the man, waving a slender hand. "Don't mention it, pray. Most diverting experience. Tell me, does she drink anything else besides beer?"

"Yes," said Adrian succinctly, "everything."

"Fascinating!" said the man, and then added with a gleam of humor in his violet eyes, "If that's the effect she has on my greys, I'd love to have seen what she did to the hunt."

"I must say it was quite spectacular," Adrian admitted, grinning. "I've never seen so many huntsmen fall off at once."

The man in the landau gave a crow of laughter, and then, taking off his top hat, he held out a slender hand. "I'm Lord Fenneltree, by the by, and I'm delighted to meet you."

"Thank you, sir," stammered Adrian. "My name's Rookwhistle, Adrian Rookwhistle, and that's Rosy."

"Charming names," said his lordship vaguely, and then fell into a reverie, staring into space. Adrian, never having met a lord before, was uncertain what to do. He was not at all sure that he had not been dismissed. He was just about to raise his hat and say goodbye when his lordship roused up with a start.

"I've been thinking," said Lord Fenneltree proudly, with the air of one describing a rare phenomenon. "Are you by any chance, free at the moment?"

"Well . . . yes," said Adrian. "I'm just making my way down to the coast."

"Capital! Capital!" said his lordship enthusiastically, "it couldn't have been a more fortunate meeting."

"Really?" said Adrian. "Why?"

"The party," said his lordship in surprise, "the party, my dear fellow, that's been

occupying my waking and sleeping thoughts for the past month."

"Oh, I see," said Adrian, who did not see at all but wanted to be polite.

"Don't you think, Jenkins," said his lordship to the coachman, "that the elephant would be admirable for the party?"

"Yes, my lord," said Jenkins woodenly. "If you say so."

"It is so nice to be agreed with," said Lord Fenneltree, beaming at Adrian.

"Forgive me," said Adrian, "but what is it you want me to do exactly?"

"We cannot discuss it here," said his lordship firmly, "it's too fatiguing to hold an intellectual conversation in the back of a landau. If you continue down this road a mile or so you'll see my house lying on the left-hand side. Do come there, my dear fellow, and bring your elephant. Then we'll discuss the matter further over some lunch, eh?"

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"That's very kind of you," said Adrian.

"Don't mention it," said his lordship. "Home, Jenkins."

The landau rattled off down the lane and a much puzzled Adrian went back into the field, retrieved Rosy, and proceeded to lead her down the road.

Presently they came to a pair of huge wrought-iron gates, hung on tall pillars, each one guarded by snarling stone griffins vivid with patches of green moss and yellow lichens. Beyond them the drive curled through noble parkland, dotted with clumps of magnificent trees, and in the distance, gigantic, rosy red in the sunlight, its multicoloured windows flashing, lay the residence of Lord Fenneltree.

An elderly man came trotting out of the lodge, pulling his forelock, and opened the gates wide.

## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

"Morning, sir," he said, looking somewhat apprehensively at Rosy. "His lordship said you was coming."

Adrian and Rosy, with the trap trundling behind, made their way up the long curling drive. As they got nearer to the house the green sward gave place to neatly clipped lawns, flower beds, and hedges.

His lordship was standing on the steps leading up to the front door impatiently awaiting their arrival. He was surrounded by several footmen and an elderly butler, all in a state of ill-suppressed excitement at the sight of Rosy.

"There you are," said Lord Fenneltree. "Excellent. Now, my dear chap, come in and have some

luncheon. What, by the way, does Rosy like, apart from beer?"

"Well, any sort of fruit or vegetables," said Adrian.

"Raymond," said his lordship to the butler, "show Mr. Rookwhistle and Rosy the way to the stables and then tell the gardeners to get her some fruit and vegetables."

Once Rosy was tethered in a spacious barn in the stable yard, the gardeners appeared with wheelbarrow loads of succulent fruit and vegetables that made Adrian's mouth water and produced shrill trumpeting of enthusiasm from Rosy. There were peaches and grapes, carrots, cabbage, and peas, apples, pears, and apricots.

Leaving Rosy engulphing these delicacies, Adrian was escorted back to the house by the butler and ushered into a vast withdrawing-room, where Lord Fenneltree was reclining on a sofa surrounded by a pack of dogs of all shapes and sizes.

"Come and sit down," said his lordship. "Presently we'll have some lunch. Rosy all safe and sound, I trust?"

"Yes," said Adrian, "she's eating her head off. It's very good of you to be so kind when she could have been the cause of your death. I'm really most grateful."

"Well," said his lordship, "if you're feeling so grateful you might be able to do me a small service."

"Anything I can," said Adrian. "It's this party," explained his lordship, closing his eyes as though

the mere thought was painful to him. "You see, I have a daughter. Very shortly it is to be her eighteenth birthday and to celebrate it we are having a party. I'd you see? My dear wife, who is a very sensible woman, insists that the party from the point of view of extravagance and originality shall shine anything that had been done previously in the district. Now, I can manage the financial side of things all right, but up to now I had been quite unable to think of anything original. Then you came along."

"I see," said Adrian cautiously. "Now, it occurs to me," his lordship went on, "that the introduction of a large, tame, brown drinking elephant into a party of this sort would be a very original idea, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Adrian. "Do, my dear fellow, disagree with me if you think the idea lacking in originality," said his lordship earnestly.

"No, come to think of it, it would be a very original idea," said Adrian positively.

"Quite so," said his lordship. "Now what I had in mind was this: That we bedeck Rosy in a costume befitting her Eastern origins, and I will then ride her into the ballroom, suitably attired myself. I thought of something in the nature of a maharaja. How does the thought strike you?"

"Yes," said Adrian, "I think she'd do it all right."

"Capital!" exclaimed Lord Fenneltree, beaming. "We've got about a week to arrange the details. So during that time I would be glad if you and Rosy would be my guests. Fortunately, my wife and daughter are up in the city buying frills and farbelows, so we can keep our secret quite easily."

"I'm sure your idea will be a success," said Adrian. "I hope so, my dear boy," said his lordship, rising to his feet. "And now let's have our luncheon."

**W**HAT Lord Fenneltree described as a light luncheon consisted of asparagus soup, plaice cooked in white wine and cream, quails cooked with grapes, a haunch of venison stuffed with chestnuts, and a bowl of fresh strawberries and cream. After this they set about getting ready for the party. His lordship, carried away by the originality of the whole idea, was determined that no expense should be spared. The local tailors were employed to make the rich trappings for Rosy, and three carpenters to make the howdah.

This had been Adrian's suggestion. He felt that to have Lord Fenneltree astride Rosy's neck in full control of her was a little unwise, so he tactfully suggested that a maharaja should really recline in the comfort of a howdah, while one of his menials (Adrian himself) took over the delicate task of steering Rosy. Lord Fenneltree had been delighted with the idea.

Rosy's clothes, when they were ready, were really splendid. They were of a rich turquoise velvet covered with sequins and embroidered all over in what Lord Fenneltree fondly imagined to be Hindu writing in gold thread.

The howdah was also spectacular, cunningly carved and with fringe round the top. It was painted in scarlet, yellow, and deep blue, like the pony on which Lord Fenneltree thought it was most tasteful. Again, over the patterns in sequins decorated it. His lordship and Adrian were delighted with the whole thing.

Then came the task of preparing the costumes that his lordship and Adrian were to wear, and they both had long sessions being measured and chafed by bewildered tailors.

The finished result was something. His lordship had insisted on designing his own costume, and as he had only the haziest notion of what a maharaja wore, the results would not, perhaps, have satisfied the sartorial eye of an Eastern potentate. It consisted of long, baggy, crimson trousers caught in at the ankle, pointed Persian slippers heavily decorated

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## BEGIN AGAIN

By

ISABEL

JOHNSTON



Mrs. Adams realised her small  
cottage was vastly overcrowded.

**T**HIS three-room cottage was all an elderly woman needed, Mrs. Adams told herself emphatically. It had a living-room, kitchen, and bedroom. It was all on one floor with no stairs to climb. The fuel bill would be low. A boy wouldn't charge much to mow the pocket-sized lawn.

Her niece, Rose, had been absolutely right. The old homestead had far too many rooms to clean. Besides, the mortgage payments from its sale would give her extra income.

Of course, it would have been nice to stay in the same neighborhood with her old friends. Rose had taken several weeks off from her family and canvassed real estate agents. There simply hadn't been a small place nearby. Then Rose had toured the countryside for miles around, and at last found this perfect little bungalow. It was too far for old neighbors to drive for a casual call. But she still had her prized possessions and her memories.

Rose had been indulgent about letting her aunt keep anything she cherished, even the piano, though Mrs. Adams hadn't played on it for years. Mrs. Adams still had her mother's old-fashioned rocker, her father's roll-top desk, sheets and pillowcases of pure linen, all the dishes and silver she'd inherited, all the books from the library of her old house, all the bric-a-brac accumulated over the years.

Mrs. Adams sighed, looking around at the crowded living-room. It was going to be a monumental job to get organised.

The telephone rang. "How are you doing?" Rose asked.

"Fine, just fine," Mrs. Adams said bravely.

"It's bound to take time to get adjusted," Rose comforted her. "Do you have nice neighbors? Have any of them called on you yet?"

"Until I get settled, I hope they won't!" Mrs. Adams said fervently.

After she hung up, Mrs. Adams stared at her overcrowded living-room. Most of her neighbors were young people. They'd never understand what it was like to organise and settle the possessions accumulated for 40 years. But Mrs. Adams decided it would be nice to have young people dropping in. In case her new neighbors brought their children, every day or so she baked biscuits.

A week, two weeks, three had passed, but nobody had knocked on her door. When young mothers, wheeling baby carriages and hanging on to small children, passed her on the street, they greeted her pleasantly, but that was all. Mrs. Adams found herself feeding stale biscuits to the birds. Finally she faced up to it. Young mothers who had no help didn't have time to observe old-fashioned amenities and welcome an elderly stranger in their midst.

She still had her lifelong possessions and her memories to keep her company, but suddenly she felt hemmed in by things she didn't need and never could use. She remembered how sparsely furnished her first new home had been.

How delighted she'd been at the furniture and dishes her mother had given her from the old homestead. Later she'd inherited the old house and all its contents—and now she no longer needed them.

Why shouldn't she bring her memories alive now instead of letting her cherished possessions rot away from disuse? Impulsively she filled a carton with linen sheets and took them to young Mrs. Arnsley next door.

"I've never owned linen sheets," Mrs. Arnsley said with delight.

On her next neighborly call, it was embarrassing to run into a group of young wives. Hurriedly she confessed her problem. She brought so much from her old house, she could hardly turn around in her small cottage. Wouldn't they come over and select anything they could use?

The group transferred itself to her house. A young mother admired the rocker. Mrs. Adams offered it to her. A bride rejoiced at the pewter candlesticks that would make her dinners romantic. The wife of an auditor accepted the roll-top desk for her husband's study, that is, if Mrs. Adams would let her husband take care of Mrs. Adams' tax returns. The mother of a teenager suggested that the piano would be perfect for the Recreation Centre.

Mrs. Adams smiled to herself. With all the friends she'd made, the neighborhood no longer seemed strange. Her own treasures would welcome her in half a dozen houses. Best of all, her possessions, no longer unused, were adding to someone's happiness. Not only she, but all her belongings, were beginning a new life.

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Lunch on  
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Snap an ash.

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with sequins and gold thread, and a magnificent three-quarter-length turquoise coat. The whole ensemble was surmounted by a snow-white turban in which quivered four dyed peacock feathers.

These feathers had been Adrian's idea, and for several days the smaller members of the gardening staff had spent all their spare time stalking and plucking the unfortunate birds in the grounds. Adrian, as the driver, could not, of course, outshine the maharaja, and so he had to content himself with a small orange-colored waistcoat, embroidered in gold, baggy white trousers, and a white turban.

When the costumes were finally ready, they tried them on in the seclusion of his lordship's bed-

room, and Adrian had to admit that they both looked remarkable indeed. His lordship, however, did not seem satisfied. Surveying himself in the mirror he seemed disturbed.

"You know, my boy," he said at last, "there's something wrong. I look a little bit pale for a maharaja, don't you think?"

"Perhaps," said Adrian. "I have it," said his lordship with a flash of inspiration. "Burnt cork!"

Before Adrian could protest, the butler had been dispatched to the wine cellar, whence he reappeared carrying a variety of corks. With the aid of two footmen and a

candelabra a sufficient quantity of burnt cork was manufactured, and his lordship proceeded to make himself up with great gusto.

"There!" he said at last, turning round in triumph from the mirror. "How does that look?"

Adrian stared at him. Lord Fenneltree's face was now a rich coal-black, against which his enormous violet eyes and auburn side-whiskers looked, to say the least, arresting.

"Magnificent," said Adrian doubtfully.

"It's just the final touch that makes all the difference," said his lordship. "Now let me do you."

He had just done half of

Adrian's face when the butler reappeared in the room.

"Excuse me, my lord," he said. "I thought you ought to know, my lord, that her ladyship has just arrived."

Lord Fenneltree started violently and dropped the burnt cork.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated in horror. "She mustn't find us like this . . . quick, quick, Raymond, go and tell her we're just having baths or something. Don't let her come up here . . . and above all, don't mention that elephant."

"Yes, my lord," said Raymond, and left the room.

"I can't think why she's come back," said his lordship, unwinding his turban frantically. "They shouldn't be back till the day after tomorrow. Look here, Rookwhistle, she must not under any circum-

stances find out what we're planning. She has very little sense, fun, my wife, and she'd probably put a stop to the whole thing. My dear boy, silent as the grave, it's

It was on meeting Lady Fenneltree and her daughter Jonquil that Adrian, for the first time, began to have serious qualms about introducing Rosy into the party.

Lady Fenneltree was a majestic woman with a handsome profile, and eyes like a python. She spoke in the sort of voice one would use for addressing several hundred guardmen. She wore a large and beautifully fashioned lorgnette to magnify the majesty of her eyes when expressing her wishes, and her stare completely paralysed Adrian's

Jonquil, on the other hand, was taken after her father. She had his slender physique, to which she had added one or two curves of her own, enormous violet eyes, and long auburn hair. Her beauty had much the same effect on Adrian as the vocal cords as Lady Fenneltree's stare.

When they had entered the withdrawing-room, slightly rehevelled and with traces of liquor cork still on their faces, her ladyship had raised her lorgnette and fixed them with a glare of

ferocity that Adrian blanched.

"My very own dear, how nice

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Jesus said, I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

— John 10: 14

have you back," said Lord Fenneltree faintly.

"One wouldn't have thought from the fact that you were down here to receive us," said Lady Fenneltree coldly. "What is this?"

"Ah! Yes!" said his lordship. "Let me introduce you, my lady. This is Adrian Rookwhistle, the son of a dear old college friend of mine. He . . . er . . . just happened to be passing by and asked him to stay for the night. Adrian, this my wife and Jonquil, my daughter."

"How do you do?" inquired his ladyship, in a tone of voice which implied that news of his imminent demise would leave her unmoved.

"Well," said his lordship, "I'm doing very well, thank you. I've been in the city, eh? Lots of pretty, pretty things."

"Rupert," said his lordship, "you will kindly stop addressing us as though we were a pair of backward children. We had, in fact, a very fatiguing time in the city. What is more to the point, how have you been getting on with your preparations for the party?"

His lordship gulped. His heart sank. After even this exchange with Lady Fenneltree, he was convinced that she was the last woman on earth to take kindly to having an elephant, however beautifully appraised, at her party. Still, things had gone too far, and all he could do was to wait there and leave the explanation to Lord Fenneltree.

"Preparations!" said Lady Fenneltree, clapping the lapels of his coat and endeavoring to be cunning. "Preparations . . . now, it wouldn't do to talk of everything, my love. Let's say that the preparations are in hand, very well in hand, going to be a surprise, my love. But my lips are sealed. The horses wouldn't drag a word from me."

In the circumstances, Adrian felt that this was probably as well.

"H'm!" said Lady Fenneltree, compressing into that one exclamation more suspicion and foreboding than a hanging judge. "If you must be childish, I'll let you know that you have not been entirely inactive during my absence."

"No, no!" protested his lordship earnestly. "For my soul, my love, we've been working like

To page 91





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## As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May

### ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.  
★ It's a case of five adverse aspects versus only three pro-  
pices, and it adds up to a mainly adverse week, with financial  
loss and lovers' quarrels, 3rd, a confusing and expensive week,  
and more financial strife, 6th. Better next week—just a week.

### TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, red.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ May 2-6 is a horror stretch, slightly relieved by a few pro-  
pices. Best times, evening May 1, early morning May 2, and  
late on May 4 and May 7. Although it's your "in" period, you  
are to wait until next week. Personal affairs, career, and money  
are under heavy fire.

### GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red.  
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Matters marital are under interesting stars — it's about the  
only department of your life that makes it — because a good  
of confusing influences dominates. It's bad for letters, careers,  
and just plain thinking. Hence be extra careful on the road,  
either by foot or on wheel.

### CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow.  
Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.  
★ Regard the week as discordant and unco-operative. There are  
some good patches, but you'll be asleep when they happen.  
These could be brouhaha in the domestic set-up and disillu-  
sionment in the love life. What's more, it could prove an expensive  
week — you could lose money.

### LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, blue.  
Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.  
★ Personal affairs have been expanding for some time, but the  
private life hits a reef this week. Still, there could be a financial  
boost. But, for heaven's sake — no new projects! Like the lever  
crab, stick in your shell. Good stars around the corner.

### VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white.  
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ Your ruling star has a very busy time, but gets into the  
water mostly — so don't expect any kind of success. Virgoans —  
who by nature are great worriers — could be themselves more than  
usually in a tizzy. However, vigilance and patience will overcome.

### LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolor. Lucky  
days, Thursday, Monday.  
★ There could be a surprise via the postcard, all the more  
pleasurable since unlooked-for. However, you'll need all the  
balance — mental and bank. Don't tangle with fresh  
misunderstanding; keep both purse and lip zipped. Next week  
treats you more kindly.

### SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, green.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Scorpios are often accused of being overly suspicious. This  
attitude will pay off this week. There's a cloak-and-dagger  
aura around your private affairs — and someone could be  
sniping at your public image. No new ventures; tread carefully  
and breast-stroke next week.

### SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, green.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.  
★ Your tendency to give it a go — to trust to luck — could  
fail to pay off this week. Usually an on-target throw, but you  
could easily miss, and get enmeshed in legal troubles. Your  
gambling is under bad stars; curb the urge to splash.

### CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

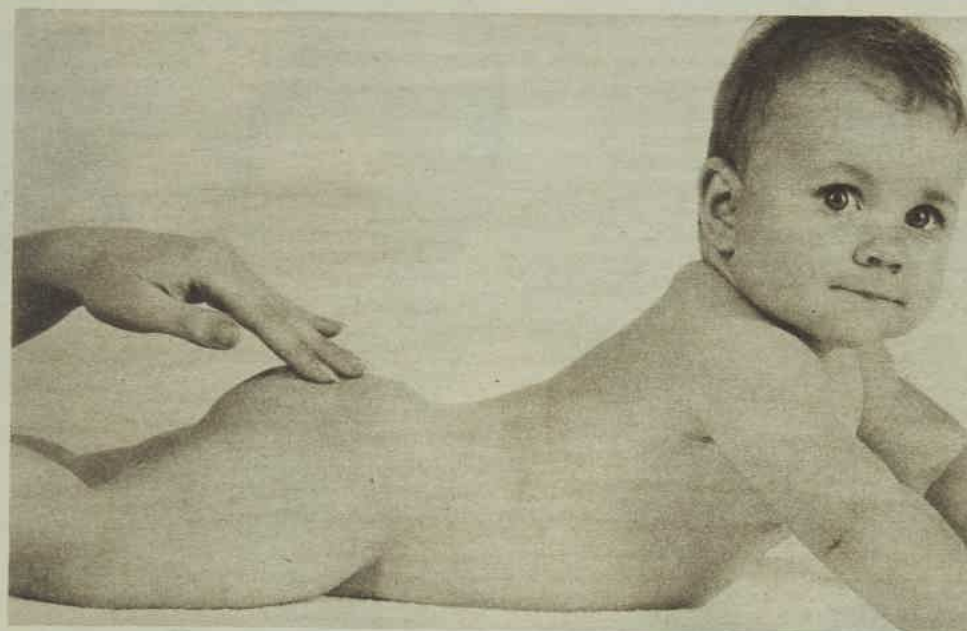
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, grey, lilac. Lucky  
days, Saturday, Monday.  
★ You could enjoy a torrid time with family and friends. Some  
of it will be due to deception and muddle, some to  
headiness. Romance comes under snide stars, and a  
could get in your hair. Just be your lazier self and keep calm.

### AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, white.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.  
★ Perhaps friends rally, or a wish suddenly comes true — the  
stars are on the rampage and plan is to duck for cover. Matters  
marital are hard hit, there's muddle galore, and you could  
receive a setback. Consolation, though on the way next week.

### PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, green, blue.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.  
★ You could escalate a little — and unexpectedly — to a  
mountain of success. However, you could be more than  
absentminded; the tendency to day-dream could prove  
particularly travelling and on the road. Your luck's out  
for the time being, especially 3rd and 5th.



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moisture going right  
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nappy change. You'll have  
a happier baby.





## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

able beavers. The success of the party is assured, I give you my word."

The next two days Adrian spent in an agony of apprehension. His efforts to get his lordship to tell Lady Fenneltree were unavailing. Having come up with an original idea for the first time in his life, Lord Fenneltree was not going to relinquish it, and he knew that her ladyship would certainly put a stop to the whole thing if she got wind of it. But once it had been a triumphant success even Lady Fenneltree could not complain.

The difficulties of concealing the presence of an elephant in the stables from one as omniscient as Lady Fenneltree were enormous. The first thing she discovered was a complete dearth of fruit on the dining-table, and this was explained to Lord Fenneltree (in a wild flash of inspiration) as due to a new and virulent form of beetle, an explanation which—since Lady Fenneltree was no naturalist—satisfied her. She merely sacked the head gardener.

Then she discovered that half the peacocks in the park were wandering around forlornly without tails. Lord Fenneltree's explanation that they were moulting was treated with scorn, for even Lady Fenneltree knew when peacocks moulted.

The gamekeepers were gathered together and given a Boadicea-like harangue by her ladyship, and set to prowling the perimeter of the park in search of peacock-tail poachers, with orders to shoot on sight.

HER ladyship was further incensed by a story currently going the rounds of the district.

"Did you hear, Rupert," she said affrontedly, "about that disgraceful occurrence? Some man, who could only have been dejected, attacked the hunt viciously with a large and uncontrollable elephant."

"Yes," said Lord Fenneltree, trying to look severe. "Disgraceful!"

"The worst part of it was," loved her ladyship, "that the man was stark naked!"

"Really?" said Lord Fenneltree. He glanced at Adrian, who had kept this part of the story from him. "Stark naked, eh? But why would he be stark naked with an elephant?"

"The lower classes," said Lady Fenneltree, "sometimes do the most peculiar things, particularly when they are under the influence of alcohol."

Adrian was now convinced that Lord Fenneltree's idea was doomed to failure. Apart from anything else Lady Fenneltree was clearly not the sort of woman to greet with enthusiasm the revelation that for the past few days she had been entertaining in her midst the young man who, stark naked, had attacked the local hunt. He endeavoured once again to put his point of view to Lord Fenneltree, but his lordship was adamant.

"Just let me go quietly away with Rosy," Adrian pleaded. "I assure you that when your wife finds out she's going to go off like a volcano."

"Nonsense!" said his lordship. "Why, when she sees our splendid entrance into the ballroom she'll be so captivated she'll be speechless."

"But when she finds out who I am," Adrian protested, "and when she finds out about Rosy . . . and . . . about the fruit and the peacocks' tails . . ."

"Dear boy," said his lordship, "don't worry. You are a natural warrior. I've noticed it before. It's merely lagging for the nerves. Why, when that elephant enters the ballroom my wife will realise instantly that no other ball in the district has ever had an elephant. I tell you, dear boy, it will make her weep."

So the great day dawned and the whole house hummed with activity. The ballroom into which Rosy was to make her entrance was a hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet wide. At one end were two massive carved oak doors that

led out on to the stoneflagged terrace. It was through these that Rosy was to appear. Above the doors, like a swallow's nest on the wall, was the musicians' gallery. The whole setting was lit by twenty-four gigantic chandeliers that hung in two rows down the length of the ballroom.

The floor of the ballroom had been polished and waxed till it shone, and at the end of the room, opposite the great doors, there were long trestle tables covered with snow-white cloths. On them were great silver bowls of fruit; haunches of cold venison; lobster tails in aspic; enormous cold pies with autumn-colored crusts, stuffed with grouse, pheasant, and quail; smoked eels crouching on beds of parsley and watercress; gigantic smoked salmon, each wearing a carefully embossed coat of mayon-

naise, studded with black pearls of caviar; and in the centre a whole roast pig, beautifully decorated, with a rosy apple in its mouth.

Surrounding these snacks were great glass bowls of punch, silver buckets of champagne, stately rows of claret and port to keep the gentlemen happy, and fresh orange juice, lemon juice, peach juice, and pink and white ice-creams with which to revive the ladies after the rigors of the waltz or the valeta.

As the day wore on the activity grew more and more feverish, and Adrian spent his time either in the stables, lecturing Rosy on the part she was to play, or wandering into the ballroom and gazing at the vast expanse of shining parquet with a feeling of cold dread.

To page 92

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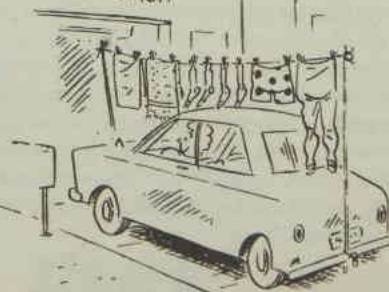
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## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

At long last, up the moonlit drive, clopped and tinkled the first of the carriages, carrying bevy of handsome, bewiskered men and colorful scented clouds of women. The band had taken up its position in the gallery and was playing soft arrival music.

Adrian, morosely drinking punch, was mentally cursing his uncle, Lord Fenneltree, and Rosy for having inveigled him into this situation. But his second glass had a warming effect, and so had a third. He had just made up his mind to go and ask Jonquil to dance when a large, bewiskered individual came striding up, calling loudly for a drink.

Adrian went cold. The man standing next to him was the Master of the Monkspepper Hunt—fortunately too preoccupied in swilling down punch to take much notice of his surroundings. With a handkerchief held over his face, Adrian crept out of the ballroom and started to search frantically for Lord Fenneltree. Eventually, he managed to find him and, with some difficulty, prise him away from his guests.

"What is it... what's the matter?" asked his lordship irritably.

"Look here," hissed Adrian frantically, "you've got to call this off. D'you realise who's here?"

"Who?" asked his lordship.

"The Master of the Monkspepper Hunt, that's who," said Adrian.

"Well, I knew that," said his lordship, surprised. "I invited him."

"You invited him?" asked Adrian incredulously. "But what do you think he's going to say when he sees Rosy?"

"Ha ha," said his lordship. "That's why I invited him, dear boy, to see what he would say."

"You must be mad," said Adrian desperately. "Don't you realise that the last time he met Rosy she picked him up in her trunk and hurled him to the ground? What d'you think he's going to say when he sees her here?"

"I think it will be very diverting," said his lordship.

"But he threatened to imprison me," said Adrian.

"Oh, don't you worry about old Darcey," said his lordship airily, "I'll soon smooth him down."

Having seen his lordship's complete inability to smooth Lady Fenneltree down, Adrian could imagine how effective his intervention with the Master of the Hunt would be.

"Now, now, my dear boy," said his lordship, "you're starting to worry again. Desist, I implore you. We shall need cool heads for the job ahead of us cool, sober heads. I'll call you in half an hour and we'll get changed. I can hardly wait to see the effect."

He drifted away before

Adrian, panic-stricken and incoherent, could stop him.

The party was in full swing now. The ballroom looked like a great, moving flowerbed as the couples danced to and fro over its gleaming surface, while the wine and punch were flowing freely.

Adrian spent the next half hour endeavoring to forget what was about to take place. He was just wondering whether to try the punch again, when Lord Fenneltree materialised unnervingly at his elbow.

"The hour has come," said his lordship. "Now is our great moment of triumph!"

"I wish I could agree with you," said Adrian bitterly, as he followed Lord Fenneltree up the stairs.

In his lordship's bedroom their costumes lay resplendent on the four-poster bed, and the butler and a footman, twittering with excitement, were ready to help them dress. Half an hour later they crept down the back stairs and reached the stable yard, where all Rosy's accoutrements were laid out, gleaming in the light of the oil lamps.

"Now," said Lord Fenneltree excitedly, "now to dress our star and then to make our grand entrance. I can't wait to see their faces."

ADRIAN went to the great barn and threw open the doors. He noticed, as he did so, that mingling with the sweet smell of hay there was another, more pungent scent. He frowned, and wrinkled his nose; the smell was very familiar, but he could not place it.

"Rosy?" he called. There was silence in the darkened barn. He was not greeted by the shrill squeal of pleasure that Rosy always gave at the sound of his voice.

"Rosy?" he called again, anxiously. "Rosy, are you there?"

The silence was suddenly broken by a loud hiccup. A terrible suspicion entered Adrian's mind, and at the same moment he realised what the fragrant odor was: it was rum. Picking up a lantern he hurried into the barn. Rosy was leaning elegantly against

### Notice to Contributors

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### Mrs. H. WIFE



"She talks too much."

the wall, hiccupping and pensively rolling a small but empty bottle to and fro with her foot.

Adrian stared at her again. How she had obtained rum he could not think, but while gaily and convulsively were reigning in the house, Rosy in her lonely barn undoubtedly been consoling herself with a quiet nip. To say that she was in no condition to appear in public would have been an understatement. She was as drunk as any human being Adrian had ever seen.

Suddenly, from his position of consternation, a great feeling of relief flooded over him. Of course! This was the answer. He hurried out of the barn where Lord Fenneltree was waiting.

"You'll have to give it a name," said Adrian in triumph. "She's tight."

"Tight?" said his lordship bewildered. "What d'you mean, tight?"

"Tight... drunk," said Adrian. "She's got a bottle of rum from somewhere and she's drunk the lot."

"Ruination, ruination, ruination, ruination," said all our hard work," said his lordship. "Couldn't we get of prop her up a bit, I got the gardeners on each side of her?"

"No," said Adrian, "let you she can't even walk."

At that moment Rosy kicked casually out of the bottle in front of her.

"By jove!" said his lordship. "she's recovered!"

Rosy was undergoing one of those strange moments of semi-sobriety that come to people who are drunk in their cups, but Adrian found it impossible to persuade Lord Fenneltree of this. While they were arguing, Rosy spotted her commode and with a pleased and slightly off-key squeal, shambled over to it and down to be dressed.

"There you are," said his lordship triumphantly. "Did I tell you? She's perfectly all right. I told you, dear boy, you worry me."

"I tell you," said Adrian, "she's as tight as a tick. If I take her into that ballroom, she won't be responsible."

Lord Fenneltree approached Rosy and patted her affectionately on the head.

"Good old Rosy," he said. "You'll do it, won't you?"

Rosy hiccupped in reply. In spite of Adrian's protest, the great sequined dress was draped over her back, and the howdah hauled up and fastened in position. Then his lordship climbed up the ladder and settled himself comfortably inside.

To page 93

Don't Endure Shivering

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## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

Rosy was not an old trapper for nothing. She uttered a pleased squeal, gathered herself together, and entered the ballroom at a smart trot. This was her undoing.

The surface of the ballroom, polished to a mirror-like gloss, would not have offered much of a foothold even to a sober elephant. Her hind legs (not under the best of control) swept from under her and she sat down suddenly and startlingly on her bottom. All would have been well, even at this juncture, if it had not been for the speed with which she had entered the ballroom, for she proceeded to toboggan forward over the smooth parquet, while Adrian clutched at her ears and pulled frantically in a vain endeavor to stop her headlong progress.

## LORD FENNELTREE

almost upside down in the howdah, was shouting inarticulate instructions, but there was nothing that anyone could do. The screams of the ladies and the cries of alarm from the gentlemen filled the ballroom as Rosy, glittering like a great pile of diamonds, roared with ever-increasing speed down the room and hit the long trestle tables at the far end.

In an instant the floor was awash with punch, champagne, and eight different vintages of wine. Haunches of venison bespattered with ice-cream were scattered over the parquet, together with fruit, lobster, eels, and salmon. The splintering crash of Rosy coming to a standstill shook the very house to its foundations. Then there was a long, shocked silence, only broken by Rosy, who hiccupped gently to herself.

Lady Fenneltree was, indeed, for possibly the only time in her life, bereft of speech. Her husband had promised her something ori-

ginal, but this was something that she had never imagined even in her wildest dreams.

The force of Rosy's impact had snapped the lashings that secured the howdah to her back, and it had fallen to the floor. Lord Fenneltree struggled from the interior, looking rather like a brilliant butterfly emerging from a cocoon. With a sudden shock Lady Fenneltree recognised him, and immediately her powers of speech came flooding back.

"Rupert!" she bellowed. "What is the meaning of this?"

It was a difficult question to answer, but Lord Fenneltree did his best.

"Surprise!" he panted, smiling nervously and waving his hands at the chaos that surrounded him. "This is the surprise I told you about, my love. No other ball in the district has had an elephant."

"And I can fully comprehend the reason for that," boomed Lady Fenneltree savagely. "Will you get that animal out of here?"

Until now Rosy had been placidly sitting on her bottom. As far as she was concerned the slight bruising she had sustained was more than compensated for by the fact that she had apparently skidded into an elephant's paradise. On every side of her there were pools of delicious and intoxicating liquids, interspersed with various edible items such as lobster, ice-cream, and game pie, which had not, hitherto, entered her experience.

Happily she stretched out her trunk and sampled everything within reach, ignoring Adrian, who, still perched on her neck, was making desperate endeavors to get his protégée to stand up. Presently, however, Rosy remembered her manners. These kind and generous people had arranged this delicious repast for her,

To page 94

Ideal

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## SLIMMING NEWS

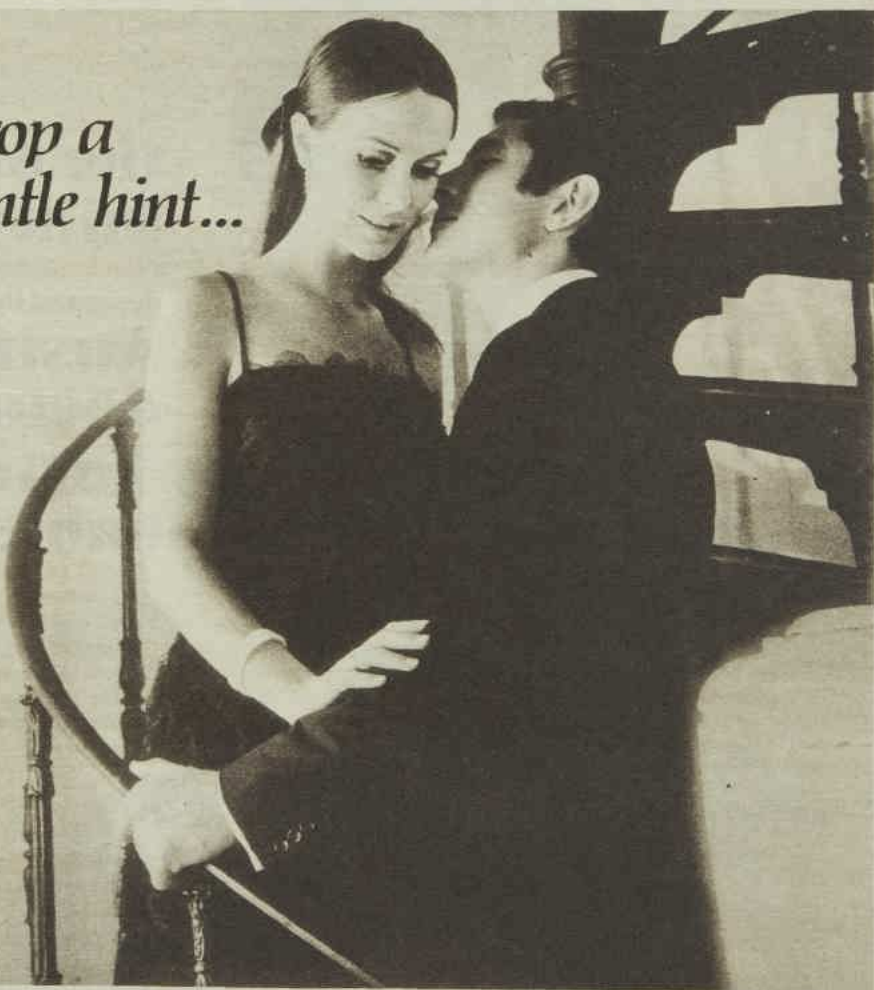
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and so the least she could do was to entertain them. She sucked up a trunkful of champagne to sustain her, and tried to remember all the tricks that had so delighted the crowds in her circus days. After due reflection she decided to sit up and beg.

It was an unfortunate choice. Luckily, Adrian leapt to safety at the crucial moment, for under the influence of alcohol Rosy's sense of balance had been somewhat impaired, and she fell backwards on to the floor with a resounding crash that dislodged one of the gigantic chandeliers. This dropped and burst into a thousand, glittering fragments that showered all over the ballroom.

As the chandelier had contained no less than three hundred and fifty large candles the conflagration that this caused on the parquet

## ROSY IS MY RELATIVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

floor was quite spectacular. The guests, now completely bewildered, were milling to and fro, women kept fainting, coming to and then fainting again, so the men were fully occupied catching them as they fell.

Rosy could never remember her begging trick being received with such enthusiasm. She rolled over, heaved herself upright, and beamed round the devastated ballroom. Everyone, it appeared, was helping her in the act.

Adrian had seized a large silver bucket full of iced water and had hurled it over the pile of merrily blazing candles. This successfully put out the fire, but clouds of acrid

smoke started to drift across the ballroom. Lady Fenneltree, by now almost apoplectic with rage, had seized his lordship by the lapels of his elegant coat and was shaking him to and fro, a sight so diverting that several of the ladies who fainted recovered to watch.

As far as Rosy was concerned it was a splendid party, just as it should be, with plenty to eat and drink and everyone joining in the fun. She took a quick sip at a trickle of port that happened to pass her, and wondered whether to try her begging trick again. She decided, on reflection, that with such a good audience it was a pity to overdo things, and tried to

stand on her head. This was no more successful than her begging trick, and she fell heavily on to her side. She lay there for a moment, hiccupping gently, wondering where she had gone wrong.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the band should choose this precise moment to strike up again. They had been severely shaken by the carnage below them, but if this was the way his lordship wanted to behave, who were they to complain?

But they were all old and valued family retainers, and the sight and sound of his lordship and her ladyship locked in battle, uttering phrases that should only be used in the seclusion of the bedroom, was more than they could bear. Clearly something had to be done to save the day, and so they burst forth into a gay Viennese waltz.

They were not to know that in her circus days one of the high lights of Rosy's act had been her waltz. Claspings a somewhat flimsy but attractive blonde in her troupe Rosy had been wont to waltz round and round the ring with great skill and aplomb. The strains of the familiar melody floated down to where she was lying and turned her thoughts along those lines. She scrambled to her feet and peered round blearily. Again it was unfortunate that the first person her eye happened to focus on was Lady Fenneltree.

In the middle of a complicated and derogatory exploration Lord Fenneltree's family tree suddenly found herself lifted into the air and whirled away in what Rosy fondly imagined to be an exhilarating waltz. Lady Fenneltree's piercing screams for help Rosy misinterpreted as cries of approbation, and so she waltzed happily on.

She was pleased with herself. Never, she thought, had she danced so well. True, the lady had heavily on several occasions, but she held Lady Fenneltree high as that she should come to no harm. She had accomplished one rather uneven circuit of the ballroom, followed by the rapt and homesick gaze of the assembled company, when the band, realising suddenly that they were aiding and abetting rather than soothing the elephant, stopped playing.

**R**OSY was glad. She was not as young as she used to be, the ballroom was large, and Lady Fenneltree was heavy, so she decided that she had done enough to entertain the guests and could now round off her act by depositing the unconscious Lady Fenneltree on a haunch of venison, fourteen bottles of champagne, and the remains of a salmon, near her trunk proudly in the air and uttering a long and imperious trumpet.

The effect of this on the company was curious and instantaneous. They decided that this monstrous beast, having tasted the blood of Lady Fenneltree, was now about to attack in earnest. For a moment they remained rooted to the spot with terror, and then all broke and ran. They scattered across the ballroom like hares, and such is the confusion that afflicts the human mind in moments of crisis, some of them instead of running away from Rosy, actually ran toward her.

Among them, putting in a pretty turn of speed for one of his corpulence, was the Master of the Monkspepper Hunt. Even in her condition, Rosy recognised him. She beamed with pleasure for was he not the kind man who had helped her with her act when she performed in the menagerie? Uttering a small squeal of delight, she fielded him with her dexterity with her trunk as he passed and lifted him aloft. Adrian, fearing that the Master might meet the same fate as Lady Fenneltree, decided to intervene.

"Rosy!" he roared above the pandemonium. "Put him down!" Rosy was somewhat surprised for she had not nearly finished with the Master. She had attended, as a finishing touch, to drop him into the prize gallery. But she was beginning to feel tired, and if Adrian told her to drop the Master, who was she to disobey?

She uncured her trunk and the seventeen stone of the Master of the Monkspepper Hunt fell to the parquet with a resounding crash. Adrian closed his eyes and prepared for death. Then he opened them again. Lord Fenneltree was standing by him plucking at his sleeve.

"Dear boy," said his lordship, "I fear you were right. The whole thing has been a mistake."

Looking round at the wretched ballroom, at the screaming hysterical guests, at Lady Fenneltree unconscious with her head followed on a salmon, at the Master of the Monkspepper Hunt unconscious on the floor, Adrian could not but it in his heart to disagree.

To be continued



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 8, 1968

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

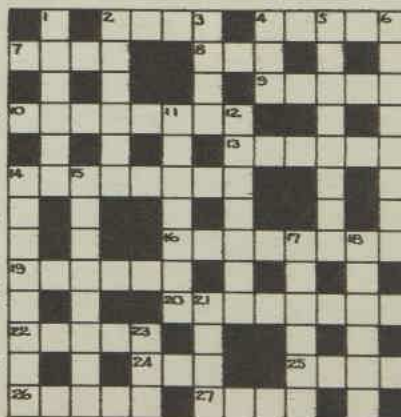
MANDRAKE forces his way into the casino looking for Narda. The Baron's men try to kill him, but the magician's tricks and Lothar's strength win. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Uniform that is not odd (4).
- The French matched against the Spanish is even (5).
- Carry the animal (4).
- A single person (3).
- Stitches lightly with small nails (5).
- Boys in livery surround donkey in corridors (8).
- Entangle ten mixed with oil (6).
- Backward rodents fish for a bird (8).
- Encroach a mineral spring in a lock of hair (8).
- A quick look at a cricket stroke (6).
- Sent back to be reformed in a lathe (8).
- Correct the editor about gents (5).
- Fifty in forty-nine are bad (3).
- Listen with these twisted ears (4).
- Fed up with the Saturday edition (5).
- Utters yes in the steamer (4).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Concerning a tense meal (6).
- One who rubs out (6).
- A memorandum is in bad tone (4).
- Allow the tennis call (3).
- A State queen falls (8).
- Languid without a catalogue (8).
- To sparkle (7).
- Section for ten gems in disorder (7).
- Warbles about permit in underwear (8).
- Dad rising above father is obvious (8).
- Cleans out the piano eggs (6).
- Guides the cattle (6).
- Cloth measures fifty-fifty in directions (4).
- Cheated one in a thousand (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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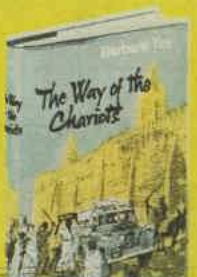
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# The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News

All-over design (below) in silver sequins on dark grey wool catches the eye in this perfectly plain little frock with short sleeves. The frock is from America. Size 12. About \$100. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, 2nd Floor.)



Highline ballgown in cream chiffon (left), the bodice heavily embroidered with daisies and finished with satin buttons, soft tie-bow and trim around the neckline. XSSW-SW. About \$30. (Grace Bros. Showcase Depts., Parramatta and Roselands.)







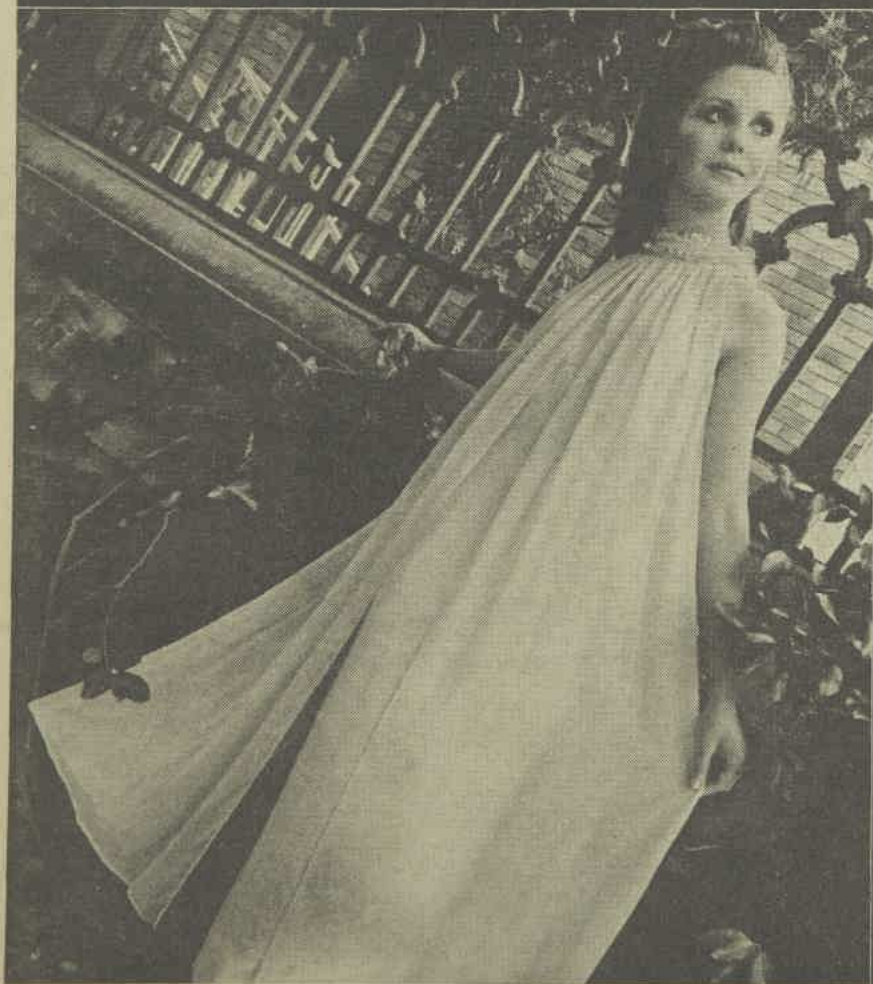
Long gowns look romantic, give an air of luxury, make good fashion sense for a cool evening.

## FOR GLAMOR AFTER-SIX

Left: An evening stunner is this full-length cape of oyster-pink lame with roll collar and decorative pearl clasp. About \$62. (Mark Foy's Evening Wear Dept.)

Below: Opalescent sequin trim on a high collar is a feature of this flowing, full-length chiffon gown. In white, pink, aqua. XSSW-SW. About \$36. (Big W Department Stores.)

Right: Elegant, feminine, long-sleeved frock in floral-patterned nylon in tones of green, brown, pink, and orange, falls into a semi-train from back yoke. Size 12. About \$94. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, 2nd Floor.)





Left: Sophisticated use of color and texture in a black velvet cape with front tie and black-and-white wool tweed frock with brown-wool bodice beaded in black. Black velvet ribbon defines the bodice and forms narrow shoulder straps. Cape, size 14, about \$56. Frock, size 14, about \$80. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, 2nd Floor.)



Above: Full-length evening dress in soft-pink or blue paisley lurex. The tiny cap sleeves and neckline are beaded in ruffled effect. Sizes 14, 16. About \$60. (David Jones' Evening Wear, 2nd Floor.)

Right: Fashionable costume jewellery with an old-world air. Flower-shaped brooch at neckline and the round-shaped brooch about \$2 each. Centre brooch with glitter surround is by Elizabeth Reimer. About \$5.90. (Big W, Chatswood.)



Heavy brown silk is the attraction in this evening frock (above), imported from England. A black lace frill at the neckline and a white gardenia and black satin bow are the trimmings. Size 14. About \$80. (Farmer's Fashion Boutique, 2nd Floor.)





Left: Eastern allure in an A-line gold brocade evening shift with neckline interest and tassel trim. XXSSW-SW. About \$28.99. Earrings about \$7. (Mark Foy's "Young Look" Shop.)



Unusual design (right) in black-and-white crepe is a Christian Dior copy and features a fall of pleats from a high, round, long-sleeved bodice. XXSSW-SW. About \$42. (Mark Foy's "Young Look" Shop.)

## AFTER-FIVE DRESSES AND



For the mature woman (above), a short formal style in chiffon overlay with guipure lace edging. It is available in hyacinth, coral, gold, aqua, carnation, black. XXSW to W. About \$22. (Grace Bros. Evening Wear Depts., Bondi, Chatswood, Parramatta, Roselands.)

Black velvet dress with highline taffeta top and black velvet bows on shoulder-straps. XSSW and SSW. About \$24.50. (Grace Bros. Showcase Depts., Parramatta and Roselands.) Double-breasted rayon silk coatdress with white rever collar and cuffs. XSSW to W. About \$40. (Grace Bros. Fashion Depts., Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.)



## Fashions in the Shops



Left: The rings on her fingers are the gold dress variety, and they are in a range of colorful stones resembling diamonds, topaz, emeralds, sapphires, rubies, aquamarines, amethysts. About \$3.95. (Angus and Coote Stores.)

## ACCESSORIES

Below: New-season evening bags: white beaded bag with silver mount (on gun), about \$10.25. Petit-point style with chain handle, about \$13. White fine beaded bag on delicate silver mount, about \$52. Black beaded bag in silver flower design with silver flower clasp, about \$37.50. (Angus and Coote Stores.)



On the gold standard (above). Displayed on hand, gold mesh necklace with pearl and tassel trim \$9.35. Gold filigree bow \$7.75. Gold lily brooch \$7.10. Brooch of leaves \$6.35. Heavy linked bracelet \$15.50. Solid bracelet with safety clasp \$14.75. Fine linked bracelet \$6.50. Leaf brooch \$7.10. Heavy double chain bracelet \$6.50. Gold rose brooch \$8.25. Hoop earrings \$3.95. Flat gold necklace \$13.95. Fine linked gold necklace \$9.95. Flat gold mesh necklace trimmed with pearls \$11.25. (Angus and Coote Stores.)







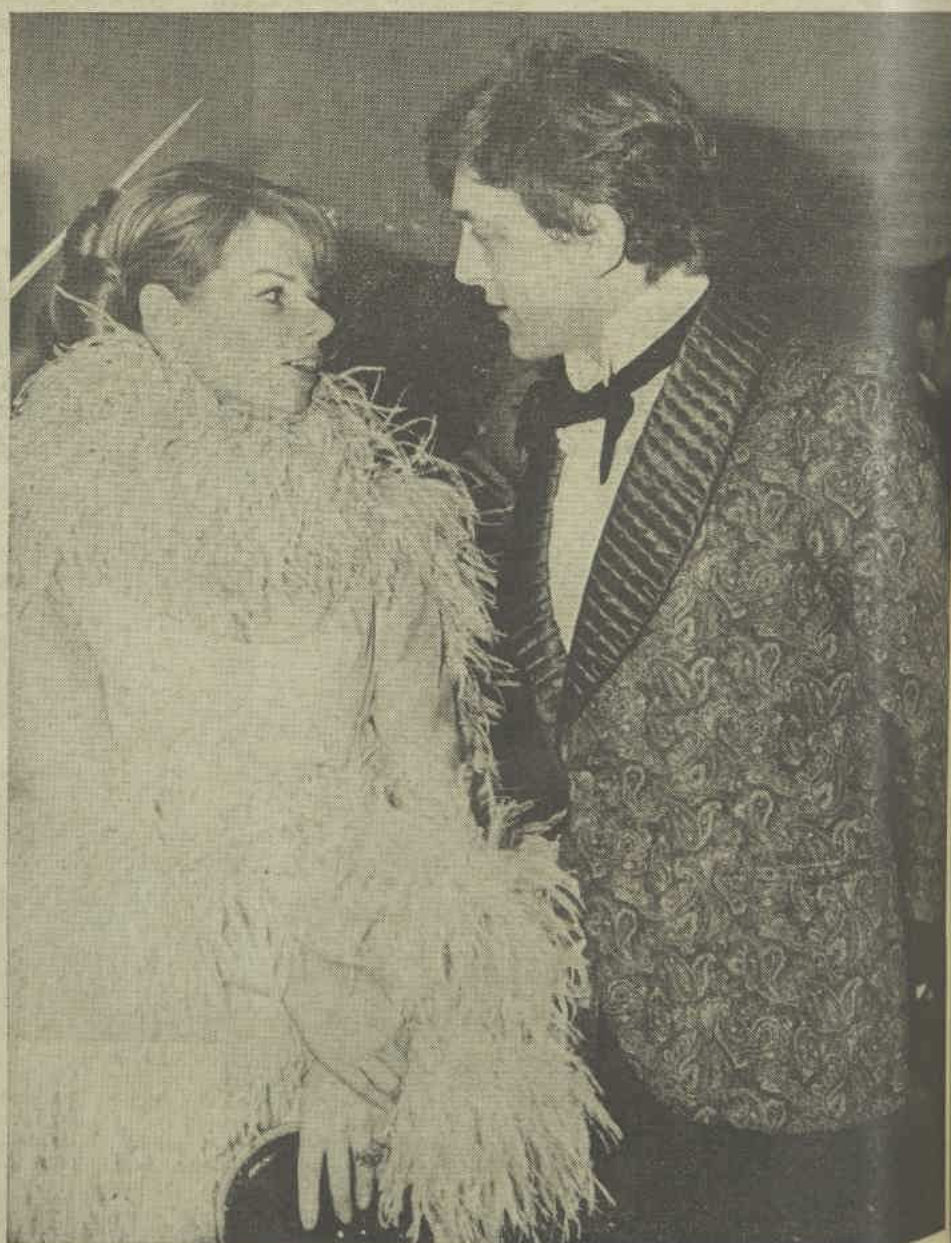
## WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS

At left: Australian "digger" hat in white felt was worn by actress Samantha Eggar at the christening of daughter Jenna, who, naturally enough, wore a traditional christening robe for the ceremony. Husband Tom Stern sported a polka-dot tie, and son Nicholas wore a tweed coat and hat.



Above: Actress Dani Sheridan really sparkled when she arrived at a London theatre for the film premiere of "A Dandy in Aspic." Her crowd-stopping gear was a silver mini-dress and tights, buckled shoes, and a fox-fur.

At right: At the royal premiere of their film "Charge of the Light Brigade" are the stars, Jill Bennett and David Hemmings. Jill's gown was trimmed with ostrich feathers and David wore a paisley-patterned dinner jacket.







Above: Robert Kennedy's wife, Ethel, in military-style dress and coat leaving a reception in Washington with her husband. It was a mini-skirted ensemble in red wool with white buttons and belt highlighting the coat. She added thick white-textured stockings.



At left: Chrissie Shrimpton (Jean Shrimpton's young sister) auditioned for a part in the film "Otley" wearing this floral voile frilly dress. She got the role and the producer suggested she wear the same dress for one of the scenes in the film.

At right: Janis Paige, star of the Broadway musical "Mame," takes a puff on a cigar at a backstage party. She is wearing a black, man-styled suit, white shirt, and a black tie with a jewelled brooch and matching cufflinks.



Above: Princess Margaret talking to Tommy Steele at the film premiere of "The Happiest Millionaire" in Wales. The Princess wore a long gown and coat in silk shantung, with the coatsleeves embroidered in pearls and crystal.



At left: A casually dressed Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson took her shoes off and waded in the surf in the Gulf of Mexico. She wore a white denim skirt, boldly checked shirt, and a straw beach hat.





Dashing in stark white linen (above), a formal two-piece with double-breasted effect achieved by gleaming jet-encrusted buttons. In range of sizes. About \$56. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

Black-and-white elegance for after-five in pure Irish wool by Donald Davies. Also available in green/white, plum/white. Sizes 10-12. About \$60. (Exclusive to David Jones' 6th Floor Boutique.)

## For the OLDER WOMAN



Glamorous silver-and-white three-piece evening suit by Tricosa. The sleeveless top has a high roll collar, the jacket is trimmed with rich braid. Size 12. About \$136. (David Jones' 6th Floor.)





The Australian  
Women's Weekly presents

# Most of us are MAINLY MOTHERS

By CAROL BARTHOLOMEW

*Carol Bartholomew lives with her husband and their six sons in Ventura, California. She has lived in Canada and East Pakistan, and has also written a book on her personal experiences in a small native hospital in India.*

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AINY MOTHERS—



"Mothers do not start out to be harassed or confused or sharp-tempered. They start out to be intelligent, understanding, efficient, patient, loving, kind, firm, fair, perceptive. I am not certain which of these valuable traits is the first to go down in dismal defeat, but I know I have not felt really calm for at least 20 years . . . and most of us eventually end up in a state of semi-permanent frustration. We become 'merely' mothers. As the mother of six children, I am as harassed a specimen as anyone could expect. This does not qualify me to give advice on child-rearing, but you must learn something in 20 years, even if it is only the things that don't work." — CAROL BARTHOLOMEW.

## 1. FEEDING THE BABY

These are the times of day when you should sit down, cuddle the baby to you, and relax. It is good for you both—all the books say so—so don't be done out of it.

**B**REAST-FEEDING is recommended by all authorities on child care. I recommend it also, not only because of its benefits for the baby, but because of some of its less well-recognised benefits for a mother.

If you can breast-feed, you are lucky. It will provide you with an almost fool-proof excuse for not doing all sorts of tiresome things you dislike, and for doing pleasant things you enjoy.

Think about it! You can simply sit, warm and quiet and contented, for hours every day. If you are really fortunate and have a slow feeder, there can be months when you spend time curled up in a comfortable chair, feeding and cuddling the baby, sipping strengthening beverages, reading, or working crossword puzzles with one hand.

This is very pleasant, even with the first baby, but it is absolute bliss with the second, third, fourth, fifth, and all the rest! Babies need the loving security of being held and fed in their mother's arms, and a great deal of close physical contact with a mother who is relaxed and accepting. This means you!

When you are breast-feeding, absolutely no one should be allowed to criticise you for leaving the beds unmade or the floor

unswept. If criticism does come your way, you should remain unmoved. What kind of inhuman, unfeeling crank could possibly put a tidy house ahead of an infant's most basic needs, anyway?

But you must do your part and remember to stay in that chair. Don't ever begin the practice of wandering about the house, holding your feeding baby in one arm, and stacking dishes, dusting, or emptying ashtrays with your free hand.

This insidious habit usually begins on one of those days when you have fallen behind on everything. The temptation to do some picking up, at least before your husband arrives home, becomes overwhelming. You must resist!

If you allow yourself to feed the baby in this unsatisfactory manner even once, you will find equally pressing reasons for doing it again—and again. The rest of your family will greet with glee this evidence of your ability to feed and do other things at the same time. They will increase their demands, and soon everyone will take it for granted that you can nurse the baby this way *all* the time.

Before long you will find yourself mowing the lawn, bottling apricots, and changing sheets, all with one hand, while the baby weighs down your other arm. Those restful hours in the old armchair will be gone!

You must remember that the only way to feed a baby properly is to be comfortable, relaxed, and quiet yourself. Is it possible to be relaxed while scraping a dirty egg plate with one hand? Of course not.

Well then, it is up to you to convince the rest of the family that for a few months, feeding the new baby is your primary responsibility. Everything else around the house must come second.

There are a few women to whom an orderly, well-kept house is a necessity. Unlike most of us, they cannot be satisfied with a reasonable degree of neatness, and shrug off the rest.

If you are like this, no amount of advice to overlook the house will work for you because you simply *can't* overlook it. You must seek other solutions to avoid skimping on the baby's feeding hours.

See just what is most necessary for your peace of mind. Perhaps maintaining a spotless kitchen and bathroom will allow you to relax about other duties. Maybe delegating more chores to your older children, or merely sending all of your ironing out for a while, will give you the additional time you need to keep your house the way you like it, and still have time for restful feedings.

Whether you accept your temporary

limitations as a housekeeper or insist on surmounting them does not matter. Fix up a corner, just for you, complete with soft chair, cushions, handy table for books, ashtray, coffee cup, and ENJOY.

Remember, there will be very few times in your entire life as a mother when you will have an irrefragable reason for just sitting, so you should certainly make the most of them.

Another excellent thing about breast-feeding is that nursing every three hours makes it virtually impossible to take on civic duties. Indeed, there is scarcely anything you can do except feed that baby.

Work out a standard sentence and practice the subtle voice inflections. It could go something like this: "Why how nice of you to think of me! I wish I could help out, but I am feeding the baby, you know."

Done properly, your tone will convey gratification, regret, the implication that you wouldn't dream of giving anything less than your all to the baby.

Now let's suppose that you are breast-feeding your baby and you do want to go out dancing or play bridge or even serve on a particular committee. If you are sensible, you will have—quietly, when there was no one around to spy



## "Think how nice and soft babies are, what a short time they stay small"

on you — trained the baby to take an occasional bottle.

You do not brag about this in public, but you have it up your sleeve for that time when you are just dying to see a new show or simply get away from the house for a few hours. Worked properly, you can breast-feed the baby, leave his next feeding ready, and be back in time for the one after that, which should add up to from five to eight free hours.

You don't want to do this too often because babies (who are naturally lazy little beasts) will soon find bottles easier, and become addicted. This is the reason you can give him a bottle for the Tuesday Morning Foreign Affairs Club meeting, but you cannot give him a bottle for the Friday Afternoon Mother's March for Stray Dogs.

Obviously, when you do go out in public, the first person you meet is the lady you turned down when she asked you to go to a meeting for More Street Lights on Victoria Lane. This is perfectly all right. Do not — by so much as an eyelash — give the impression that you have been caught with frosting on your face.

### You just HAD to get away from the house for a while

Look wan — even wistful. Your husband (mother, doctor, best friend) just made you get away from the house for a few short hours. If you manage to achieve the right note of gallant pathos, your civic-minded friend may even offer to take your two oldest girls to the beach for an afternoon.

If you don't breast-feed, that is fine, too. It is your decision, after all, but remember that if you don't, it is the more vital that you hold and cuddle the baby at feeding time . . . so recommendations about relaxing in a comfortable chair still apply.

The insidious thing about bottles is their handiness. You cannot prop a breast

up in the baby's crib, nor hand it and the baby to someone else for a feeding while you cook dinner. A bottle you can, and the temptation to do so increases with the number of your children. Try to hold out.

The only real advantage a bottle may have over the breast is the delightful possibility that you can convince your husband to do one of the night feedings. This doesn't work with most husbands, so don't count on it.

There are two things you must keep in mind when seeking feeding peace. First, you don't want your other little ones to feel pushed aside while you are curled up in your chair cuddling the baby.

Second, you must be careful that your efforts to include the other children don't become so tedious and demanding that you are more exhausted than rested when feeding time is over. You are aiming for peace and quiet for yourself, and different mothers may find this in different ways.

If you enjoy reading stories aloud, fine, but if repeating for the 920th time "Quackers the duck went splash, splash!" makes you feel like throwing "Quackers the duck" clear across the room, don't read aloud. There are other ways.

Put a mid-morning snack on the table by your chair for everyone to nibble while you nurse.

Often, little girls like to feed their dolls a bottle while mother feeds the baby, or to draw endless pictures while you are right there to admire each one.

If you have a run-about two-year-old who can hardly wait until you are trapped in one place so that he can disappear into another part of the house and annihilate himself, drastic countermeasures are necessary.

You don't want to have to leap up every two minutes to run and see what new terror George has uncovered. So do your baby feeding in a room you can close off. Put a hook high up on the door, and lift George up to lock it before you start the feeding (when you are fin-

ished, he can be the one to unhook it).

For a child who does not sit still very long (if ever) it is a help to have a few things that he plays with only at this particular hour. A very simple, inexpensive child's record-player which he can run himself may be good; or a broken clock that still has knobs to turn and hands to move; or an old camera that makes clicks; or a box of discarded books which can be laid out in rows for toy cars to run on.

A slightly older girl may like to tidy your dresser drawers or jewellery box, or sort out the buttons in your sewing basket.

### The afternoon feed should be the most peaceful one

None of these suggestions may work for you, but one or two may give you ideas to try out. Remember, there is no reason why you need to be totally involved in any of these activities. You are there to smile, to admire, to talk now and then. Mostly you relax.

The most peaceful feeding of the day, if your other children are at school or still take naps, should be the afternoon one. Even children too old to sleep will often lie down for an hour looking at picture books if you have made this a routine.

Getting everyone settled at the same time will leave you free to relax with a cup of tea, the baby, and maybe a murder mystery or last night's paper.

Sometimes you may want to make this an extra cuddle time for another child who needs it. A neighbor started giving her baby afternoon feeding on her own double bed, with her high-strung, three-year-old tucked in on her other side for his nap.

He liked the whole idea of being allowed to nap in her bed, with her and the baby, and she felt happier and closer to him, having this afternoon cuddle.

The worst hours of the day to feed a baby (or to do anything, for that mat-

ter) are when the children start trailing in from school, dinner is being cooked, Daddy is arriving from work, dinner is being eaten, homework done, baths taken, and younger ones put to bed.

The baby is hardly ever co-operative enough to stay full and quiet through the whole ordeal, but you can try to work him around to a feeding which won't conflict with the worst of the evening confusion.

There may be a brief span of relative quiet while dinner is cooking and the children are watching television, during which you can feed him, or a period after dinner and before bedtime when your husband can cope with the rest of the family. Still, this is bound to be your least restful feeding.

As your husband can give a 2 a.m. bottle, so he can (this is hearsay; it certainly never happened to me) get up, change the baby, and bring him to you for the 2 a.m. feeding.

Unfortunately, this devoted assistance is more likely to be in evidence with the first or even second baby, when you don't actually need it so much.

It is much more satisfactory to convince yourself that feeding the baby is your job, and not anticipate any help.

So the day ends. During the past 24 hours you have had to feed the baby three to eight times. If you are sincerely determined to develop yourself into the right kind of haphazard mother, you will have made as many of those times as possible pleasurable and refreshing.

You will not have sat noticing cobwebs and fingermarks, feeling frustrated and inefficient, and begrudging the time which feeding takes.

Instead, you will have thought about how nice and soft babies are, what a short time they stay small, and how many years there are in which to sweep floors and clean woodwork.

Then you will be able to look forward to all the feedings coming tomorrow as hours of warm comfort scattered throughout another confusing day.



## 2. FEEDING THE FAMILY

The main thing is that children should grow up to enjoy their food; and you'll achieve this by trying not to nag, and giving them a balanced diet of food they do like. Tastes improve with age.

SOME mothers are inspired creative cooks, and others are unimaginative, mediocre ones. Few children know the difference, yet both kinds of mothers share the same aim: to nourish their children, despite themselves. Given half a chance, a child will eat whatever the rest of the family eats, and even grow to adulthood believing that his mother's creamed tuna and noodles is unsurpassed gourmet fare.

Some children like solid food from the first taste, others don't. Babies who don't like solids must be slowly encouraged to change their minds.

It is fairly easy to get a certain amount of food into a baby's mouth. After all, you are larger and stronger. You push it in—he drools it out. You scrape it off his chin, and push it in again—he blows, and you get carrot blobs on your clean blouse.

He laughs—you cleverly insert another spoonful while his mouth is open. Eventually some of the carrots do travel down his throat.

But remember that getting your baby to swallow half a can of carrots today is not as vital as helping him to like carrots for his whole life.

It is easy to become so bogged down in the tedious necessity of getting enough eggs, fruit, vegetables, meat, and milk down Allan's throat that you lose sight of your larger aim, which is to get Allan to like and enjoy food.

The aim for a balanced diet is a broad aim. Nobody says that every meal has to be balanced, nor even that your child must consume each food element every day. Feeding children on these terms only makes you an anxiety-ridden fusspot.

Kids are going to eat a certain amount of stuff that is not terribly good for them, especially as they grow older. If they grow up liking most of the wholesome

foods, occasional "rubbish" foods won't do enough damage to worry about.

When you are feeding small children, arrange their mealtimes to suit YOU. Children don't have to eat three meals a day at set hours. They can eat five meals, or two, when it works out best for you to feed them. If you establish a schedule that is easy for you, you are more likely to be patient about feeding them.

For instance, my two-year-old gets up early and nibbles on toast, or an orange, while the older children eat their breakfast. Later, after the others have gone to school (and I am slowly approaching full consciousness), we have brunch together.

He doesn't eat lunch, but after his nap he has a snack of any number of things, depending on how much he wants. Then, in the evening, he has dinner with the rest of the family. This works out well for me. Other ways may suit you better.

Mothers sometimes detest the messiness of feeding small children, but not only is a certain amount of mess usually unavoidable, it is also desirable (from the baby's point of view).

### Dabbling in food is part of the fun

We want our baby to like to eat, and babies adore dabbling and smearing anything of the right consistency for dabbling and smearing. If they are allowed to dip their fingers in the oatmeal, experiment with using a spoon, and pick up bits and pieces, they'll be more likely to think eating is a delightful business.

There is no reason why you should let Peter fling food around the room, but a reasonable amount of freedom will make feeding times easier, since Peter will be more likely to co-operate. Putting even

a small amount of his food in a bowl for him to investigate while you feed him the rest can do the trick.

The minute he can grasp a spoon, let him try. Most of the time he will tip it upside down and spill, but he will learn to eat by himself much sooner with this early practice, and that will make one less tiresome job for you.

Use big bibs and put a few sheets of newspaper under the chair before each feeding, or use a cheap cotton rug that can be thrown in the washing-machine.

Watching a baby smear the contents of a can of strained apple through his hair has never particularly worried me, but I know it disturbs some mothers. If you are one of them, feed the baby, then give him a bit to play with while you go into another room and do some tidying.

Don't watch him, and be careful of your facial expression and your tone of voice when you clean him up later. Even a small baby will soon figure out that what is a glorious splodge to him is distasteful to his mother, and this can defeat your whole purpose.

He won't enjoy messing if your voice sounds disgusted, and you practically skin him when you wash his face.

Children exert a terrific influence on each other in eating habits. Poor eaters have been known to triple their intake when at a table with hearty eaters, but an older child complaining about a certain food can cause a young one to give up something he liked.

One of my children refused to eat eggs for a year because the little girl next door had an allergy which she described to him in grim detail.

If you have several children, you will be only too well aware of their likes and dislikes. If you serve their plates, you can give them more or less of various

things according to tastes, or let them serve themselves. Then they will certainly take less (if any) of what they don't want.

Doing this quietly and without comment makes it unlikely that the rest of the family will pay much attention, and since children do react so strongly to each other's expressed dislike for a food, enforce this table rule: "If you don't like it, don't eat it—but don't talk about it!"

Children don't share identical preferences in food, nor do they share some adult tastes. Certain foods must be grown into, and it is better to serve a good substitute for some food that is not eaten well, like salad, than to go on stubbornly serving that same thing, only to throw most of it out, or to spend the dinner-hour nagging.

I believe it is simply good manners to respect children's prejudices about food, and children whose opinions about food are taken seriously usually eat a wider variety of foods than children who are perpetually being forced to eat things they don't like.

### Substitute fruit for a disliked vegetable

I don't mean that a mother must knock herself out cooking a multitude of separate dishes for each meal, but a mother almost automatically tends to prepare food which is generally well received.

If one child doesn't eat a certain vegetable, he can have a piece of fruit before bedtime. A child who dislikes the chocolate pudding can get himself a dish of ice-cream.

Sometimes a child will refuse to touch a common food, like egg, no matter how it is cooked or concealed in other things. Ignore the whole issue, and simply see that he gets more protein in another form.

Sudden aversions to creamed carrots or plums usually fade as rapidly as they come, especially if no one pays any attention and sooner or later most children end up eating pretty well the same as the rest of the family.

Continued on page 7





## Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix Nappy Liners

Gentle Chix® prevents nappy rash.

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MAINLY MOTHERS — Page 5





## Happiness is caring for your baby with Heinz Peak-Nutrition\* process Baby Food



There is only one Peak-Nutrition cooking process . . . and it belongs to Heinz. What does this mean for your baby? It means baby is getting valuable body building protein, more nourishment, more essential vitamin B1, B2 because the Heinz patented Peak-Nutrition cooking process captures and holds more of the vital

nourishment that other cooking methods lose. Only Heinz developed the Peak-Nutrition cooking process and they hold the patent. It's as simple as that. Beautiful, contented and growing, that's a healthy baby . . . that's a Heinz baby. Is anything but Heinz good enough for your baby?

\*Heinz patented Peak-Nutrition process  
Pat. No. 21031361.

### Heinz Baby Food gives your baby more to grow on



## FEEDING THE FAMILY — continued

Nagging at a child about food is a terrible bore for a parent. It is much easier and less frustrating to be certain that there is an assortment of good food available, and to let him enjoy what he wants of it.

None of us is equally skilled or interested in all aspects of home-making. If cooking is your talent you can certainly find lots of use for it in feeding your family. Specialise in wonderful food and don't worry about dust under the bed. Most husbands and children would rather have good meals than a clean house any day.

Yet it's difficult to be an inspired cook if you are trying to feed a large number of hungry mouths on a limited budget. Variety is not easy to manage, using the few foods you can afford, and some articles about how to cook inexpensive cuts of meat so that they are tasty and attractive make me rush about stamping my feet and foaming at the mouth.

If I could afford white wine, sour cream, and mushrooms for the pot-roast, I would have bought steak to begin with! Many years ago I had to face facts and sacrifice quality for quantity, and I do all the things one can do with hamburger, chicken, pot-roast, and chuck steak, and let it go at that.

I cook it all as cheaply as I can, but it is nourishing, good food, and my children are primarily interested in how much there is of it.

When you are trying to cook economically, save money first on the foods least important to your family's health. This means limiting desserts and sweets in order to supply a larger amount of the meat, fresh vegetables, and fruit which children need.

As long as you provide ample food, adequately prepared, and seasoned, don't worry about having to skimp on the frills. Your children will like your cooking

anyway, because your cooking is what they are used to.

Just as there are mothers who love to cook and others who are indifferent cooks, there are some mothers who absolutely detest preparing meals. (These mothers shine somewhere else in the house—sew all their children's clothes, or never get behind with the ironing.)

Since it is almost impossible to avoid a certain amount of cooking, a mother who dislikes the job should buy the kind of cook book that tells her the fastest, easiest methods.

Husbands will sometimes do some cooking if they have been convinced that their way of making spaghetti is impossible of duplication by a mere woman. (All the best chefs are men, after all!)

Your children can start helping in the kitchen at an early age, too. Usually the

younger the child, the more enthusiastic about simple cooking chores.

I know a four-year-old who can cook complete dinners, with a little supervision. Children can use mixes just as well as you can and find it lots of fun.

In general, the more cooking you can avoid doing yourself, the less you will mind doing what is unavoidable. But your attitude about cooking will be decisive in your family's acceptance of your meals.

If you are a poor cook, keep your family as unaware of this as possible. *Never* apologise for the food; you can't afford to! Behave as though your meals were invariably marvellous, and assume that everyone else in the family thinks so, too. Mostly, they will!

I don't mean to imply that mealtimes are going to be happy, stimulating family get-togethers, at least not often. Most of

the time they are difficult, noisy, and exhausting.

The youngest will tip his milk on Daddy's clean shirt, and Daddy will shout. Two of the boys will start an endless argument about some player's batting average, and you will shout.

Ann will accidentally bump Karen under the table, and Karen will shout. And on and on.

Whatever your intentions, you will end up spending too much of the meal nagging—"Jeff, don't take such big bites!"; "Ann, don't chew with your mouth open!"; "Greg, don't talk with your mouth full!"; "Karen, don't play with your food!"—but it can't be helped.

Your aim is to get an adequate amount of food into your family with the least difficulty and unpleasantness. You have to remain casual about the ups and downs. There will be many.

*If you're on a budget, meat and vegetables are more important than puddings.*

## 3. GETTING UP AND GOING TO BED

Children hate going to bed, and only like getting up when YOU want to sleep in; but parents can crib that bit of extra sleep or privacy if they PLAN it.

HAVE you ever known this child? "He awakens slowly, usually between eight and nine, and plays happily in his crib for an hour or so, until his mother arrives to toilet him." This is the same child that "engages in happy play alone in his room with the door closed," and I would dearly love to meet him.

He may exist somewhere, but not in my house. My children wake up with such exuberance that one is stunned by the shockwaves. My first reaction is to pull the pillow over my head and tell myself that they are all a horrible dream, which will fade.

I detest bedtimes, like most mothers, but getting-up times are worse. If I happen to have a baby, he wakes up shrieking for attention, soaking wet, malodorous.

If I have a toddler, there is no question of "happy play in the crib" until I get around to toileting him. I have to move fast, or there is no point in moving at all.

School-age children race here and there searching for lost shoes, putting dirty shirts on back to front (they think that you won't notice the spots), sobbing about homework they have only now remembered, and waving incomprehensible papers in my face which must be signed *right now*.

Teenagers either wander in a trance-like fog, looking pale and distracted, mumbling French verbs, or they wake up in a fever of activity, play the record-player at full blast, slam drawers, drop books, and fling themselves out of the door, leaving in their wake a moaning, gibbering mother who needs two hours and

six cups of coffee to grope her way back to sanity.

Of course this is my fault. I am a very poor early-riser, to put it kindly. I am disoriented, unco-ordinated, and cranky, and my children take every advantage of my feeble condition. I sincerely envy women who skip out of bed with the first twinge of the alarm, comb their hair, put on lipstick, and sing gay songs while they fry the bacon!

Weekends are the most disappointing. On these mornings you could sleep in, only no one will let you! For years all my babies would adapt to having their first morning feed at the reasonable hour of eight every day, *except* on Saturdays and Sundays, when they threatened me loudly with instant starvation at 5.30.



## GETTING UP, GOING TO BED — continued

Children who have to be prised out of bed on schooldays show a remarkable enthusiasm for watching the sun come up at weekends.

I don't have any ready solutions for early-rising children, or I would be in bed right now, but I have found a few things that help.

If you have babies and toddlers, you must be up, since they mustn't wander about the house on their own, but if there are one or two older children capable of keeping an eye on the smaller ones, there are ways of sneaking that extra hour or two of weekend slumber.

Make sure that there is food in the house so they can make their own early breakfast. You can have a big family breakfast later, but the children will be better able to endure the wait if they have had some fruit or juice, toast, and cold cereal ahead of time.

It is helpful, once their stomachs have been taken care of, to keep a shelf of toys and games which they play with only on weekend mornings.

A few jig-saw puzzles, games which take time to play, like Monopoly or Scrabble, for the older children, color crayons and one or two "special" color books, and a few quiet toys will keep youngsters busy for a while, if they are a weekend privilege only, put away for the rest of the week.

Something else that works well on Saturdays is a set of chores for each of the children, which they know must be tackled as soon as you get up. If they are anxious enough to delay these, they may be terribly considerate and let you sleep for hours.

Weekday mornings are a different matter. The children have to get up, eat breakfast, get dressed, and get to school on time, somehow. If you can manage this from bed, I am all for it. Some women

*Stay in bed while the children get off to school—if you can organise it.*

are naturally early-risers, and some husbands prefer to have their wives get up and make breakfast, but this is by no means universal.

If you are the sort of woman who sits in a coma-like trance, clutching a cup of coffee, until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, there isn't much point in getting up early. You might as well be sleeping.

How you feel about getting up with school-age children is also up to you. Many mothers would feel dreadfully guilty if they did not call their children in the morning, prepare their breakfasts, help them get ready for school, and see them off before they left. If this is the way you like to do it, and it doesn't put too much strain on you, then this is the best way—but it is not essential.

Mothers who have to work at night or mothers who are up a great deal with a baby soon find that school-age children can manage quite well by themselves in the mornings, with some organisation the night before.

There are easy breakfasts that children can make for themselves. School lunches can be prepared in the evening, or the children can draw from a supply of small change for lunch money. Clothes, books, and homework can all be laid out at night.

### ***All the children have morning jobs to do***

So there is no reason to feel that you must get up with your older children regardless of the circumstances. You can always arrange to give them added attention at another time—when each comes home from school in the afternoon, for instance.

I have never really been able to sleep past the point when my older children left for school, because I have always had a little one who needed supervision, but I do manage to wake up slowly and face the day from my bed until the older ones have disappeared through the front door. The teenagers bring me a cup of coffee,

usually the current baby joins me for his morning feed, and the primary-schoolers wander in and out telling me about their plans for the day. I have a chance to say goodbye to each and check to see that they are wearing the proper number of shoes and sweaters.

All my children have morning jobs. One empties the dishwasher. One clears the breakfast table. One picks up in the living-room and makes coffee. One carries all the dirty clothes down to the laundry.

By the time the last boy is out of the door, I am ready to stagger forth with the little ones and make their breakfast. This arrangement works well for me, but the point is to find a plan that does work well, without worrying about whether or not this is the way other mothers do it. Families are all different, and they all run on different timetables.

Bedtime also must be flexible for individual families. Generally let children go to bed earlier on school nights than at weekends, but it is not always sensible to have the hour rigidly fixed. A child who has spent an exhausting Saturday at the zoo may need to go to bed earlier than on a school night. He will be less apt to argue the matter if bedtime is when you say it is, rather than by the clock.

A child who has an unusually long nap may simply not be ready for bed at the regular time, a child who has missed his nap may feel sleepy by six. As in most situations with children, let circumstances be your guide.

Some children need more sleep than others. Even in the same family, an older child may need to go to bed before a younger one—a teenager who is growing rapidly and is in many activities, wears himself out before a four-year-old who still takes a nap.

It can be difficult to persuade an active, stimulated, older child that he should go to bed, but if you feel that he is overtired, the fact that you set the bedtime, and insist on the right to be flexible, can work to your advantage.

Some parents of an only child grow into the habit of letting him stay up as long as they do. But parents do need time alone together in the evening, and when child number two arrives, the adjustment will be more difficult, with the pattern of a later bedtime already established.

Guests may not enjoy sharing their visit with a young child; and it will be more difficult for your babysitter when you wish to go out.

The more children there are in a family, the more staggered and difficult bedtime hours become. Younger children want to stay up as late as the older ones. Teenagers can't go to bed yet—they haven't finished their homework.

### ***Parents need some peace together in the evenings***

Mothers wonder if they can possibly stay awake long enough to see everyone settled. Fathers don't see why they can never have a quiet hour with their wives in the evening without a bunch of children around.


Simply getting a number of children of different ages into bed at night is a challenging proposition. You may wish to tuck each of them in with a goodnight kiss and a private visit, only to find that, night after night, all you can manage is the hearty shout, "Go to bed!" This is one of the ways in which the children in a large family get short-changed.

As bedtimes grow later, parents stay up later and later, in order to have that peaceful hour after the children are in bed.

Then the only way to salvage some relaxation is to set a time when each child must go to his room, even if not to sleep. If an older child shares a bedroom with a younger one who cannot be disturbed, arrange your bedroom so that it is a comfortable place for you and your husband to relax, to read, talk, or watch television together. It is important to have at least some late privacy free from the children and their interruptions.

*The Australian Women's Weekly — May 8, 1964*





*Imagine—baby's bottle-time can actually be a relaxing rest time for mother, thanks to Evenflo\**

**No more feeding-time problems.  
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## 4. KEEPING YOUR CHILDREN SAFE

When they're young, it is simply a matter of keeping an eye on them ALL the time; and when they're older of gauging when is the right time to allow more freedom.

THROUGHOUT childhood a mother's most demanding job is of keeping her children safe. No one who has not had an active, inquisitive baby can fully realise the perpetual attention such a child must have—not constructive attention, but constant watchfulness, always knowing where he is, what he is doing.

None of your children may have presented these particular challenges, but don't congratulate yourself yet. The next one may!

First, there is the climber. I have a friend whose eldest son was an extreme example. He crawled at four months. Soon he was climbing on to chairs, then using them as a ladder to higher perches—from chair to dresser top to closet shelf—or from stool to kitchen bench to refrigerator top.

For two years Joyce spent much of her time trying to keep him from breaking his neck falling from a six-foot bookcase, or being crushed by a toppling chest. The moment he thought he was unobserved, off he would speed to tackle some new Everest. This is the climber!

Next we have the messer. When a mother says her baby is into everything, she probably means *everything*. While she is in the kitchen, her baby is sitting in the bathroom basin squirting shaving cream at the shower curtain.

Mother cleans up the shaving cream, but baby has moved to the kitchen and is finger-painting the walls with mustard.

I once lived next door to a baby who, at 18 months, mixed a whole cake—a dozen eggs, a sack of flour, a pound of butter, and several unidentifiable items—in the middle of the living-room rug during the time it took her mother to wash her face, brush her teeth, and slip into a dress.

Third, there is the traveller. This baby's single-minded ambition is to escape the stifling restrictions of home and yard. An

open door or an unfastened gate lure him out to explore the exciting world. One of my sons was a traveller. He would wait for some unwary visitor to leave the door unguarded, and out, out, and away! And he moved so quickly.

Then there is the mother's helper. This child won't let you push the vacuum cleaner unless her little fist is also around the handle, pulling in the opposite direction. If you are washing dishes, she is at the sink splashing water on the floor and dropping cups.

There is the won't-play-alone type who can spend busy hours in the sandbox as long as you are sitting in the sandbox, too, but he won't play for two minutes without an audience.

His opposite, the stealthy redskin, waits until mother is busy and then fades into another part of the house, where utter silence reigns. This baby is particularly nerve-racking, since you are constantly checking on him, only to find, nine times out of ten, that he is looking at a picture book or playing with his teddy bear. But, oh, that tenth time!

### The "messer" is only exploring his universe

These children are not deliberately being naughty. They are simply trying out the world around them and finding it a marvellous place, full of things that spill, squirt, and shatter.

Punishing the messer for squirting the shaving cream is useless because his memory is short and he won't remember the punishment for long; and being punished for the shaving cream will not be linked in his mind with the toothpaste or the spray deodorant, the next things he plans to investigate.

Troublesome as it is, a child needs to

explore his universe, trying out all it contains, in order to develop an alert, active interest in life.

The mother who brags that she has trained Greg never to touch *anything* is really saying that she has prevented Greg from learning the things a baby needs to learn and perhaps squelched his curiosity about life.

RULE NUMBER ONE is keeping a baby safe: Nothing is out of reach! No shelf or cabinet or drawer is out of reach for ever. The baby who has been unable to turn the front doorknob will suddenly master the secret, and be out in the street; the baby who has shown no interest in unscrewing tops will just that once try it, and drink the bleach.

Keeping poisons, medicine, and dangerous utensils locked up is only the beginning. This, and putting things up high or out of sight, can never be a substitute for constant watchfulness.

It means interrupting your own chores fifty thousand times a day to check and be certain, but this is a more fundamental job for a mother than washing the dishes or sweeping the floors.

Some children are easier to train than others, some are not as active or curious, some have a longer attention span and can be relied on to sit and look at story books for fairly lengthy periods, but a mother who counts on it is gambling with disaster.

Some mothers (and their children) are incredibly lucky. They ignore all the basic rules of safety and still escape a tragedy. But you cannot be sure you will be lucky.

How often you read of some broken-hearted mother saying, "But he has always been so good about staying out of the street," or "I don't know how he got to that bottle. I put it out of reach."

These mothers were relying on a door, a gate, a shelf to keep their child safe. A

mother must learn to rely *only* on her own eyes and ears when her children are young.

RULE NUMBER TWO. Keeping in mind that you want your child to learn by investigating and exploring, you can help, while keeping him from harm. Providing plenty of harmless objects to play will make him less inclined to get into other things.

These need not be expensive toys. Empty boxes of various sizes, old canisters, pots and pans, spoons, discarded shoes with laces, kitchen utensils without points or edges (potato mashers, tea strainers) will satisfy his need to explore, at least temporarily, and give you a breathing space.

Giving a child something to do in the room where you are working relieves you of running back and forth to check on him. You will get less done when he is underfoot, or trying to help, but you do have more peace of mind when he is right there with his own sponge, scrubbing the sink while you wash the stove.

### Don't count on an older child to watch a younger one

If you have older children, they may be able to take over the watching for short periods, or at least you can call to them to check what the baby is doing; but it is seldom wise to count on an older child to watch a young one for very long periods.

Ellen may be a loving sister and a very responsible seven-year-old, but she cannot bring to the job of watching her brother the same maturity and judgment you would give it.

There is always the chance that she will become absorbed in some play of her own and forget all about the baby; and the risk that if you impose too much on Ellen she will come to resent her brother and the demands you are making on her.

A fenced-in play-yard, with a gate that is chained and padlocked, is wonderful. So are gates across steep stairways, and hooks high up on the doors of rooms that you want out of bounds—but keep in mind that any normal child is going to make a mad dash for that stairway or door

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## Don't be taken in by the cry: "Why can't I? Everyone"—everyone?—"else is allowed to!"

the first time someone leaves it open, and you must keep checking to see that this doesn't happen.

It is simpler to protect first children, or only children, because there are less likely to be potentially dangerous objects scattered about. You have put them all away, and there they stay. When you have older children, their many activities provide new threats.

Brother is making a model aeroplane, and there in his room is a tempting table full of little bottles of paint, tubes of glue, and razorblades.

Sister is making dolls' clothes, and on her bed is a pretty pile of buttons, needles, pins, and scissors.

You can try to impress on brothers and sisters the necessity of keeping those things out of the baby's reach, and they may sincerely try to remember, but can you be sure? So you must watch.

Once out of this "into everything" stage, your problem diminishes in some ways, becomes more complicated in others. As a child comprehends danger and understands the restrictions on his actions, he grows in reliability and good sense.

This does not happen all at once, nor at the same age for all children. One child of six may be capable of walking by himself two miles through traffic to a dental appointment, while another child of 12 may not. Children vary in independence and self-reliance as in everything else. We want to help our children to develop these qualities, but we also want to keep them safe.

The line between overprotecting and underprotecting is a fine one, and depends on the individual child. No one can say, "At five, a child can be trusted to cross a street alone." Some children never learn to cross a street cautiously, despite instructions, warnings, and narrow escapes.

Each mother and father must decide when a child is capable of doing certain things. Nor is it wise to set up age standards within a family, such as "You can ride a bike to the shops when you are 12, like Larry," or "When you are 14,

you can go swimming alone, too." It is better to set a standard of proficiency rather than a numerical age.

Each family has different problems. The parents of a large family must beware of pushing their children into responsibilities they are not really ready for, while the parents of an only child must not be too sheltering.

Parents of girls must make sure that their daughters have opportunities to develop independence, while parents of boys must not allow them too much freedom simply because they are boys.

It is never easy to be certain that decisions about your children are the right

ones. Often they will be wrong, and always there is risk involved, but if made with your best judgment that is all you can do. Your children must understand and accept this.

Never should you permit those tiresome words, "Well, why can't I? Everyone else I know is allowed to do it!" to influence you. It will turn out that "everyone" is one other child, or that none of the other parents approves of the matter in question, and are all being blackmailed the same way.

Once you have decided to let your child ride a bike three miles to the park, or go across town to a dancing lesson, or go

skating with a group of friends, you are stuck with that decision.

In your heart you know that the bike is going to be hit by a car, your daughter is going to get on the wrong bus, and the skater is going to break a leg. All these things *can* happen, but they probably won't.

Worrying about children is unconstructive and exhausting. If you must worry, worry about the international situation, or something. It is unfair to forbid a child to do a thing just because you can't face the hours of uncertainty you will suffer, and difficult for your child to develop confidence in himself if it is obvious you have no confidence in him.

So you must assume an attitude of calm certainty that, of course, everything is going to be fine, and try to believe it.

## 5. MUST THEY KEEP ON BICKERING?

Most mothers grow immune to the wearing cries of "You did!" "I didn't!" . . . and so on. It is all fairly natural, but you don't have to let quarrelling become a way of life.

BROTHERS and sisters sometimes seem to be born with one object in mind — to make each other's lives as miserable as possible.

Brief interludes of peace are shattered by bickering, sniping, mean looks, and outright slugging matches. It is hard to say which kind of quarrel is hardest for a parent to endure, but my own vote goes to that interminable whine: "You did!" "I did not!" "You did, too!" "I didn't!"

Children's quarrels defy every law of logic. For example, no child ever starts a fight. He only retaliates for something done to him. Any parent foolish enough to attempt to trace the chain of events will hear: "He hit me!"

"Well you trod on my toe on purpose!" "I did not. You put your foot out to make me trip!"

"You were whistling in my ear!"

"Well, you were looking at me funny. Mum, he was looking at me like that!"

Since no one ever starts a quarrel, no one is to blame for a quarrel. If you punish one, he will be deeply hurt. If

you punish all those involved, they will all be misunderstood martyrs. Howls of "It's not fair!" echo around.

Arguments among children do not have a sensible or fair solution (at least from their point of view), so any attempt a parent may make to be wise and impartial is wasted effort.

A mother who spends most of her day listening to her children bickering and arguing is apt to blame herself, and wonder why her youngsters seem to dislike each other so much.

It is a help to realise that this will pass, and that often the children who quarrel most find they have most in common as they grow older.

Learning to close your ears to a background of disagreement helps, too. Think about something else until you feel things have gone far enough, then say, "All of you be quiet for half an hour," sending each in a different direction to play. Much of what sounds like disagreement to a mother is only normal conversation to a child. Just because we would not talk to

our friends in quite that way doesn't mean that a child sees it in the same light.

In fact, breaking up every squabble before it has a chance to end of its own silliness is seldom a good idea. It is healthy and valuable for children to be able to express their frustrations with each other, thus getting them out of the way.

Mark comes to realise that if he does something which angers Bobby, Bobby is not likely to feel friendly about helping Mark play with his electric train. The rewards of getting along with other people will outweigh the temporary pleasure of getting their goat.

There is a difference between the quarrel where honest grievances are aired and forgotten, and the bickering that goes on interminably without point. This can become a habit, until the children seldom have any exchange that is not unpleasant.

Only a parent can tell which kind of quarrel is which, but while one should be tolerated, the other shouldn't. If your

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## BICKERING — continued

children seem to be getting into the bickering habit, ask yourself:

Are they bored? Do they have enough activities to keep busy?

Do they need to spend more time away from each other?

Have you developed the habit of bickering with them, or of keeping up a background recital of small nagging?

Have you and your husband been bickering in front of them?

Does one child seem to instigate the quarrels?—younger child trying too hard to compete; an older child upset at the attention the youngest seems to be getting?

Are they getting enough sleep? Running off enough energy in active play, instead of endlessly watching TV?

Once you have an idea of what may be behind the bickering, you can attack the cause. Put a ban on quarrelling and enforce it. The instant any one of your children says one word that sounds disagreeable, forbid talking, or tell them they can only talk if they can make it rhyme (this is usually very popular); or insist that they each do a chore they have been putting off—writing a thank-you note, or drawing a picture for Grandpa's birthday. Be firm, make it stick.

You will never be able to do away with all quarrelling, nor do you want to, but a ban, enforced for a few weeks, will break the pattern of continual unpleasantness.

It is rarely a good idea for a parent to take sides in a child's disagreement, or to punish one and not the others. Sometimes the "innocent victim" has committed some atrocity you know nothing about.

When you do step in, scatter sympathy and blame indiscriminately.

"Yes, Doug, it wasn't very nice for Ellen to yell at you, but you should not have played with her Monopoly money. I don't blame you for being mad, Ellen, but you know that you are supposed to keep your games put away."

This way, children feel you do at least see their point of view. Neither child really comes out the winner, and you are spared that triumphant smirk and the vanquished one's cry of, "Mum, Jane is smooching!"

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## DO YOU RECOGNISE THESE LINES OF PATTERN?

● No parent can attempt to assess the blame for a disagreement unless he has a working knowledge of child-talk. You must be ready with lightning translations of all sorts of innocent-sounding sentences, based on your own study of your children, thus:

"I didn't touch him!"

Interpretation: Children have literal minds. Gary may have thrown a boxing glove (a tennis racquet, a skateboard), which connected with its target, John; but he did not actually touch him.

"I hardly touched him!"

Interpretation: The word "hardly" indicates that John was touched. How much can only be ascertained by the realism in his screams. I, personally, would not rule out blows to the abdomen, a jab in the ribs, and a sock in the eye. But your children may be less ferocious.

"You baby! That didn't hurt!"

Interpretation: If John were a circus strong man, accustomed to having boards broken on his stomach with a sledge hammer, of course it wouldn't hurt!

"He socked me!"

Interpretation: Anything from a vicious left hook to a barely perceptible, accidental brushing of an arm in passing, depending on whether it is Gary or John who is looking for a fight.

"He's pestering me!"

Interpretation: John is doing absolutely nothing. Or, John is being irritating in all the sneaky ways he can, to drive Gary to violence — humming under his breath, staring with his eyes crossed, flipping his loose front tooth in and out, etc., etc.

"He won't let go of me!"

Interpretation: Gary will not let go of John because John is prepared to club him with the flashlight the instant he does.

## 6. TRYING TO KEEP THE HOUSE TIDY

If you have children, your house probably never quite looks the way you want it to. But amid all the chaos, remember that homes are for families to live in, not showplaces.

THE saddest, most frustrating talent a mother can have is an interest in interior decoration, and a real concern for how her house looks.

Children live in a perpetual state of war with their homes. Even the girl who has progressed to the point of wanting her house to look nice for her friends will seldom accept responsibility for keeping it that way.

Boys (regrettably) never care what their houses look like to their friends, or to anyone else. Children like things they are used to. They like things comfortable, left alone, or at least changed only by themselves.

That lavender cushion you hunted all over town belongs on the end of the couch (contrast for the deep purple tweed upholstery and the pale lime chair next

to it), but where that lavender cushion actually stays is on the floor in front of the television set where its soft insides are gouged by elbows, and the only color contrast it provides is for a dish of ice-cream — which is strictly forbidden in the living-room, anyway.

No house is ever realistically decorated for a large family. To do that, you would have to make a study of your own children and the type of dirt and spills which seek them out.

Fingerprint-color walls and woodwork, muddy brownish-grey, might be effective. This could be accented by upholstery in a stunning tweed, combining threads of nosebleed - red, gentian violet - purple, chocolate - tan, ballpoint - pen blue, and dog-hair black.

Skylights, instead of windows, would cut

down on window-washing, and anything capable of being knocked over could be nailed down. Unfortunately, you have to live in this room, too, and the overall effect could be a bit dampening to the spirit. So, as usual, we must compromise.

Mothers of normal families should face the fact that no matter how much time and effort they spend matching colors, painting bookshelves, making curtains, or framing pictures, their homes still will never seem to look quite the way they want them to.

The beautiful picture we carry in our heads of what our home should be bumps into the reality of making it, and keeping

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The Australian Women's Weekly — May 8, 1961





## Here's a name that every baby loves ...

The name is NAPPEE—it spells freedom from the scalding misery of nappy rash. NAPPEE contains the wonder antiseptic AMPHOLENE which kills the bacteria responsible for nappy rash and deodorises at the same time. Just add liquid NAPPEE to the final rinse. Your Baby's nappies remain soft, fluffy, fragrant and germ-free. There is no need to boil nappies when you use NAPPEE. It's not hard to see why NAPPEE is a name every baby loves. At only one cent a day, you too will love the name NAPPEE.

### Read what mothers say about NAPPEE

"I have just realised what a magnificent product you have marketed". *A.B. Seaforth, N.S.W.*

"At last I have found a product that really lives up to its advertised qualities". *B.J.W. Ryde, N.S.W.*

"I am delighted with your NAPPEE product". *Mrs. G.G., Goomeri, Queensland.*

"I couldn't begin to tell you how many people have commented on the softness, whiteness and pleasant smell of my nappies". *Mrs. P.T. Ermington, N.S.W.*

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*These are extracts from letters received by Velvalene Products Pty. Ltd., and may be inspected upon request.*

NAPPEE is now available throughout Australia at leading Supermarkets, Grocery Stores and Chemists. Another fine product from Velvalene Products Pty. Ltd. Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane.



## TRYING TO KEEP THE HOUSE TIDY—

Continued

it, that way. Let's lessen this frustration whenever possible.

Choose practical fabrics and bright colors that will look gay, even when smudged. Buy sturdy furniture and try to keep the number of items which you will have to worry about at an absolute minimum.

If you have one room you can keep the children away from (living-room, if isolated, or your bedroom), fix that room up the way you really want, with a fair chance of keeping it like that, at least part of the time.

It is wonderful to have one room which really pleases you. When the rest of the house is too depressing, you can enter, close the door, and feast your eyes.

Almost as bad as a houseful of messy children is a houseful of messy pets, and one frequently leads to the other. Families with two children seem to survive with one well-behaved dog and two silent goldfish, but large numbers of children also seem to accumulate female cats who produce endless litters of female kittens; at least one obstinate, shedding hound who adopts the most comfortable living-room chair; and an infinite assortment of turtles, white rats, goldfish, parrots, ducklings, and rabbits.

Mother, of course, is the person who must locate the missing animals, nurse the injured ones, and nourish them all, since she is the only one who feels guilty if these things are not done.

All children want pets, and all children lose interest in their pets almost as soon as they are acquired, unless some awful tragedy to the animal recaptures their attention.

Amanda has barely noticed her two canaries since three days after she got them for her birthday, but let David's cat devour one and Amanda's sobs of anguish can be heard for miles.

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*It's comforting to have at least one friend who's a worse housekeeper than you are!*

Amid all this, we have to remember that our homes are to live in; not show-places to impress our neighbors, or photographs in magazines. Homes belong to families, and families use and abuse them in their own special ways.

Nor can we cut down on the time and labor involved in keeping house by discouraging our children's friends.

The mother who is fussy and cranky about her house and does not welcome guests can expect her children to spend their time in someone else's home — heavenly, perhaps, when your children are small, but how will you feel when you never see your teenagers, and have no idea where they are or what they are doing?

Most of us keep house in our own way, and that way is neither very good nor very bad — and most of us know at least one friend who is a worse housewife than we are. In moments of discouragement we can tell ourselves: "Well, anyway, my house looks better than Esmeralda's!"

Maintaining a home that satisfies her family requires a woman to evaluate their needs and her methods. Most husbands, for instance, are more aware of clutter than of the more hidden aspects of housecleaning.

### **Always do the household chores your husband NOTICES!**

A wife may have worked hard to scrub the bedroom woodwork and windows, and wash, iron, and rehang six pairs of curtains — and her husband does not even notice, but is disturbed because there are a few toys on the living-room floor.

If untidiness upsets your husband, use much of your effort keeping the house looking neat. Save the last hour of the day before he comes home to pick up and put away.

A few things epitomise good housekeeping to some men. Unless these are done well, they will never believe their wives are doing a proper job. But if their special needs are satisfied, they may be tolerant of other house-keeping lacks.

If your husband is a fanatic about how his white shirts are pressed, and how the bathroom is kept, give these items top priority — and he may never notice that the kitchen floor needs waxing.

Evaluating our own methods of keeping house is often difficult. Over the years, each woman forms her own ways of doing her job, and our methods can become so mechanical that we no longer think much about how we are working.

Yet there may be better ways of accomplishing our work. I was reminded of this the other day when I was having coffee with a neighbor. There was a full glass of water sitting right in the middle of her living-room rug. She went back and forth through the living-room ten times, serving the coffee, coping with her children, and even picking up other things.

Each time, she automatically stepped over the glass of water, but she never really saw it. In much the same way, we are all likely to stop seeing our houses.

We know they are there, and we deal with them automatically. Our homes, our work in them, become so familiar to us that we are unable to see them from a fresh point of view.

When I hear women complain about their dislike of housework — and most of us do — I always think of a phrase my mother was fond of using: "You don't have to like it. You just have to do it!"

No one does insist that we like housework. We don't have to find it interesting, stimulating, or full of rewards — we just have to do it.

Keeping house demands energy and organisation, but no matter how much energy and organisation you bring to the job, your children will have even more energy, combined with a stubborn unwillingness to let you organise them.

You make up your mind to wash all the kitchen curtains and clean out a few cupboards, and three minutes later your four-year-old overturns a patty pan full of wet sand in the oven, while your ten-year-old is spilling a can of apricots all over the refrigerator.

These accidents always happen on the day after you have spent several hours cleaning both appliances, but no matter. You have to leave the curtains and cupboards and repeat the job.

This brings up two of the most disappointing things about keeping house. You can never seem to get done the jobs you want to do, at the times you want to do them. And no job you do finish ever stays finished for more than a day.

### **Routine tasks use up most of your time each day**

Most women do not mind tackling fairly big projects around the house, and many of us actually enjoy the part of our work which has an element of creativity.

Unfortunately, most housekeeping chores do not fall into either category. Picking up and putting away, washing dishes and clothes, ironing, dusting, sweeping, and mopping are all repetitive, monotonous, and time-consuming.

Indeed, these daily chores can frequently eat up so much time that it is hard to fit in all of the other work which needs to be done.

If facing a stack of dirty dishes does not fill a woman with joy and satisfaction, it is hardly surprising, but other aspects of homemaking can bring us a sense of fulfilment. Concentrating on these bright spots is healthier than dwelling on its more monotonous and dreary side.

Even if we cannot decorate our houses, or keep them looking as immaculate as we would like, we can do other things which are more important.

We can try to understand our own families, and what they need and want from us. We can try to make our homes happy places in which to live. We can find reassurance in the fact that, even if we are less competent at our housework than half the women we know, this probably means we are more competent than the other half! This is a good point for every woman to keep in mind.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 8, 1968



## 7. THE SCHOOL PLAY-NIGHT

### —and an open letter to the school about it!

DEAR BRIGHT VALLEY SCHOOL:

I want to thank you for including my sons so extensively in this year's Christmas program. They are thrilled, and so am I, but I wonder if you could give me some help on costume problems. The boys have been hopelessly vague about details.

Nate and Jay tell me that they are both in the chorus, and will require dark blue slacks, white long-sleeved shirts, and red bowties. Unfortunately, the only good slacks they own are light grey, and their new white shirts have short sleeves.

Their brother, Tony, is the only one who has dark blue slacks and a white long-sleeved shirt. He is not in the chorus. I thought this rather an ironic coincidence.

I believe that Nate stands in the third row of the chorus, while Jay is in the very front. I can see that if Jay wore grey slacks it would spoil the symmetry of the group, but will Nate's pants show?

I would appreciate your opinion, because boy's slacks are quite expensive, and the last time I bought dark blue slacks they got mixed up with the jeans and went through the washer. You can imagine what size they came out.

As it is, I will have to buy white shirts, and they cost three or four dollars each.

Do you really mean red bowties, or did you have in mind the kind of bows choir wear — the wide, floppy kind? The boys don't seem sure, and I would hate to buy bowties, which the boys

never wear, if they aren't what you want.

Nate is in two other scenes. In one, he is with a group of children singing around a Christmas tree. In the other he represents Mexico in your tableau of Christmas in Many Lands.

For the first scene he will need to wear pyjamas and slippers, while in the second he is to be costumed in a poncho and sombrero.

Unhappily, most of his pyjamas are worn to the point of being too indecent for

if he is not going to be very active in the scene, but I understand that at one point in the song the children skip to the tree and place a star on it. I would hate to see his slipper fly off at just the wrong moment. Should we risk it?

I think I can manage the poncho by dyeing an old blanket some bright color and cutting a hole for the head, but I am worried about the sombrero. Nobody I know seems to own one, and I haven't been able to find any in the stores.

He has a red cowboy hat, and I could paint over the Roy Roger's lettering on the front. Would that look Mexican enough from a distance?

Jay says he is doing a song and dance with a group of children who are supposed to be ice-skating in the snow. For this scene he must have a warm sweater, which he owns, and a knitted stocking cap, knitted scarf, and mittens, which he doesn't.

I don't know how to knit, and it is amazing how few stores in this part of the country carry knitted caps and mittens.

properly stocked for winter, neither do they carry flowered Hawaiian shirts at this time of year. I have a flowered blouse that fits him fairly well, and goes nicely with my straw beach hat.

Tony doesn't seem to mind wearing the hat, but he refuses to appear in the blouse, even though I am sure nobody could tell it is a girl's blouse. Do you think his teacher could say a few words to him? Maybe she would be more persuasive.

Tony is also in the part of the program which you include each Christmas—the one in which the children march down the aisles and place gifts under the tree. Tony is one of the boys carrying the burning incense.

I don't know whether anyone ever mentioned it to you, but last year the incense was burning so furiously and the boys swung it back and forth so enthusiastically that a good part of the audience was practically stupefied.

Are you sure you want Tony for an incense bearer? I suppose you know what you are doing, but I, for one, am not going to sit anywhere near the aisles.

Well, that pretty much covers my difficulties. I know how busy everyone is, and I am certain your problems are much greater than my own, but I do want to do my part to make everything go smoothly.

The children are rehearsing (constantly!) at home, and I believe we will enjoy this year's program even more than last. I am sure you will understand me when I say that the tears I always shed on these occasions are, like your own, due in part to sentiment and in part to simple exhaustion.

Sincerely,

CAROL BARTHOLOMEW.

P.S. I thought I had the financial aspect of Christmas planned quite well, but realise now that I neglected to foresee the necessity of buying slacks, shirts, ties, slippers, caps, scarves, and pyjamas—much less sombreros—just before the holiday. Is the Parents' Association distributing Christmas turkeys to needy families again this year? If so, you might just mention our name.

● The whole subject of Christmas concerts is a tender one with me. At the very time of the year when my heart should be filled with joy and goodwill, I am faced with the necessity of dyeing old sheets, manufacturing jewel-studded crowns, and stretching the budget to purchase all the costume parts I am not able to make or borrow. It was such a frustrating experience last year that I wrote this letter. But I didn't post it.

public display. I wonder if the new pair he got at Hallowe'en would look out of place? It seemed a good idea at the time to buy him pyjamas which he could use as a Hallowe'en costume, but now I am afraid that having him sing around the Christmas tree in a red devil suit would not be quite appropriate. What do you think?

Also, Nate lost one of his slippers about a month ago, and it has not yet come to light. I think he could wear Tony's pair (with rubber bands around them)

They must share the Chamber of Commerce's optimism about our winter climate. I did finally locate the cap and scarf in a ski shop, but no mittens. Could he wear a pair of my old white cotton gloves dyed blue?

Tony is Hawaii in the Many Lands pageant, and he needs a pair of tattered pants, a bright flowered shirt, and a straw hat. The tattered pants will be no trouble, since he owns several pairs, but the shirt is going to be difficult. Although the stores do not appear to be



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